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The Western Home Monthly

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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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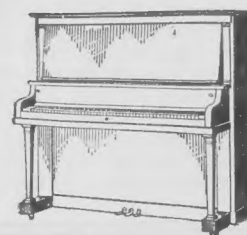
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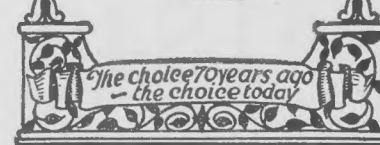
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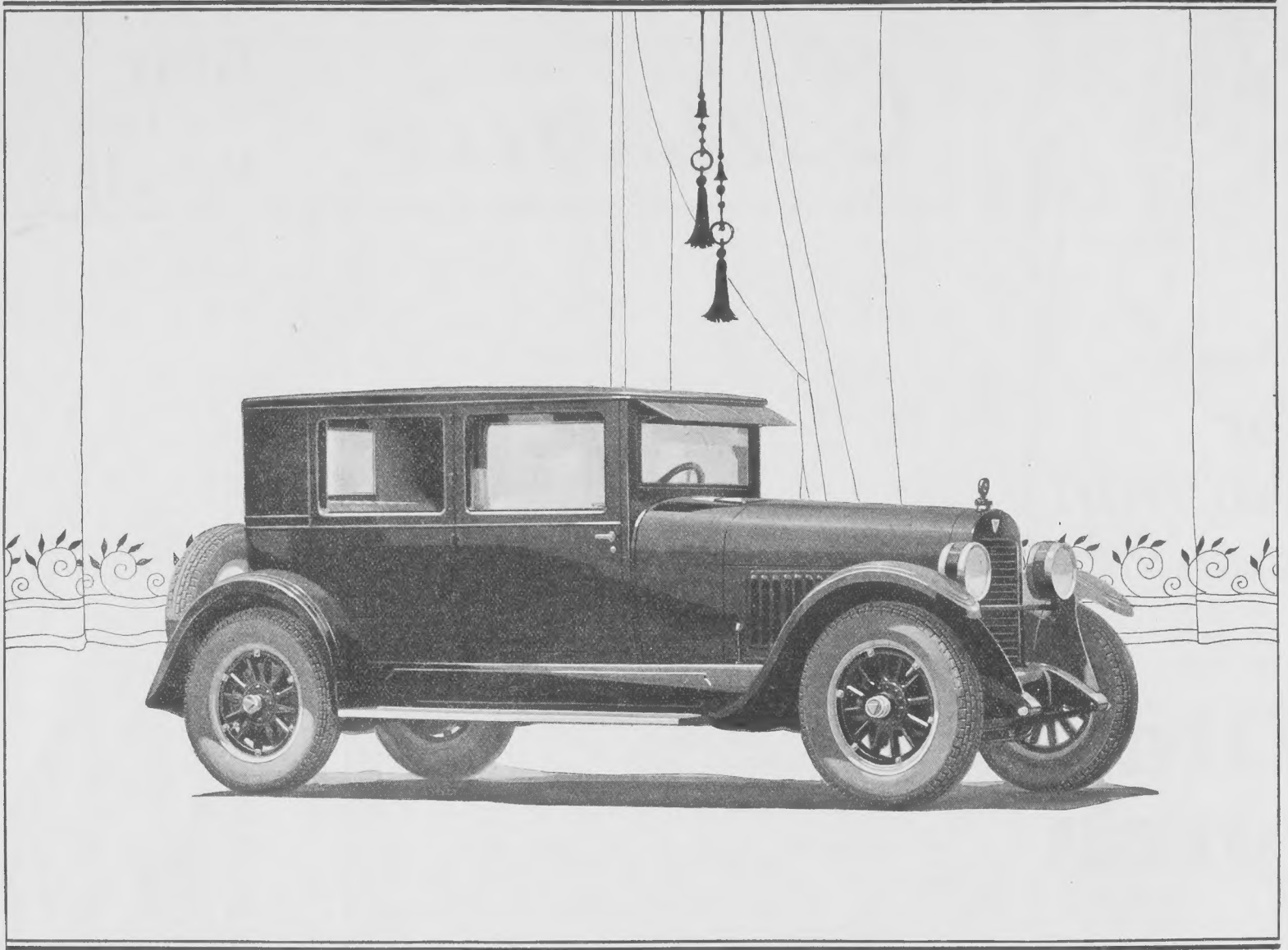
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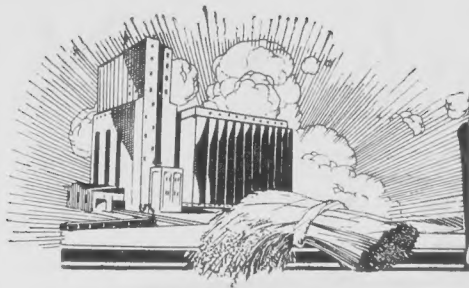
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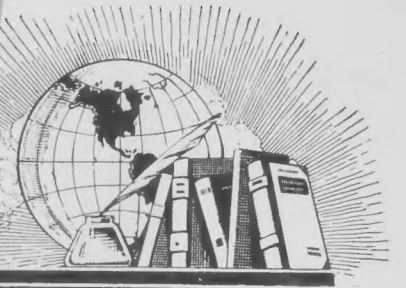
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EDITORIAL



Distress in Nova Scotia

ACCORDING to Miss Agnes McPhail, and others who have visited the mining district of Nova Scotia, the workers are in a bad way. Possibly the distress is greater than any previously known to Canadians. Naturally there is a difference of opinion as to the cause of the unfortunate conditions, and it may be that the responsibility falls upon more than one. For instance, an Ottawa paper states that within the last few years the Cape Breton workers have contributed over two million dollars to their international organization and have received no help in return. Truly this is a remarkable charge to make and it must be investigated. If it is unfounded there is all the greater reason why it should be denied.

On the other hand, if Miss McPhail is to be believed, the chief culprit is the great organization which employs the miners. This organization has a capitalization far beyond the capital invested and in order to pay dividends on the watered stock, finds it necessary to starve the employees. It is said that the heartlessness and greed of the company can not be paralleled in modern industry. Here is another charge that requires investigation. If it is true as said, in effect, by one blunt speaking member of parliament, "The directors and managers of the concern are not fit to manage anything, not even a hen-run," then it is time something should be done.

But the charges of neglect do not end here. The Nova Scotia and the Federal governments are said to have been lacking in courage. They were afraid to say anything that might offend the greatest capitalistic concern in the Maritime Provinces. This is the most damaging accusation of all, and it cannot be dismissed by mere denial nor escaped by cheap subterfuge. The matter is so serious that it must be investigated fully and fearlessly.

Greed and a breach of trust on the part of a great corporation are unforgivable; carelessness and cowardice on the part of governments are cause enough for dismissal; and neglect of workers by members of their own brotherhood is censurable in the highest degree.

It is the duty of all good citizens to demand full investigation and to be satisfied with nothing less, and in the meantime they will of course exercise suspended judgment.

Two or three things are suggested by the exposure in parliament. There has been in Canada altogether too much exploitation of the laboring classes by corporations. As an illustration could be cited the activities of railroad and steamship companies. The former for purposes of construction brought to the country thousands of workmen, many of whom, when rails were laid, were set adrift. The latter, in order to make dividends for the owners of vessels, transported thousands who should never have been admitted to the country. All these have become a burden upon the provinces. Then, too, the Federal government, in its anxiety to get settlers, hived them in large unworkable constituencies, creating troubles that are real enough in all the Western Provinces. The evil was not in bringing settlers to the country, but in failing to look ahead in order to see that there was permanent occupation for them. It is not fair to a poor man to hold out promises to him and then fail to fulfil them. He has a far greater right to a living wage than any shareholder in a corporation has to interest on his watered stock.

Nor can the Federal government stand aside and throw the responsibility of helping the unfortunate upon Provincial Legislatures. All cases of hardship and distress in Canada are matters of concern to the Dominion Parliament, and the speech of a well-known citizen was not wide of the mark when he recently said: "If the four hundred odd representatives of the people cannot settle down to the business of attending to the country's needs, then the people will be justified in supporting another Cromwell. If a Parliament is so party-ridden that it cannot do the work of a Parliament it should be disbanded." And this is true of all parliaments and all parties in parliament.

In two ways this affair has more than local significance. In the first place conditions are taken by some as typical of conditions throughout Canada. Nothing could be further from the truth. Yet every exposure of this kind tends to develop ultra-radicalism. The affairs of a steel company are not merely the company's affairs. We all have an interest in what is going on. In the second place the outside world interprets the misery as typical of our national condition. The effect on immigration and on the investment of outside capital on Canadian undertakings is evident. The moral for legislators and others concerned is self-evident.

The Causes of Domestic Disruption

A NEW YORK judge who has handled five thousand cases of home infelicity during his fourteen years of office, told why husbands and wives come to court to settle their differences. Temper heads the list, excessive use of liquor is next, differences about money matters third, affinities fourth and disagreement about dress fifth. Husbands and wives naturally note one another's frailties, but they should comment upon them in a kind way. The best lubricant for temper is not lemon-juice but sweet oil. As to drinking, people do not like drastic interference with their habits, and they resent compulsory abstinence.

"Money comes in to make trouble when people don't look ahead, but go ahead having a good time. The wife, in these cases, usually thinks that all she has to do when she gets married is to gad around in finery, go to moving picture shows and have a good time generally. The desire to gad around and do nothing on the part of either husband or wife leads to outside affinities. People of this type should never marry. Instead of making a little home they are home-breakers. In about 10 per cent. of my cases there is an affinity in the background."

The dress problem is, of course, related to the money problem. The one good rule is "Keep expenditure within the limit of income."

Be Optimistic

NO writer on war and war-conditions has more interested readers than Sir Philip Gibbs. His latest book "Ten Years After," ends with these optimistic words.

"Ten years after the World War civilization is still unsafe. Ten years after the great sacrifice of youth, peace is not assured for the babes who are now in their cradles. But ten years after there is the beginning at last of world opinion rising up against the war-makers, eager for some new form of international law, determined to prevent another massacre of young manhood by the science and machinery of destruction, aware of the evil forces that are now working for a new conflict. The tides of hate are on the ebb in many countries. The spirit of peace is spreading slowly. It is the hope ahead."

To Our Contributors

THE Western Home Monthly thanks its many contributors for their loyal service during the years that the journal was finding its way into the homes of the people. It is now in a position to offer greater inducements to writers. It requires, first of all, good fiction, and then general articles such as our readers demand.

The fiction required is of two kinds, short stories, not over three thousand words, and longer stories that can be printed in serial form. Stories to be acceptable should be wholesome, and the style should be attractive. There is no limit as to plot or treatment. Anything serious or comic, that is true to life (in fact or imagination) will be considered. Stories of heroism and conflict, of distress and hardship, of bravery and endurance, of love and devotion, of men, women and children who are meeting or working out real problems in which others may be interested, are all in place. But a story is not a sermon.

As to general articles, they may include anything bearing on individual or social development, industrial and commercial expansion, and may have reference to past or present conditions.

To put it briefly, the Western Home Monthly is out for the new and the true.

Religion of the Business Man

IF there is one man in America whose opinion on matters of business and finance is respected by everybody it is Roger W. Babson. He never theorizes. He knows. It is therefore of particular interest to find him saying something concerning the religion of the business man. His message is not for business men only but for the ordinary man of affairs and particularly for preachers.

"When it comes to the fundamentals of religion—those basic beliefs and all-powerful emotions which are responsible for all the worth-while things we have today—the business men lead. Of all things, he dreads having anyone think he is using the Church as a cloak for either visible or invisible vices, and hence he stays out of the Church when he really is hungry for its help and association. Thus I say, that the Church should emphasize that it is for sinners and not saints. When business men go to Church Sunday morning, they go for spiritual refreshment, inspiration, and what they do not get during the rest of the week. They don't want to go to Church Sunday morning tired and hungry for spiritual help, and be pounded about the Near East, Leper Colonies, Famine in Russia or even Foreign Missions. They believe in helping all these things, but they do feel that the preacher is taking unfair advantage by presenting them on Sunday morning. Let them honestly try to help these business men with spiritual refreshment, arousing in them a desire to be of real service, while strengthening their courage, hope and faith. Business men are starving, for such help; the Church is the only place where they can get it. The most useful men in every community are the preachers, priests, rabbis and church workers. We must encourage them and back them in every way and on every occasion."

These words are quite in line with the views of Dr. Frank, the distinguished editor of the Century Magazine, who, in a recent address at Asbury Park, gave a number of points which the Church should follow in inaugurating a religious renaissance in which all the best aspiration and knowledge of time should meet and merge. A few of the points were these:

Substitute the religion of Jesus for Christianity.

Make faith a matter of adventure rather than assent.

Preach the Gospel of Jesus rather than the Gospel about Jesus.

Apply as well as announce the principles of the religion of Jesus.

Modernize the religious vocabulary.

Emphasize the use of science by religion, rather than the reconciliation of science to religion.

Break the chain that binds the church to the State.

Define sin as something that hurts life rather than God.

Merge the sacred with the secular.

The Cement of Society

THAT which holds men together in work and play is common knowledge, common feeling and common action. The greatest of these is the second and is known as sympathy. Sympathy is of two forms—sympathy for others and with others.

Sympathy for others is none too common. We are all naturally and properly preoccupied with ourselves. When misery and suffering come in our way we are touched by them. We are ready to think, to work and to give. But the dark corners of the world tend to be overlooked when the tide of our own affairs is flowing easily. Still there are millions who are constantly alive to the sufferings of their fellows. They give their time, their money to relieving distress and to alleviating misery if they cannot remove these altogether.

Then there are others whose sympathy is rather with others than for them, who do not or cannot give aid in work or means, but who just enter into others' hearts and souls, feel as they feel, suffer as they suffer, smile and weep as they smile and weep. Work of this kind often does more than advice or correction.

Best of all is it when the two forms of sympathy go hand in hand. Lowell was right when he said:

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

In the highest life, living and loving go hand in hand. If life in the family and the nation is to be wholesome and vigorous, sympathy must abound, and must rise above class, creed, speech and occupation. The golden maxim is sound—"Each for all and all for each—according to need and ability."



The doctor drew his chair where he could watch the shadows play upon her face.

The Gate to Yesterday

By Emily Gardner

Illustrated by Charles Fraser

THE old doctor paused for a moment, with his hand on the half-opened gate, while his glance wandered, reflectively, over the familiar garden.

It was twilight. In the violet shadows a deep quiet brooded, broken only by the drowsy twittering of the birds in the tree-tops. The air was fragrant with the mingled perfumes of old-fashioned flowers.

But there was something of uncertainty in the attitude of the stooping, old man at the gate, as he looked from the rambling, white house, in its draping of purple wistaria, set well back on the lawn, to the little, moss-grown gate, which separated on the left hand Mrs. Holmes' garden, from the garden which had, years ago, belonged to her Aunt Lucy.

Dr. Fenwick was an accustomed guest at this delightful old home. Indeed, for years, it had been one of his greatest pleasures to drop in at the tea-hour, and enjoy the gracious hospitality of its mistress. But this evening, he had just returned from a far-distant trip, bringing with him a message which he scarcely knew how to deliver. So it was with a strange, new timidity that he closed the gate, and wandered on up the gravel path to the house, where, in response to Mollie's demure "Just step inside, and I'll call Mrs. Holmes," he entered the living-room.

With a sense of uneasiness he strolled about, looking from the rare, old pictures on the walls to the shelves of brightly-colored books.

A fire blazed on the hearth. To its spirited accompaniment ruddy shadows danced gaily on the polished floor, and rosy gleams coquetted about on delicate china, summoning answering flashes from old silver candlesticks. An open book lay on the mahogany table. Slightly curious, the doctor turned it over to see who the author was. "John Parker," he murmured. "I might have known."

"How shall I tell her?" he mused, as he walked over to the hearth, and gazed with narrowed eyes into the firelight. "How shall I tell her? I've gone on delicate errands before," he reflected, diving into the secret

memories of his professional experience. "But somehow—" and the faded old eyes grew suddenly bright.

"Why Doctor Ernest!" a sweet voice cried. And the doctor turned quickly to the doorway, where the mistress of the house stood with outstretched hands, a smile on her rosy lips. She was a slight, little lady, but the slender column of her throat held proudly the head with its silvery cloud of hair.

"Welcome home to Burnside," she cried gaily, "I am delighted to see you."

"Thank you, Francesca. It is always a joy to come." And with his customary gallantry, the old doctor led her to her favorite chair.

"It is a little chilly this evening, even though it is summer-time," she said. "And I love the firelight."

THE doctor drew his chair where he could watch the shadows play on her face. And he reflected that for all her fifty years, Mrs. Holmes was still a beautiful woman. There was something cameo-like in the delicate oval face, still youthfully pink, in its frame of silvery curls. But the expression of suffering, which the kindly old man had so often noticed in the depths of her dark blue eyes, spoke this evening of a grief so poignant that her gay manner could by means attempt to conceal it.

"How shall I tell her?" The thought kept persistently repeating itself, as they chatted gaily of the little commonplace things; the woman intermingling recent stories of village affairs, with her sparkling laughter, which somehow always held its note of sadness.

"I see you have been reading," remarked the doctor, with a glance at the open book. "Still your favorite author?"

"Why not?" said Francesca brightly. "It is strange

that I never feel alone when I have one of his books to read."

Suddenly turning to the window, she asked: "Did you notice how lovely the garden is looking, Doctor Ernest?"

"Yes. It is beautiful at this time of the year."

"Summer-time, and wistaria," she said wistfully. "I always loved the garden when the wistaria was in bloom. At least when I was a child, and then when I grew up. But now, since I am really almost old—it is so full of memories this evening—I think it is almost unbearable," she concluded, with a sudden trace of bitterness.

"You had a happy childhood, Francesca?"

"Happy!" her bright smile again on her lips. "Wonderfully happy. Too happy, perhaps," she added thoughtfully.

"Tell me about it, won't you?" the doctor asked gently. "You know I didn't live here then."

For a moment the woman looked away, a distant light in her eyes, and then said very softly: "You didn't know my little playmate Larry Reid. I couldn't tell you anything of myself without telling you of Larry too."

"He lived next door?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes. I shall never forget my joy when I saw him first. It was summer-time. I was playing alone with a skipping-rope, by the little gate which connects our garden with Aunt Lucy's old garden. I played alone a great deal," she explained, "because there were so few children in the homes on this street. And when I said my prayers, I always asked for a playmate. So when I beheld Larry, you see, I didn't dream of anything else but that the angels had dropped him down at my request."

"Perhaps they did, Francesca. Who knows?"

"He was a year older than I, but we were both very young. Still, I remember perfectly how he looked. It was his eyes, so big and grey, in his little, white face, which I seem to see so plainly now. Afterwards,

Continued on page 70

Mary Anne O'Poots, Matchmaker

By Amy Carr

Illustrated By Harold Woods

"SHURE min are awful," soliloquized Mary Anne O'Poots, born a Brannigan, the janitor's wife, as she whisked up a mound of cigar ashes from the pretty blue and tan carpet, and gazed, plump hands on hips, at the immaculately clean cigar ash holders on desk and table.

She picked up a couple of sketches made by Jim Osborne, magazine illustrator who occupied Apartment D. She sat down and studied them carefully, her head on one side like a robin looking for an unwary worm.

"He's clever, the poor soul, an' he's sad, too, these days wid thot crazy girl throwin' him over on account of his poor, scarred cheek. All she needs is a couple o' horns an' she'd look like a rale devil."

The sophisticated-looking girl in the silver frame over the desk seemed to mock at Mrs. O'Poots and she turned away with a sniff of disgust.

"If it wasn't for his raddyo evenin's he'd be lost intoirely. Thim wires are the pest of me life; wan of these days I'll hang meself on thim an' Mike and the children'll be orphans."

The door opened and Jim Osborne came slowly in. Tall, good-looking in a manly way, his keen, kindly blue eyes looked straight at you. Across one cheek ran a deep purple scar, an ugly reminder of helping out a friend in a chemistry experiment.

Estelle Grey, a pretty, heartless girl to whom he had been engaged, broke it shortly after the accident with a blunt statement of facts.

"You make me feel so conspicuous, Jim, everyone turns around and looks at that scar. I'm awfully sorry. You don't mind if I keep this pretty little ring, do you?"

The words had cut too deep to answer and he turned away sick at heart. Six months later he found himself listless and dispirited, tired even of his beloved work. He sank down in a chair with a sigh.

"Yer tired out. Phwat did ye have for breakfast?"

The bright, twinkling eyes of Mary Anne O'Poots burrowed through the man's indifferent air. He looked up like a guilty school-boy.

"I just didn't bother, I didn't sleep very well last night."

"Ye'll be a sick man if ye don't watch out, Misther Osborne, I'll sind Pat up wid a pot of rale pay soup an' yer to dhrink it at wanst."

Mrs. O'Poots picked up her broom and whisk and shook her head over and over again as she made her way crab-fashion down the stairs looking for dust on the woodwork as she went.

She stood in the middle of her sunny kitchen and shook out a big, snowy apron and tied it thoughtfully around her capacious waist. The pot of pea soup on the stove bubbled, giving out a heart-warming smell. The twins in their crib gurgled and played with their toes. A door banged and Pat, the eldest, came in from school with scarlet cheeks and a—

"Gee! Ma, but I'm hungry."

The last bit of suet pudding had been demolished and Mike pushed back his plate with a contented sigh, and looked across the table at his wife with a twinkle in his eye.

"Out wid it, Mother, whose troubles are ye carryin' now?"

Mary Anne O'Poots, born a Brannigan, leaned back in her chair with a sigh and smiled the wide, good-natured smile of a woman secure in her love and home.

"It's Apartment D, Mike; poor Misther Osborne

who pays me to keep his rooms in ordher. The man needs a woman in his life in the worst way."

Big Mike O'Poots left his chair and came over and laid heavy, kindly hands on his wife's plump shoulders.

"Mary Anne! I think ye have a heart as big as the world."

Mrs. O'Poots smiled tenderly up at him.

"An' me ould man's got frst place in it."

the lovely face, at the strange expression in the eyes that caught at the heart-strings. She laid it down quickly as she caught something the announcer was saying.

"Misther Osborne, the man says if ye like the singin' to write. I'm more at home wid a spoon in me hand than a pen; will ye tell her we loved her beautiful singin'? It's only in the next City. It must be a great place."

She got up slowly; a smile lifted the corners of her mouth at Mr. Osborne's cheery—

"Come again, Mrs. O'Poots."

"Ye'll be sure to tell me what she says whin ye hear."

Jim Osborne laughed, and when the janitor's wife looked back before closing the door he was looking at the pictured face with interest.



"Could I listhen in just for a minit, Misther Osborne?"

MRS. O'POOTS followed her knock into Apartment D. Jim Osborne sat at his radio, his head on his hand, his whole attitude one of utter loneliness. His face brightened when the janitor's wife came in.

"The pea soup just touched the spot."

Mrs. O'Poots smiled ingratiatingly as she laid a couple of snowy towels on the back of a chair.

"Could I listhen in jist for a minit, Misther Osborne? It must jist be a wondherful thing."

Jim Osborne sprang up and put the other pair of ear phones on her ears. Her eyes goggled and her mouth opened in utter astonishment.

"Can you hear all right, Mrs. O'Poots?"

The janitor's wife held up a wildly protesting hand—

"Whisht! man, wisht! they'll hear ye."

Mrs. O'Poots listened entranced as a lovely voice came over the air in "Mother Machree."

"That's a voice of an angel; I wisht I could see her."

Jim Osborne fingered a "Radio News" magazine.

"Sometimes they give a picture of the people taking part in the concerts. Here she is—Miss Francisca Blount, who sings 'Mother Machree' and 'A Perfect Day' from Station AC."

Mary Anne O'Poots looked long and earnestly at

MRS. O'POOTS watched the postman's coming for several days, and one morning took a little gray envelope bearing the stamp of the next city. It had a delicate violet scent. Mrs. O'Poots thrilled. The beautiful lady had written!

She took up the towels a little earlier than usual that evening. The little gray envelope lay on the radio table. Jim Osborne turned around with a smile.

"The radio lady is very pleased. She sings tonight; would you like to listen?"

Mary Anne O'Poots winked at herself violently as she passed a mirror. The photograph in the silver frame was gone from above the desk!

The warm heart of Mrs. O'Poots throbbed in sympathy, and the ready tears overflowed as the lovely voice came over the air in "The Irish Emigrant's Farewell." She hunted vainly for a handkerchief, but remembered she had left it with one of the twins. Jim Osborne sheepishly offered one of his.

"She makes a hump come in me throat, the beautiful lady."

Her quick eyes followed the eyes of Jim Osborne as he looked at the magazine picture of Francisca Blount in the little silver frame on his desk.

"It's very pretty," he said hurriedly.

THE little gray envelopes came regularly now and Jim Osborne ran up and downstairs like a new man.

Happiness shone in his face and he whistled at his work. Sometimes he would run downstairs to Mrs. O'Poots' shining kitchen for a chat.

One morning early she was giving one of the twins his bath in front of the big range when Jim Osborne knocked and came in with a very troubled face. Little perpendicular lines of anxiety showed between his eyebrows.

"Please don't mind me, Mrs. O'Poots. Will you just let me talk a little bit?"

The keen, motherly eyes took in the change in the man and she gave a little laugh.

"You go on, and I'll go on, and just not mind each other."

The baby chuckled and crowed as his mother soaped his little back. The kettle made a soft singing sound as the water bubbled. The man's voice came slowly, falteringly, as if it was an effort to speak.

"You've been so kind, so interested, Mrs. O'Poots, I felt as if you could tell me what is the right thing to do. That girl, whose picture was above my desk—we were engaged. I thought she was true and fine

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The Fire-Warden

A Novelette in Three Parts

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Harold Woods

PART II

BY afternoon they had not found the end of the underground fire. The live trail had been followed and the creeping terror exterminated for half a mile; yet, although two ditches had been dug to cut the fire off from farther progress, always ahead the haze hung motionless, stretching away westward through the pines.

Now a third trench was started—far enough forward this time, for there was no blue haze visible beyond the young hemlock growth.

The sweating men, stripped to their undershirts, swung pick and axe and drove home their heavy shovels. Burleson, his gray flannel shirt open at the throat, arms bared to the shoulder, worked steadily among his men; on a knoll above, the fire-warden sat cross-legged on the pine-needles, her straight young back against a tree. On her knees were a plate and a napkin. She ate bits of cold partridge at intervals; at intervals she sipped a glass of claret and regarded Burleson dreamily.

To make certain, she had set a gang of men to clear the woods in a belt behind the third ditch; a young growth of hemlock was being sacrificed, and the forest rang with axe-strokes, the cries of men, the slintering crash of the trees.

"I think," said Burleson to Rolfe, who had just come up, "that we are ahead of the trouble now. Did you give my peaceful message to Abe Storm?"

"No sir; he wasn't to home—damn him!"

The young man looked up quickly. "What's the trouble now?" he asked.

"There's plenty more trouble ahead," said the keeper, in a low voice. "Look at this belt, Sir!" and he drew from his pocket a leather belt, unrolled it, and pointed at a name scratched on the buckle. The name was "Abe Storm."

"Where did that come from?" demanded Burleson.

"The man that fired the vlaie grass dropped it. Barry picked it up on patrol. There's the evidence, sir. The belt lay on the edge of the burning grass."

"You mean he dropped it last night, and Barry found it where the grass had been afire?"

"No, sir; that belt was dropped two hours since. The grass was afire again."

The color left Burleson's face, then came surging back through the tightening skin of the set jaws.

"Barry put out the blaze, sir. He's on duty there now with Chase and Connor. God help Abe Storm if they got him over the sights, Mr. Burleson."

Burleson's self-command was shaken. He reached out his hand for the belt, flung away his axe, and walked up the slope of the knoll where the fire-warden sat calmly watching him.

For a few moments he stood before her, teeth set, in silent battle with that devil's own temper which had never been killed in him, which he knew now could never be ripped out and exterminated, which must, *must* lie chained—chained while he himself stood tireless guard, knowing that chains may break.

AFTER a while he dropped to the ground beside her, like a man dead tired. "Tell me about these people," he said.

"What people, Mr. Burleson? My own?"

Her sensitive instinct had followed the little drama from her vantage-seat on the knoll; she had seen the patrol display the belt she had watched the color die out and then flood the young man's face and neck; and she had read the surface signs of the murderous

fury that altered his own visage to a mask set with a pair of blazing eyes. And suddenly, as he dropped to the ground beside her, his question had swept aside formality, leaving them on the very edge of an intimacy which she had accepted, unconsciously, with her low-voiced answer.

"Yes—your own people. Tell me what I should know. I want to live in peace among them if they'll let me."

She gathered her knees in her clasped fingers and looked out into the forest. "Mr. Burleson," she said, "for every mental, every moral deformity, man is answerable to man. You dwellers in the pleasant places of the world are pitiless in your judgment of the sullen, suspicious, narrow life you find edging forests, clinging to mountain flanks, or stupidly stifling in the heart of some vast plain. I cannot understand the mental cruelty which condemns with contempt human creatures who have had no chance—not one single chance. Are they ignorant? Then bear with them for shame! Are they envious, grasping, narrow? Do they gossip about neighbors, do they slander without mercy? What can you expect from starved minds, human intellects unnourished by all that you find so wholesome? Man's progress only inspires man; man's mind alone stimulates man's mind. Where civilization is, there are many men; where is the greatest culture, the broadest thought, the sweetest toleration, there men are many, teaching one another unconsciously, consciously, always advancing, always uplifting, spite of the shallow tide of sin which flows in the footsteps of all progress—"

She ceased; her delicate, earnest face relaxed, and a smile glimmered for a moment in her eyes, in the pretty curled corners of her parted lips.

"I'm talking very like a school-marm," she said. "I am one, by-the-way, and I teach the children of these people—*my* people," she added, with an exquisite hint of defiance in her smile.

"In Fox Cross-roads there is much that is hopeless, much that is sorrowful Mr. Burleson; there is hunger, bodily hunger; there is sickness unsolaced by

spiritual or bodily comfort—not even the comfort of death! Ah, you should see them—*once*. Once would be enough! And no physician, nobody that knows, I tell you—nobody through the long, dusty, stifling summers—nobody through the lengthening bitterness of the black winters—nobody except myself. Mr. Burleson, old man Storm died craving a taste of broth; and Abe Storm trapped a partridge for him, and Rolfe caught him and Grier jailed him—and confiscated the miserable, half-plucked bird!"

The hand which supported her weight was clinched; she was not looking at the man beside her, but his eyes never left her's.

"YOU talk angrily of market hunting, and the law forbids it. You say you can respect a poacher who shoots for the love of it, but you have only contempt for the market hunter. And you are right sometimes—" She looked him in the eyes. "Old Santry's little girl is bedridden. Santry shot and sold a deer—and bought his child a patent bed. She sleeps almost a whole hour now without much pain."

Burleson, eyes fixed on her, did not stir. The fire-warden leaned forward, picked up the belt, and read the name scratched with a hunting knife on the brass buckle.

"Before Grier came," she said, thoughtfully, "there was misery enough here—cold, hunger, disease—oh, plenty of disease

always. Their starved lands of sand and rock gave them a little return for heart-breaking labor, but not enough. Their rifles helped them to keep alive; timber was free; they existed. Then suddenly forest, game, vlaie, and lake were taken from them—fenced off, closed to these people whose fathers' fathers had established free thoroughfare where posted warnings and shotgun patrols now block every trodden trail! What is the sure result?—and Grier was brutal! What could be expected? Why, Mr. Burleson, these people are Americans—dwarfed mentally, stunted morally, year by year reverting to primal type—yet the fire in their blood set their grandfathers marching on Saratoga. And Grier drove down here with a coachman and footman in livery and furs, and summoned the constable from Brier Bridge, and arrested old man Santry at his child's bedside—the new bed paid for with Grier's buck—"

She paused; then, with a long breath, she straightened up and leaned back once more against the tree.

"They are not born criminals," she said. "See what you can do with them—see what you can do for them, Mr. Burleson. The relative values of a deer and a man have changed since they hanged poachers in England."

They sat silent for a while, watching the men below.

"Miss Elliott," he said, impulsively, "may I not know your father?"

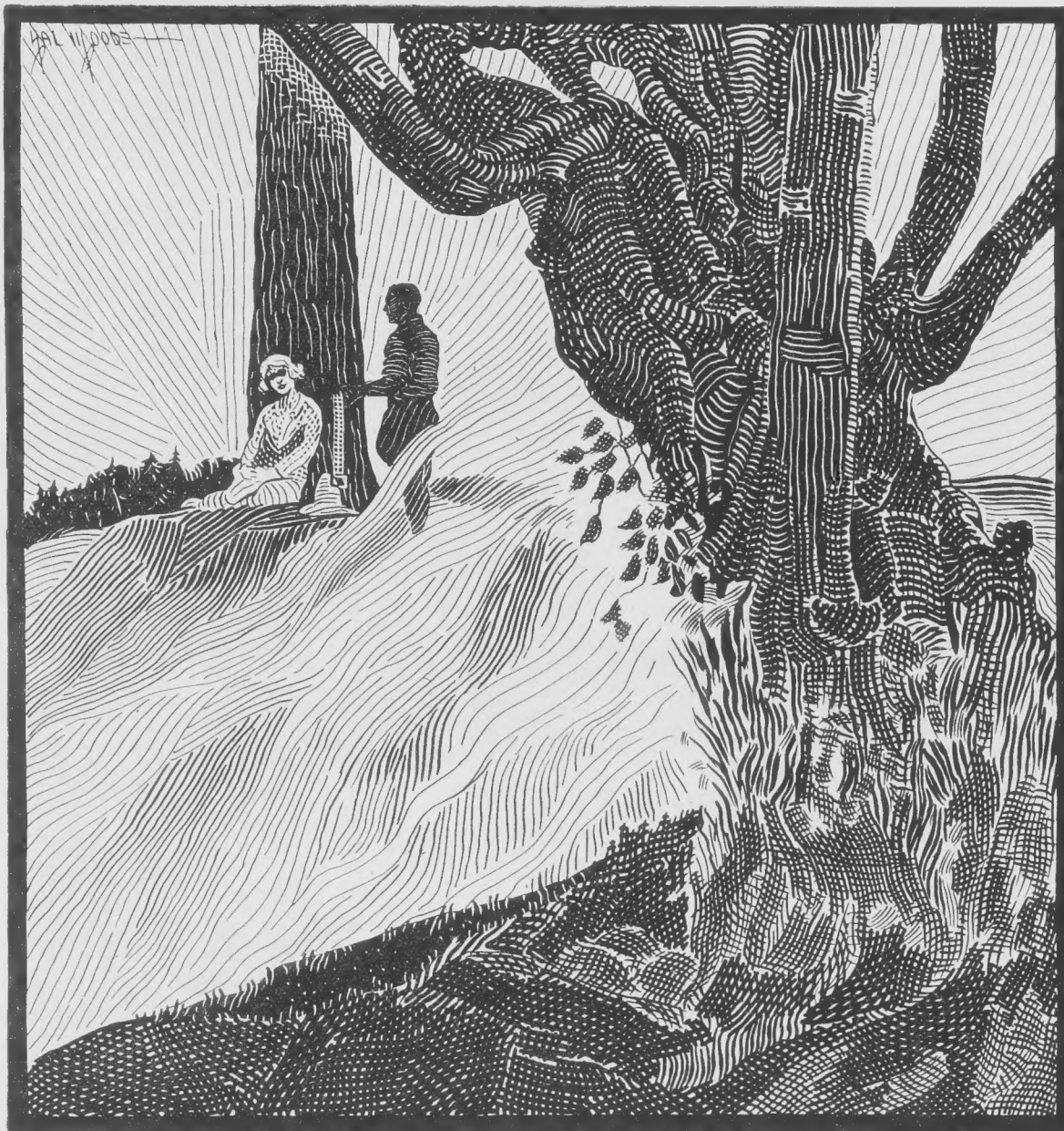
She flushed and turned towards him as though unpleasantly startled. That was only instinct, for almost at the same moment she leaned back quietly against the tree.

"I think my father would like to know you," she said. "He seldom sees men—men like himself."

"Perhaps you would let me smoke a cigarette, Miss Elliott?" he ventured.

"You are very silly not to ask me before," she said, unconsciously falling into his commonplace vein of easy deference.

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He reached out his hand for the belt, and walked up the slope of the knoll where the fire-warden sat.

The Amorous Adventure of Tod Hopper

By M. M. Harrison

TOD HOPPER made a third and final round of his barns before going in to his supper, more for the pleasure of seeing his horses happily feeding than because they needed that attention. Then he made his way to the house.

It was a somewhat dilapidated, weather-beaten little cottage, snuggled into the side of the ravine hill and facing the slopes of his farm and pastures. He was very proud of it. No other one in the country or even in the town was so convenient and comfortable. He was always conscious of its superiority as he crossed the door-sill. There would be his trusty stove that "drew marvellous," as he said, looking red and ramshackle it is true but none the worse for that, and by it, handy for lighting, a huge, untidy pile of newspapers, bags and bits of wood; on a box near by were his granite wash basin and tin water pail and above, ranged in order for any emergency, stood his shaving tools, probably not to be used for another week; across the room, his table ready for the meal, the dishes unwashed from the noon dinner, but that was a mere trifle; in the middle of the floor, his ancient morris chair, somewhat moth-eaten and lumpy but all the better for that. No sign of a woman's devastating hand here; no tidying or losing of things.

This night, as he approached the house, he was conscious of a "tickle in his gizzard," as he told Mrs. Doren long afterwards, and he had a fleeting wish to see a woman's figure in the doorway to welcome him and hear the sizzle of the cooking supper.

"A woman in a check apron with a gravy ladle in her hand is a purty picher, as you might say," he told her. But no woman appeared in answer to his wish and he had to get his own supper. Simple enough after all.

He lit the fire, drew forward the huge iron bean pot, reached upon the shelf behind the stove and got his tin of sourdough, which he mixed with flour and water. This latter he fried by spoonfuls in an ancient and decrepit "spider," and there was his supper all ready in twenty minutes. Boiled up pork and beans, hot bannocks and treacle. What more could you want?

APPARENTLY, though, he was not done with the tickle which had unmanned him for that moment as he approached his house. The serpent had entered his Eden, and not even so excellent a meal was going to banish it. Half way through his last bannock his eye happened to light on the newspaper which served as his table cloth and there, beside his treacle pot, it shot its insinuating, forked tongue.

"Why be lonesome?" it said.

"Why be lonesome?" repeated Tod.

It stared him in the face.

"Well, why be?" he challenged the thing. Then, such is the curiosity of man, he lifted the treacle pot and looked more closely, his eyes, used to prairie distances, wrinkling to make it out.

"WHY BE LONESOME?" read an advertisement. "There is a mate for every lonely bachelor. Wealthy widows, beautiful heiresses, just the age you like. Write Mrs. Des Moines, Matrimonial Bureau, 17 Willars Avenue, Los Angeles."

Now if her address had been Sandford, which was the town just over the hill from Tod's house, or Deer Lodge, the town next door, he would have thrown the paper away—he very nearly did anyway—because he would have known the lack of possibilities, but between Sandford and Los Angeles lie two thousand miles and the international boundary, so he read it again.

"Just the age you like." He thought of his vision of the checked apron at his door.

"Well, I'll be gullywozzled," he said. "I'll be gull. . . . And there is little doubt that he was, for the next day he left his fields early, hobbled over the hill into the town and bought a postage stamp and some writing paper, something he had never done in all his many years on the prairie.

Having secured them, he returned home and at once set about writing a letter.

"Respected Ma'am of the Matr'l Bureau," he wrote. "Your adv't to hand I'd like one of your widdows if you hev a nice-temper sizable one what can cook. Wealthy dont matter as I am a careful man hoping your the same as it leaves me this present.

I am

Yr respec.

Tod Hopper."

It took him almost two hours to accomplish this, what with difficulties of spelling which he was at great pains to have correct and the stiffness of his unaccustomed hand. He wrote in pencil and made his erasure by wetting his thumb so the thing looked as if it had been used as a target for shot, but he was well satisfied with it and hobbled back up the hill as far as Doren's, where he gave it to Elsie Doren to post.

ON his return home he seated himself on his door step to think it all out again, and in order to facilitate

thought he bit off a good supply of tobacco, tucked it comfortably inside his lip and proceeded to the business of finding out exactly what he had done. It must have been a difficult process for he sat long with his huge, lank body jack-knifed up on the step, his great red, bony hands clasped about his knees and a teasing little breeze ruffling his grizzled shock of hair.

"Ho-hum," he at length said aloud. "If a widdy be comin' here, she be comin' and if she ain't, she ain't whether there be a letter or no." And he started off toward his barns.

Chancing to look down his pasture slope to the westward, he saw a bobbing, gray-capped head and, in a moment, the whole small figure of his friend and neighbour, Perellius Peters. A little, wizened man was Perellius, with fiery red whiskers, which parted and blew over his shoulders as he walked.

He and Tod Hopper had been friends for a matter of forty years and it was their cherished belief that in all that time they had never come to words, much less to blows. I can well believe it, for pioneering folk make fast friends and Tod and Perellius had been in the country when white visitors had grown to be unwelcome by their Indian hosts.

Tod stopped when he saw him and waited thoughtfully, wiping the tobacco juice from his chin. Would he tell Perellius or would he not? Would he or would he not? No, he would not, he decided as his guest drew nearer. Perhaps the letter would be lost in the post and never be heard of again so why bother Perellius about it? Still. . . . Yes, he would tell him.

"Evenin', Tod," shouted the little man as he crawled through the fence.

"Evenin', Perellius," responded Tod.

"Ben a fine day, Tod."

"Not bad fer the time o'year, Perellius."

The same greeting that had been indulged in at least once a week for the last twenty-five years. As usual, after it was over, they solemnly bit off chews of tobacco and gave themselves up to the pleasure of the visit.

"Sold my two-year-olds to Blan Andrews this week," volunteered the visitor at last.

"Oh," responded Tod.

"Yes. Ten cents a pound."

Another long pause, still occupied with tobacco enewing.

"Could a got twelve cents if I'd a drove them to Deer Lodge," Perellius continued.

"'Twas a fair price," Tod judged.

Still another pause and dusk setting in, yet no word of the letter. Tod cleared his throat bravely by way of beginning.

"Seen this week's paper?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the other. "Some mighty temptin' advertisements in her"—Tod's heart stood still—"but nothin' to make me ship either my two-year-olds or my hogs."—Relief. He wouldn't tell him after all.

"Well I must be off," said Perellius. "Evenin', Tod."

"Evenin', Perellius."

Perellius hesitated, spat his last at the chopping block and moved off, hesitated again at the fence as if recalling something he had meant to say and bobbed off down the hill.

A WEEK or so later Bessie Doren ran down with the answer to Tod's letter. A long, thin blue letter with Washington's head on the stamp. He fingered it and examined it carefully but made no attempt to open it. Instead, he propped it up on the shelf behind his sourdough tin until after he had cooked and eaten his supper, then, curiosity having got the better of him, he got it down, read the address through several times and dared to open it. A single sheet carefully folded in eight fell out and when it was uncreased he read:

"Sir;

I take my pen in hand to write. I am a widow age 41, height 5 ft. 7, religion Methodist, clean and a good

cook. Enclosin photo. Please send yours. Will come if suitable. Can pay my own fare hopin your in health as this leaves me

Yrs resp

Mrs. Stella Smythe."

He read the letter through a second time, then looked at the photo. What he saw was a heavy-jawed young woman with staring little eyes, but a jaunty bow on the pompadoured hair and another larger one at the throat gave the pictured face a certain pleasantness.

"Yer a fine lookin' woman, Mistress Stella Smythe," he told her, "and likable, bein' clean and a good cook. I doubt I'll have ye if only ye like my photy as well."

He rummaged in a dirty cardboard box under his bed and found a tiny likeness of himself, taken eight years before when he and Perellius had gone together to the Winnipeg Fair. It had cost him all of twenty-five cents, which he had begrudged at the time, but now he was glad he had had it. He was not conscious that it did him the injustice of making his kind and rather stupid face look bold and inquisitive. He thought it was a splendid likeness and rather proudly thrust it into an envelope and made his slow way up the hill into the town to post it himself, considering it too precious to be trusted with his little friend Elsie.

He now took to haunting the Post Office at mail time in the afternoon, neglecting his summerfallow to do so. Twice, to his great surprise, he encountered Perellius there. The second time, when he had turned away from the wicket having been told that there was no mail for him, Perellius had followed him to the same wicket and had come away with a letter which he hastily thrust into his trousers pocket, muttering something about "the price o' hogs in the city." Tod was puzzled, but was too anxious about his own expected letter to wonder why his friend had taken to writing when he could easily get the prices from the newspaper.

THE next day the girl at the wicket gave him his letter. Very short, Tod thought, for one that had taken so long in coming—but why waste words?

"Dear Tod,

Will arrive in Sandford on the sixth.

Yrs

S. Smythe."

The sixth! day after tomorrow! and do you think Tod was glad and went home rejoicing that he would so soon end his lonely bachelor days? No. He was scared. Whitaker! what had he done? Got a widdy on his hands. Moses preserve us! what to do with her? He didn't know. Why be lonesome? He liked being lonesome. . . . still. . . . well, he'd see her before he sent her back but he'd send her, no doubt about it.

He called in at Doren's on an inspiration.

"Is your mammy in, Elsie?" he asked the child.

"Yes," she smiled and led him into the kitchen where he stood shyly, hat in hand, on the door mat.

"Mrs. Doren, ma'am," he said after the greeting. "I've dropped in to ask you a favour, if you'd kindly."

He shifted his great body uneasily.

"Of course, anything," she encouraged him.

"I've a widdy friend comin' up from the south day after to-morr'r if you could put her up fer a bit o' time."

Mrs. Doren looked at him queerly.

"Why, ye-es," she hesitated, "but I've only one spare room and I'm expecting another visitor the same day. Will she mind sharing the room with someone else, I wonder?"

"I'm sorry to bother you," he apologized, "but it'll only be fer a day or two. If you could meet her at the train. . . ."

"Yes, I'll see to her. I have to meet the train anyway that day. What's her name?"

"Mrs. Stella Smythe."

Mrs. Doren again looked at him, very puzzled this time, but in the end smiled and promised to look after his guest.

Mrs. Smythe was two days at Doren's before Tod saw her. He hadn't the courage. Elsie Doren, on a strawberry hunt in his pasture, brought him news of her. On the third day, late in the afternoon, she took matters in her own hands and came down to see him.

He found her seated on his doorstep waiting for him as he came in to get his supper.

"Mrs. Stella Smythe, I presume," he said.

"Yes, it is," she bit the words off one by one, "and a nice way you treat a respectable widow woman. I'd like to know what you mean to do."

"Well," he said, thoughtfully wiping the tobacco juice off his chin with the back of his hand, "I was comin' up to-night to see if you were fer splicin'."

"Splicing," she snapped.

"Yes, merryn' so to speak."

SHE thawed a bit at that, but Tod had no time to go further, for bobbing up over the pasture hill, he saw Perellius, his fiery whiskers almost meeting behind, he was coming so fast.

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The Other Side

By

Jessie Playfair Lees

EVERY morning upon waking in the tropic bungalow the girl with the dead eyes made the same eerie cry. Then followed, in a high-pitched voice, her inevitable explanation to the native servant:

"I tell you, Halima, he went all in a flash, and I saw him go—my Roger!" Then, more softly, always with a trifle of eagerness, "He hasn't come back yet, has he, Halima?"

Morning after morning the question was the same, and morning after morning her dead eyes on the silent Malayan before her she made her own swift reply, "No. Roger hasn't come back yet—not yet."

Then always her restless head sank back on the pillow and there followed moans.

All days began that way for Margaret Saltern: all days to her were weary deserts of time in which there remained only two clear thoughts. She clung tenaciously to the belief that she had lost her lover, and that she could find him if they would set her free. But this they would not do.

Burdened by her strange mental confusion, she was held, a fretting prisoner in the compound adjoining the consulate.

At all times her only companion there was Halima, quiet, patient, but with a dog-like watchfulness born of many a grim struggle of wits with her mood-stricken mistress.

Halima had faithfully endured two years of that hard servitude within the compound. She was content to serve with that strange willing contentment which marks her race. And, too, she was proud that Margaret preferred her company and insisted upon her presence.

But sometimes when she was idle Halima dreamed of a release back into the world of her own kind. She hoped that it might come soon. For it was lonely in the compound. Visitors seldom came there, Margaret did not take kindly to visitors. But there was one who cared not whether he was greeted with sullenness or hilarity.

The consul came every day. It was a duty self-imposed, which he had grown to regard almost as a religious rite.

He, like Halima, had been faithful to that duty for two years, but all that time his sleek brown hair aged more and more, until now it was quite white.

Sometimes he brought a gift to Margaret—a showy bauble to coax the life back into those dead eyes of hers, or a few flowers to win from her a smile. Always the flowers were gay—brilliant with color.

Never, until that last memorable morning had he brought white flowers.

As usual he entered the compound at nine. According to his meticulous custom, he latched and bolted the gate behind him.

Halima was waiting on the steps of the bungalow. With stoical gaze she followed his big form as it swung up the path in the tropic sun. Halima was wise for a Malayan. She knew that Dalby came day after day to search that pale face in the compound for some sign of its awakening.

She knew that he hoped each day when he came that there would be some sign, however brief, that the veil was lifting from Margaret's erratic vision. Halima knew that the doctors had drugged Dalby with such a hope.

"Leave her," they had said, and that day Halima had been within hearing, "Leave her, and in time the girl may recover. Shock, you know plays queer tricks on the human mind."

And so Dalby hoped and watched daily, and dog-like, Halima became accustomed to sharing his vigil and hopes. For she, too, had known the Margaret Saltern of earlier years, and as Dalby came up the path that last morning she regretted more than usual her inability to gladden him with a fresh ray of encouragement.

She could only shake her head wearily in answer to his tense glance of inquiry.

Dalby did not speak; somehow he had few words to spare these days. With his burden of white flowers he passed on up the bungalow steps.

From the dim shadows Margaret came swiftly to meet him—a thin, wraith-like vision of uncertainty. Today a vague smile flitted over her pale features.

She clutched the blossoms eagerly, with long frail fingers, at the same time emitting a childish gurgle of delight. It was as if she recognized in them the symbol of former happiness.

In her thin, high voice she asked, "Are these from Roger, father?"

There was a moment of pained silence. Dalby did not always find it easy to follow her trend of thought. Sometimes, not understanding, he irritated her with his replies. This time his voice was not quite steady as he whispered, "From Roger—flowers from Roger."

She seemed satisfied, and as pleased as a little child over a toy. First she laughed gaily, and then, as

Dalby watched, her face sobered. He fancied that some blurred dream was shaping fitfully, and he flamed with a new intensity of hope.

That last morning his mind was pulsing with strange reflections.

He wondered if he would ever be freed from his present anxiety; released for a moment from the constant fear that he had endured for those two long years. Fear, not for himself, but for Margaret. Fearing, he had lost his youth, his happiness; there were times, too, when he had almost lost his dream. His dream!

GREEDILY his mind harped back to his wedding-day—the day that was half-clasped in sadness now. On that broken day he had come his nearest to a taste of happiness, and he did not wish the remembrance to slip from him.

By repeatedly calling it to memory he kept it clear. It seemed as if that day reared itself out above all the other days of the past, standing stark like an altar of light, at which Dalby worshipped

There Dalby's dream of happiness shrank abruptly, suspended for a time—perhaps forever. He had recovered from his subsequent illness only to find that Margaret was strangely deluded, the victim of a pitiful fantasy.

At first to her Dalby was no more than a stranger flitting across her vision. Sometimes she refused to acknowledge him at all. But later when his hair whitened, her warped mind substituted him for the father she had known and cherished. All explanation she refused to accept.

So the wedding-day remained, a symbol of tragedy, yet always the sole dream-treasure of Dalby's heart. He laughed now when the thought came to him that Margaret should be sharing that dream-treasure of his.

Today was the second anniversary, and still she did not waken.

She had disappeared laughing into the bungalow—a windy thing with an armful of white flowers. Halima had gone in too.

Dalby turned away, still toying with his thoughts, and left the compound. Many times afterwards he wondered if it were he who left the bamboo gate unbolted that morning. That point has always remained a mystery.

For Dalby did not rouse from his deep reverie until he was seated at his desk in the library of the consulate. It required several moments after the earth tremor for him to collect himself.

Then he returned to the compound. The gate, always bolted, was now swinging wide. A glance about the grounds and through the bungalow showed that both Margaret and Halima had gone.

DALBY passed on into the forest with appalling speed. A native servant fled before him. She, too seemed to be searching feverishly, her brown Malay features drawn with terror and furtive anxiety.

"Halima!" shouted Dalby. "Where is Margaret?"

Accusatory, the question echoed in brief thunders, and Dalby's bushy white eyebrows contracted in sullen threat. Still he persisted. "Where is she? Where's Margaret?"

The girl cringed, swaying like a reed before that angry gaze. Her answer, incoherent, ended in a helpless whimper.

"Find Margaret! Coward that you are! Had you been doing your duty—" Muttering, Dalby stumbled on through the forest, where natives crouched, tense and panic-eyed.

Presently he was conscious of another horrible shiver of the ground under his feet.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he shouted wildly through dry lips. But his voice trailing high, was lost in a spasm of protest from the trembling island. He staggered down the path that led to the beach—Margaret had always cherished a preference for the beach. Some urgent fancy prompted her to seek her lover there.

When Dalby came upon her, she was sitting in a shallow skiff that fretted at its moorings. Rigid and expectant, she seemed like a fair white ghost gazing out over the sea.

Even when Dalby hastened near and panted her name she did not move as she answered softly, "He might come back today."

Startled, Dalby noticed the girl's raiment of bridal softness, and the shadowy veil roped with flower-sprays which fell cascading over the flowing ripples of her hair. White flowers—his flowers of that morning lay scattered about the skiff.

A tender memory stirred Dalby to pity and gave acute pain to his gaze. He almost fancied that somehow through her affliction she, too, was striving to make that far dream-day clear.

But at that moment a third earth tremor, more horrible, more insistent, brought back the realization of impending peril.

"Come! Heavens, Margaret! This is no time—" Dalby, swaying to recover his balance mopped his streaming face.

She turned towards him then and her brown eyes were still dead. There was neither sorrow nor fear in her expression—merely a brooding passivity.

"I wait for Roger," she said, with a determined twist of her bloodless lips. Then she laughed, shrugging her thin shoulders and holding her arms out to the sea, like a simple little child.

Dalby reached forward savagely with big bronzed hands, snatching at the straining skiff. He felt a stinging blow, and found himself floundering in the narrow depth of water.

Margaret had loosened the knot that secured the skiff, and was rowing out to sea with resolute strokes. Her eyes were strangely dilated, starry with joy.

Following her gaze, Dalby cried out. He saw the island rock crazily, and the bungalows shivered to pieces like houses of straw, before his eyes.

Continued on page 74

Spring

By Jessie Findlay Brown

*I saw Spring walking on the Earth,
Through lanes and city mart—
Her soft airs brought no joy to me,
'Twas winter in my heart.*

*The Frost has laid an icy hand
On every living thing—
But Love has touched my loneliness,
And in my heart 'tis Spring.*

when he could steal away from the realities of the present.

There he invoked the favor of dream-gods, the favor of the gods of memory and desire, and they were kind. He remembered every detail of that far morning.

He could still feel the thrill of magic in the air. He could still hear the soft wind that waked to melody and came drifting through the island jungle. Still he could vision the droning natives among the palm trees, bearing white flowers from the consulate garden to the steps of the little church on the hill yonder. Once more the day was heavy with perfume. Shadowy girlish figures tripped to and fro in the churchyard, twining streamers of white ribbon, and whispering happily as they disappeared into the buildings.

Once more Dalby was young—ah, the morning of his wedding-day he had been very young! He was not the consul of the island then. Saltern, Margaret's white-haired father, was consul and he, Dalby, was merely one of the staff at the consulate. That day had changed even his position.

The wedding had been arranged to take place at high noon, but much earlier than that, Dalby remembered going with Saltern for an hour's fishing in the sea beyond the bay. They had been out only a little while when the earthquake came, followed swiftly by the tidal wave which overtook them on the shallows.

No recognizable pieces of the skiff were ever found. Dalby lay bruised and battered far up the weed-strewn beach. The searchers found him breathing, but they did not come upon Saltern until late the next day when they were combing the quiet pools along the beach.

The Betrothal Ring

By Kate Whiting Patch

*A Jewel Which Commemorated an Old Romance
and How It Blessed the Beginning
of a New One.*

HONORA sat upon the floor before her steamer trunk, a little leather casket in her hand.

She touched a spring, and the casket sprang open, disclosing a ruby of unusual size and brilliancy.

Its setting was curious and somewhat massive. The gold was wrought in a fashion belonging to another century, and upon the inner surface a crest was still visible, although the lines were worn.

"I shall wear it to-night," Honora said to herself. She had put her jewels away, as incompatible with rough steamer-clothes, but their beautiful cruise was drawing to an end.

To-morrow they would part company—the little band of travelers who together had spent a wonderful month exploring Greece and her islands. Who could tell whether they would ever meet again?

Honora felt a little sob rising in her throat. The faces of her fellow travelers passed before her inner eye, and for nearly everyone she had affection; for one—was it not something deeper than affection?

With an impatient gesture the girl arose to replace the traveling-dress with a soft white gown—the women had agreed to dress for dinner upon this last evening—and then, again taking up the old ring, she slipped it on with a little sigh of satisfaction.

"I have missed you," she said smiling, and the ruby glowed warmly, as though in response to her affectionate greeting.

Her firm hand was not too small to wear the ring gracefully; the gem shone upon the white finger as though it belonged there.

The small saloon was well filled when the young woman entered and she was welcomed joyously, but after awhile the mirth rang hollow, and Honora choked over her dinner.

"I can't pretend to be jolly any more," she said to her neighbor at table. "It is warm here and I am homesick. I'm going on deck."

She slipped away accordingly, and soon found her steamer-chair in a sheltered corner. The early twilight was softening water and sky alike, and the distant islands glowed in the lingering sunset lights.

"Shall I ever be so happy again?" she asked herself.

THERE was a step beside her.

"I, too, wanted to run away," began a voice whose slight accent she knew well. "I, too, wanted to run away, and your aunt was so kind as to send this shawl!"

The speaker stooped to fold a soft wrap about the girl's shoulders, and then ventured to take a chair beside her.

"May I stay?" he asked.

She nodded, not trusting herself to speech; then as she felt his eyes upon her face she turned suddenly, in open confession.

"Yes, I've been crying," she said, "and I know it isn't becoming. Please don't look at me until the breeze has cooled my cheeks."

She tried to laugh, but he still regarded her gravely.

"Perhaps you think of friends across the sea," he ventured.

"No," said Honora, "I am thinking of friends—here."

"Then you are sorry that our little journey is so nearly over?" He bent toward her with a touch of eagerness in the wide blue eyes.

"Yes, very," admitted the girl. "It—has been such a pleasant month."

"I, too, wish it might not end."

The man sighed and turned away, and Honora ventured to regard him in her turn.

"He is so unconscious," she said to herself. "He has no idea how splendid he is! Why, he might be a prince instead of a plain university student."

Her glance rested upon the grave, handsome face, the tawny hair and short moustache, the broad, soldierly figure. "I may never see him again," she thought. "I—want to remember."

After a pause she touched his arm. "Look!" she said. "The islands are fading from sight."

He followed her gesture, but his glance was arrested by the ruby which glowed upon her finger.

"Ah," he cried, "what a wonderful gem! Is it—is it a betrothal-ring?"

"Yes—but not mine," replied the girl, drawing the ruby from her finger and handing it to him. "Not my betrothal-ring, I mean," she added, smiling. "It was my mother's. Is it not beautiful?"

Her companion turned the ring over in his hand, examining it curiously. When he saw the faded lines

of the crest he started slightly and turned toward Honora.

"You say this was your mother's betrothal-ring?" he asked wonderingly.

Honora flushed. "Yes," she said softly, "but she did not marry the man who gave it to her."

The young student still turned the ring over in his hand.

"I am impertinent," he burst out at last, "but—I know that crest."

Honora sat up straight and looked in his face.

"Then you can tell me his name," she said. "I never knew."

"It is a crest of an old family of my country," replied the young man, "and this, I take it, was the betrothal-ring that passed from father to son. Such a one existed, but the old baron never mentioned it to his son, and the ring was thought to be lost. Was your mother my countrywoman?"

"No," said the girl, "but I will tell you her poor little love-story."

"I do not ask it," said the young man.

"I want to tell you," said Honora; but she looked across the waters for a silent space before she turned to him again.

"I NEVER saw my mother wear this ring," she began at last, "but once I found it in its little leather casket among her treasures. I exclaimed at its beauty, and she came and took it suddenly away; and then, as though repenting of her quickness, she told me that I must not ask about it then; I must wait until my eighteenth birthday, when the ring should be mine and she would tell me its story."



Dogs at rest. By Louis Darcy, Salon, Paris

"I often thought about it through my girlhood, and it was the first thing in my thoughts when that birthday came. My mother was ill then—she was never strong—but she called me to her and laid the ring in my hand. Then she told me her story."

"When she was just eighteen she went abroad with her parents, and somewhere she met and loved a young nobleman. A shadow rested upon him at the time. I don't know what it was, but it did not prevent their mutual love. He gave her the betrothal-ring of his family, and they parted at last, uncertain of any future meeting."

"My mother never heard from him again, and many years later she married my father, who was much older than she, and died when I was a little child. My mother always honored and cared for him, but I know that the love of her heart was buried in her youth."

"There is no love like it," she told me when she put the ruby on my finger, and she bade me wear it—and remember."

Honora's voice trembled; she could not repeat those final words, after all, and her eyes slowly filled with tears.

Helfin leaned over and slipped the ruby upon the finger which had worn it.

"Do her bidding," he said gently. "Are you like the mother?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am told so."

Then she turned to him again. "You know the family," she said. "Tell me, what was he like—the man my mother loved?"

"He is no longer living," was the reply. "I remember him as somewhat stern and silent. He never spoke of the past. I believe that for some years he was under a political cloud and lived away from home. No doubt it was then that your mother made the dark earth heaven to him."

"And did he marry?" asked the girl.

"Yes; he came home at last and married a cousin. She was a good, true woman."

"And is there a young baron?" Honora leaned forward, her face quite pale in the starlight.

"Yes, it is he who is my friend."

"He is married?"

"No."

"He is betrothed, perhaps?"

"Nay, poor fellow."

"You sigh," said Honora quickly. "You mean he would like to be. Does not the lady return his love?"

Helfin shook his head.

"But he loves her?"

"He has told me that he loves a maiden."

Honora slowly drew off the betrothal-ring and laid it in his hand again.

"Will you give this to the young baron?" she said.

"Tell him that the lost is found; tell him I send it for the maiden he loves."

The young man turned quickly.

"No, no," he said. "It was the mother's; it's now yours. I cannot take it, Miss Honora."

But Honora shook her head.

"It cannot be mine any more," she said. "It would not honorable to keep it when I knew. I love it, but—but I can give it up. That girl will love it too."

Helfin arose and paced the deck restlessly for some moments before he came back to her side.

"I cannot take it," he said; "but I will send him to you—my friend—the young baron. Will you permit that? He will be in Italy."

Honora hesitated. "Is he like his father?" she asked.

"In many ways."

"Then I will see him," she said slowly. "I want to see him if he is like the man my mother loved. But you will tell him the story for me? I—I could not repeat it to a stranger."

Helfin turned suddenly, his face aglow with childlike pleasure.

"But you told me!" he cried, bending toward her. "You mean I am no stranger? You will let me be a friend? You will let me see you again?"

Honora turned away quickly that he might not read the joy in her eyes.

"You will be welcome—always," she said as she arose. "Good night—my friend."

She held out her hand after the cordial fashion of her country, and he, following the custom of his own, took the hand and lifted it to his lips.

"Good night," he said.

"SOMEONE for me?" Honora took the visiting-card, and her face whitened as she read the name. "He has come for you," she said, addressing the ruby on her hand. "Good-by!"

She touched the ring lightly with her lips and took one long look into its heart of rose before she slipped it from her finger. Her mother's words, all of that tender scene, came back in a rush of memory, and with it her parting with Helfin.

She had to quiet her fluttering pulses before she could go down to meet this stranger whom the threads of fate had caught with her in so curious a web. But she did not hesitate in her purpose. She knew that her mother would bid her give up the ring.

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In Olden Days

By Rita Elspeth Gardner

A TRUE story this, of Katherine Seton and him who was afterwards known as the great Lord Delrole—a story of the time of James the Second, when he lost his throne, to be succeeded by the mighty Prince William of Orange and Mary, the daughter of James.

THE chaise rumbled over rough roads and was dragged through heavy morasses. Inside sat Katherine Seton, angry and rebellious, and by her side her duenna, Mrs. Fairweather, uncomfortable in body and resentful because youth should dare to show anger and rebellion. For was not Sir Gilbert Fenwold riding alongside with his grooms? And were they not bound for court? And was Katherine not his ward? And was she not bound to obey him?

But Katherine had a mind that she was not to be trundled about against her will, and she detested Sir Gilbert, though she feared him.

"What do I want of court?" she said, "And what does the court want of me? Now he will marry me, so he says, but I have my doubts—I have my doubts." Her eyes flashed with rebellion and her face showed her scorn.

"Where do we stop for the night, Mrs. Fairweather?"

"At Delrole Manor."

"And whom shall we see there?"

"Nobody but that scapegrace, James Delrole, another ward of Sir Gilbert, by the favor of King James. He is heir to the barony, but does not attain his majority until next year. So he runs wild, while Sir Gilbert manages his affairs."

"I am sorry for him if he is a ward of Sir Gilbert." "Yes, but you are sorry for every wild youth and mischief-maker. You scandalize the country, but you will soon be married and Sir Gilbert will keep you in order."

"Do you think he will?" said Katherine. And to this there was no reply.

At eventide the chaise drew up at the manor of Delrole Park. Grooms and porters stood around, among them the tutor of Delrole—thin, pale-faced, obsequious. Inside a fire burned, and soon Kate found her speech and her temper.

"To be bundled about like this is disgraceful," she said to Sir Gilbert. "I am more of a slave than any girl in England—poorer than the poorest."

"Obedience is the noblest virtue," was the reply. To which the tutor dutifully nodded.

"WAS the journey wearying madame?" asked a voice from out the shadows. It was the voice of James Delrole, the other ward of Sir Gilbert. He stood before her, tall and sinewy, showing in his bearing the same hatred for restraint that she manifested in her words and actions.

"Who are you?" asked Kate. "Where have I seen you before? Surely it was at the hunt in Norfolk. You led the pack and cleared the ditch. And you are his ward?"

"My majority comes next year!" he said.

"I congratulate you that you are so old," she answered, as she swept out of the room to her lodging in the east wing.

But the spark from her eye kindled a fire in his heart that would not be quenched readily.

At dinner he sat alone, for he was in no humor to talk to Sir Gilbert and the tutor who spent the evening over their wine, recounting of the passionate and reckless young man who dared to set at naught the good advice of his teacher and his guardian.

"Yet, Sir Gilbert," said the tutor, "he may lose his temper and forget his speech, and next minute laugh in your face or pass a joke."

"Perhaps, perhaps!" said Sir Gilbert, "but we must break his proud spirit," and he leaned back in his chair, planning how before another year he would be the richest man in England.

IN the east wing the ladies had supped, and had retired to their sitting room. Kate was reading and Mrs. Fairweather was busy with her hand-work. Suddenly the door opened and in walked James Delrole. Without ceremony, he plunged into conversation.

"Miss Seton," he said, "You are not satisfied with Sir Gilbert as guardian. Neither am I."

"Are you mad?" said Katherine. "Are you crazy?" said Mrs. Fairweather.

"Probably both," said Delrole, "but if Miss Seton wishes to escape from Sir Gilbert, she shall."

"And how may that be?" said Kate.

"By flying with me," he said, "to Prince William, who is beyond the king and greater than the king."

At this Kate burst into laughter, which caused James to hurl out the reproach—"Laugh, you fool, laugh, but—"

"Yes, I laugh," she said, "but it is a pleased laugh."

You are the finest knight I ever head of in song or story. Oh, this warms my heart."

"I am no knight yet," he cried, and he held her hand till it hurt. Then he suddenly cried, "Mistress, will you go with me?"

And she veiled her eyes and bowed her head, and said, "I go."

Shutting Mrs. Fairweather in the inner room, James drew the bolt. He whispered the one word, "Come."

Donning a robe, she flew down the stairway, saying as she ran, "Bless you, Jamie Delrole, if you set me free."

Soon they reached the door. The horses were waiting and they were away.

"Where do we go?" she asked

"The Prince has landed."

"Then we are rebels?"

"We are loyal to Princess Mary."

"God save the King, Prince William and Mary. That is the cry, is it?"

"You have put it well, Miss Seton."

"Not Miss Seton longer, but Kate, if you please."

"Then Kate, I am Jamie Delrole. So let us go if we should escape him forever."

"Aye, forever—but we must ride."

"Mayhap we must fight. But here is my sword."

Then they rode till they reached the border of the domain, and pausing for a moment, they heard in the distance the sound of pursuers.

"Now must we run!" So to his leading she plunged forward, not knowing where she was, not where she was going. Nor was there word passed between them till they reached the main highway, when he turned in his saddle and said, "Bravo, my little girl."

"How much further, Jamie?"

"Just a mile."

Another long mile travelled and then once more she said, "How much further, Jamie?"

"Just a mile, Kate," he replied.

Then after what seemed leagues of travel she cried again, "Oh, Jamie, how much further?" and her little mare fell and could not rise. Then she swooned and all was darkness.

SHE opened her eyes in a strange room. It was broad day. A waiting lady stood before her.

"Where am I?" she asked, "and where is Jamie Delrole? And is this his castle?"

"You are thirty miles from his castle and you are in the House of Three Ravens. As for the young lord, he is outside."

"My horse fell. I swooned. I knew nothing more, and here I am. Jamie Delrole praised my riding, so I am satisfied."

"I have brought you a bit of breakfast, madame. You must be hungry after your long fast."

Kate felt too excited to eat, but realized that she must fortify herself against the journey that still lay before her, and while she nibbled daintily at the delicacies on the tray, she heard through the open window, the clatter of hoofs in the court and the sound of loud, questioning voices. She turned pale as she recognized those commanding tones, and she flew to the window. Sir Gilbert and two of his men were dismounting from their exhausted horses. Her guardian stood silently waiting, drawing off his riding gloves. In a moment, James Delrole appeared, and, gazing at each other steadily, the two drew swords.

"Stop!" cried Kate.

The men hesitated, and looked up at her. Jamie's heart glowed as he saw the proud defiance on that lovely face.

"Then come back to my guardianship," said Sir Gilbert.

"Never!" replied Kate.

Sir Gilbert's face darkened, and his grasp tightened on his sword as he turned again to Jamie.

"But look, both of you. Look behind!" cried Kate, and, turning, they saw a company of troopers filing into the yard.

"Who are they?" asked Sir Gilbert.

"They are troops of His Highness the Prince of Orange and Princess Mary, troops that I raised, Sir Gilbert, though I am your ward, by favor of the king!"

Sir Gilbert gazed helplessly to right and left. He saw there was no escape. The guardianship was ended.

He motioned his men to mount, and scowling darkly, was permitted to leave the yard, while the others watched silently, the light of triumph in their eyes.

Jamie looked up and smiled. He thought he had never seen anything so lovely as her happy face framed in the vine-embowered casement. And she smiled back, saying softly, "Jamie, my lord!"

A Blink of Summer

By Hew MacLaine

IT was the first day of real summer.

In the early morning a cuckoo and then two elusive cornercrakes broke the silence of the Sabbath; a solitary swallow was darting in and around the old farmstead as if reconnoitring its haunts of last season; a bee went humming by, and before noon a butterfly was seen in the meadows. It seemed quite in the art of stage-craft that all should arrive on this glorious day—and we wondered whether birds and insects had come with the promise of better weather that very morning, or if they had actually been in hiding, awaiting this inviting blink in which to greet us.

Over in the fir wood, separated from us by the drumly waters of the old canal, the green shoots of the wild hyacinth relieve the sombre shades of the leafless tress and browned and blackened grasses.

In a day or two the hyacinth will have put out her bells of blue and we will have the picture described by James Nicholson, the poet laureate of the Scottish Temperance movement of half a century ago.

"Its no alane the hyacinth that blooms sae bonnie there,
Wi' their curly bells a' noddin' in the balmy summer air;
But snawy-robed anemones, like stars, the grun bestud,
An' twinkle through the mazes o' the Blue Bell Wud."

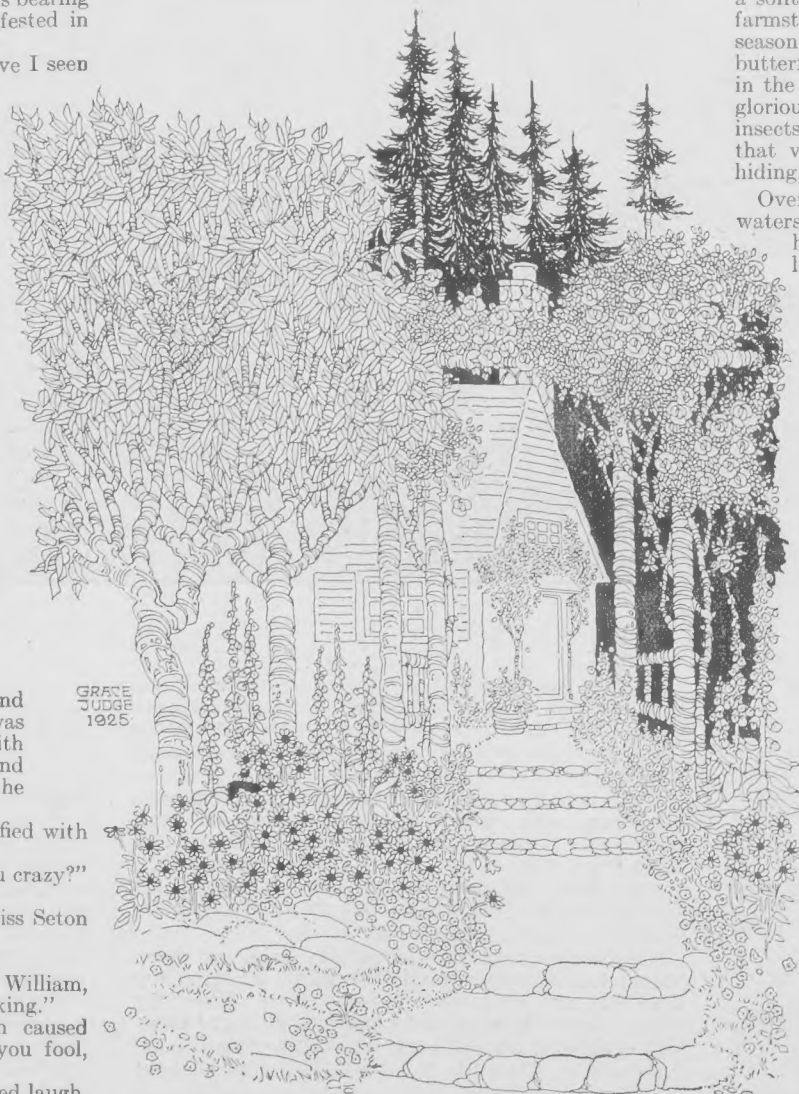
The bracken, too, will have yielded to the promise of brighter days, and those squirrel-colored balls will be replaced by graceful fronds. The trees will have put on their leaves, and summer will be with us.

The spring flowers are taking goodbye. The crocus has gone. Why, only a week ago we were admiring the daffodils in the grassy avenues and recalling Wordsworth's lines:—

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought."

Today, Herrick's words seem more appropriate:

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The "Widening Ripple"

Great Elevator Just Opened Upon Pacific Coast is a Symbol of the Westward Flow of Wheat. New Grain Route Across the Face of the World Now Definitely Established.

By Francis Dickie

ON January 12th, 1925, the new Spiller elevator, 2,250,000 bushels capacity, was officially opened at Vancouver, B.C., with all the pomp and ceremony due to this really important link in the wheat-handling facilities of the North American continent. Lieutenant-Governor W. C. Nichol presided and unveiled a brass tablet, and delivered a short address. A feature of the proceedings was the number of telegrams from some of the greatest public men in Canada extending their best wishes to the port and the enterprise. Chief among the leading men to wire were Premier Mackenzie King; A. Johnston, Deputy Minister of Marine; Honorable J. H. King, Minister of Public Works, and the mayors of Edmonton and Calgary.

Immediately following the speech of the Lieutenant-Governor, His Honor Mayor Taylor pulled a switch which started the car unloaders at all six pits of the elevator. Next, Mr. Justice D. A. Macdonald pulled a switch which started the machinery on the first floor, and the golden grain commenced to flow throughout the vast pile of concrete and steel. From the first floor the guests were taken to the basement where Honorable H. H. Stevens pulled a switch which started the machinery there. Then, with all the elevator equipment at work, the guests were taken from department to department to see the different processes. The house elevators were busy carrying visitors to the top to see the grain moving in the last stage.

All guests were registered as they entered the building. Nearly four hundred of the total of 1,000 in attendance were prairie farmers interested in the new westward route of grain, which has revolutionized in the last few years the movement of the wheat.

The big Spiller elevator was constructed at a cost of \$2,000,000, to handle 2,250,000 bushels of wheat. The plant is the fourth huge grain-handling edifice now on the waterfront at Vancouver, and the first privately operated. It is a link in the long chain of lesser elevators recently acquired by the great British firm of Spillers.

With the completion of the huge storage and handling elevator at Vancouver, Western Canada will begin to participate directly in supplying bread to six million people in the British Isles, through one organization. Little more than a year ago, Mr. R. H. Gale, ex-Mayor of Vancouver, went to England and personally drew to the attention of the principals of

grain industries in general, are shown in the survey of the individual organizations which compose the group in England. These are John Jackson & Sons Ltd., Manchester & Bolton; Rightworth, Ingoldsby & Loft-house Ltd., Hull; Cardiff & China Mills Ltd., Cardiff; Watson, Tood & Co., Birmingham; Uveco Cereals Ltd., London & Liverpool; Spiller's Victory Foods, London, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Cardiff; Spiller's Nephews Ltd., Cardiff; The Turog Brown Flour Ltd., Cardiff; Spiller's Bakeries Ltd., Cardiff, Bristol and Manchester; W. Vernon & Sons Ltd., London and Liverpool; F. A. Frost & Sons Ltd., Chester and Ellermere Port; Associated British Flour Millers, No. 1 Group Ltd.; Spiller's Grain Co. Ltd., London and

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Spillers' Milling & Associated Industries Limited, the prospects of Western Canada and Vancouver offered in the grain trade.

THE Spillers is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, milling and grain handling corporations in the world. Sir William Edgar Nichols, J.P., of the company, demonstrated his faith by immediately having the company enter largely into the development of the western Canadian grain trade through Vancouver and the Panama Canal route. Today Spillers' Overseas Industries Limited, the Canadian branch of the British parent body, has invested \$15,000,000 in Alberta and British Columbia. They purchased 351 line elevators in Alberta and Saskatchewan, the Calgary Flour Mills Ltd., the largest in Canada; the Vancouver Grain Co. Ltd., and the Terminal Co. Ltd. The magnitude of the interests which, under the Spiller's influence, are forwarding development of the western route for wheat, and

WHEAT SHIPMENTS THROUGH THE PORT OF VANCOUVER

1921 - 1,251,071 BUSHELS

1922 - 1,459,081 BUSHELS

1923 - 2,463,017 BUSHELS

1924 - 4,309,232 BUSHELS

FLOUR SHIPMENTS THROUGH THE PORT OF VANCOUVER

1921 - 100,333 BARRELS

1922 - 434,537 BARRELS

1923 - 895,247 BARRELS

1924 - 851,883 BARRELS

-ACTUAL SHIPMENTS TO THE END OF AUGUST-



In foreground, new Spiller elevator, on Burrard Inlet, Vancouver, the largest on the Pacific coast. One of the government elevators is shown adjoining.

Jack Miner and His Canadian Bird Sanctuary

By D. A. White, M.D.

KINGSVILLE, the most southern town in Canada, is situated only twenty-five miles from Detroit. It has become internationally famous in a unique way, without cost to the town, since Jack Miner and his Bird Sanctuary are located in its suburbs.

Jack Miner was born in the town of Dover Centre, Ohio, in the year 1865. At the age of thirteen he, with his parents, moved to Canada, where they settled on a tract of wooded land one mile north of the above-mentioned town, termed by Jack Miner "A Sportsman's Paradise." He was the second oldest of a family of ten children and, unfortunately, was deprived of a school education. However, he learned many things from nature while roaming the woods and watching the manoeuvres of birds and animals which inhabited the forests, where he and his older brother worked day after day clearing the land. Thus, unconsciously, he gained a knowledge not found in books, such as the variety and call of birds, the growth and names of the trees and many other things of nature. The early days, spent in this way, were as food for the man who has become Canada's well-known Naturalist, Author and Lecturer.

When twenty-four years of age, he started making brick and drain tile with a horse driven machine, on ten acres of his father's property. Continuous work enabled him to buy the whole Miner estate from his brothers. This two hundred acre farm he now possesses and has so beautified it that, not only has the value of his own land been raised, but that of the neighbors surrounding the Bird Sanctuary.

From earliest childhood, his desire had been to see the wild Canada geese near at hand. "The birds which pass over the property," he said, "fly so high you have to look twice to see them." Determined to see them close, he evacuated two spots, one near his home and the other some distance back. As the clay had already been taken out to manufacture brick, it was very easy to dig a little deeper and form ponds of water for waterfowl. After having done this, he secured from a Mr. Julien two pair of Canadian honkers, which had been trapped. These were placed in the pond farther from the buildings on the property and remained there for four years before any wild birds joined them.

In 1908, however, much to Jack Miner's delight, a flock of eleven very, very wild birds joined the original four. He fed several bushels of corn to them and, the birds having a good feed, came back each day. Gradually the feed was moved from the farther pond towards the buildings and then the four geese, which acted as decoys, were placed in the pond near the residence. Before a month had passed, the wild birds were over in that pond too—"tamed by degrees," as Jack Miner says.

In March of the following year, the same birds, with their young, numbering thirty-two, came back and stayed until the latter part of April. The next year—March 1910—three hundred and fifty came and since then each year there has been a cloud of geese, the flock being estimated between five and ten thousand.



Jack Miner feeding one of his pet geese from his hand. Notice the tag on the bird's leg. On one side of the tag is Jack Miner's post office address, on the other a verse of scripture. Jack Miner is by no means a religious fanatic, but believes in the simple Word of God and passing it on in this unique way.

Being anxious to study the migration of these birds, he got a permit in 1911 from the government to put up a net enclosure in which to trap them, in order that a tag might be placed on the legs of each bird. His first attempt at catching them was unsuccessful. At last he built a small canal connecting the two ponds. This he covered with net-work, a trap door being placed at each end, and, as the birds swam under the net from one pond to the other, the doors were dropped down. It was at this point that the real fun of Jack Miner's hobby began.

SEVERAL pieces of sheet aluminum were procured, also a stencil so that his address might be put on one side of each tag, and, then, as each bird was caught a piece of the metal was wrapped loosely around one



Jack Miner, Canadian Naturalist, Author and Lecturer

of the legs, after which the bird was liberated. "No man can study nature and not believe there is a God," says Jack Miner, so, to pass the Word of God along, on the opposite side of the tag is printed a verse of Scripture. Thus, Jack Miner is the first man to use the fowls of the air as winged missionaries in spreading the gospel.

By this system of tagging, he has found that the geese nest and spend the summer in Baffins Land and in and around Hudson's Bay. The tags are removed from the birds by the Eskimos and Indians who get them and are taken to the Hudson's Bay dealers, who return them to Jack Miner. On one occasion, the Indians, receiving these tags with verses of Scripture on one side, became so superstitious that they thought they were messages direct from the Lord and sent their Anglican missionary, who had to travel by canoe from that district to the nearest railway station, which is five hundred miles, to interview Jack Miner, bringing several tags with him.

In the winter these birds stay in North Carolina, mostly around Carrituck Sound. Tags are returned each winter, with letters containing real valuable information to the governments of both Canada and the United States.

That the same birds, with the exception of those killed, return year after year to the Miner haven in the spring is evident from the tags which they bear.

Not only has Jack Miner tagged the geese, but hundreds of ducks have been tagged in the same way. Tags have been returned to him from as far north as Gueydon,

Louisiana; as far west as Englefield, Saskatchewan, as far north as Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, and as far east as Long Island, New York. That the birds within these boundaries know where the Miner Sanctuary is, is thus proved.

Not only has the information obtained by the tagging of these birds given Jack Miner knowledge as to the whereabouts of the birds, but the facts regarding their migration have never been obtained by any other man on the continent and have proven to the governments of both Canada and the United States the value of the Migratory Bird Treaty. This is a treaty between Canada and the United States which arbitrates the laws governing the killing of the migratory game birds, so that both countries have equal killing rights and the same length of open season. By this tagging system, he also gives officials data as to where the birds are at each season of the year and proves that the best way to protect the birds is to establish sanctuaries where neither rich nor poor can enter, thus affording the birds the protection which they need. Sanctuaries take nothing away from anybody—they only increase the hunter's chance on the outside.

WHILE the property owned by Jack Miner consists of two hundred acres, the Sanctuary covers only thirty years. On part of the remaining one hundred and seventy acres, wheat is planted and the rest is left as meadow land. The birds stay continually on the thirty acres where the ponds are and where they are fed. The only time they alight at other places is when disturbed by an eagle. It is a simple matter to keep them off any fields where they are not wanted. The placing of a scarecrow in the centre of the field, or a handkerchief placed on one end of a stick will keep the birds off any twenty-five acre field. Any person who has ever hunted wild geese knows how little it takes to frighten a goose. Away from the thirty acres at Jack Miner's Sanctuary, one is unable to get within gunshot of these birds.

As for feed, it costs Jack Miner thousands of dollars each year to maintain this hobby and study, and this for fifteen years, he has handled practically alone. Now the Canadian Government pays about one-quarter of its maintenance, the balance of feed being paid for by Jack Miner himself and a few bird lovers who contribute occasionally.

As the two ponds comprise only three acres, the balance of land in the thirty acres is reforested with all well-known varieties of native trees, mostly of the evergreen type. This forms a wind break and a shelter in time of storm in both winter and summer for the insectivorous birds. All varieties of fruit-bearing shrubs, such as mulberries and elderberries, are planted in plenty, also the wild choke-cherries. Entwining through the forest are paths, arched with rambler roses and bordered with all kinds of wild flowers. Botanists from all parts of Canada, who have visited his property, claim that Jack Miner has the largest out-of-door flower garden in Canada.

Not only are ducks and geese attracted to this bird paradise, but thousands of visitors from all parts of the Continent come to the Miner Sanctuary each year to watch the manoeuvres and habits of the birds. Such visitors include Sir William Mulock, Ty. Cobb, Henry Ford, W. K. Kellogg, Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, as well as many men of high official standing—premiers, governors and professors of various universities in both Canada and the United States. On one single Sunday, the population of the little town grew from two thousand—its normal population—to fifteen thousand, the increase being accounted for by the sight-seers who had swarmed to see the birds.

It has been said that Oakland, California and Atlantic City grew from mere towns to cities by tourists who had come to see the wild fowl which congregated in

Continued on page 49



Wild Canada geese on Jack Miner's bird sanctuary. Photo from Jack Miner's dining-room window. Jack Miner says "The secret of success in taming birds is to throw a handful of corn instead of a thimbleful of shot." He says birds are wild because they have to be. The human race are wild because they desire to be.

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

It All Depends

By
Beatrice Evelyn Barnard

THE Club was meeting at Jean's that night. Already several groups of girls had passed up the Avenue, turned in at the Marston home, and disappeared behind the old colonial door with its brass knocker. They each carried a work bag of some kind—most of them gay splashes of color—and chatted gaily as they went. They were all in their early twenties, girls who had lived in the same neighborhood all their lives, had played together, gone through High School together, and some to College; now most of them were busy planning home of their own—dream homes of the future. Mary was already married, the first one of the little group to cast aside her freedom for a mere man—and Gladys' wedding was only three weeks off. The Club had been formed during wartime, while the girls were still in High School, for the primary purpose of knitting for the men overseas, and the sending of occasional boxes of home-made confections, and also—but then if you have ever belonged to a girl's club, such as this, or had one hold a meeting at your home, you are bound to know that old Dame Gossip is a very regular attendant. The war had ended in 1918—but not the Club. It had gone blissfully on, all these years, was still going strong, and its purpose now seemed to be the making of articles quite different from those of wartime. Not socks and mufflers and helmets, but towels and pillowslips and so-on-so-forth, all the dainty linens so dear to the heart of a girl who delights to see the old Hope Chest piled higher and higher as the months go by.

Across the street a door closed with a bang, and a slip of a girl in a bright colored dress, with a work bag of equally brilliant hue, ran down the steps and over the moonlit avenue to the Marston home. How true it is that the nearer we live the later we are! Nan Farlington knew it was then close to eight-fifteen—the meeting was supposedly at eight—and she didn't intend missing anything. She ignored the old fashioned knocker, and finding the door on the latch, walked in. She trilled a greeting. No one answered. From upstairs came the babel of many voices, girlish voices—all talking at once. Nan called again, and then started up the stairway. Jean's head appeared at the top.

"Oh, it's you, Nan! Come on up! My dear, have you heard the news?"

"No, what is it? Something spicy. I hope."

She entered the bedroom. The girls were standing in little groups, and for the moment there was silence.

"Well it's simply this," announced Jean, "Marg is married! She and Peter were married this afternoon!"

"Oh go on," said Nan, "what's the idea? Surely you don't think I'm fish enough to believe that." She took from the gay bag a little gold vanity case and dabbed some powder on her nose.

"It isn't a joke at all, Nan, it's the truth," Jean looked serious, "Marg phoned Mary just after the ceremony, and told her. They have gone up to the mountains for a two days' honeymoon!"

"Well of all the fools—" began Nan, but her voice was lost in the babel that followed. "Absolutely ridiculous—! Simply absurd—! I thought Marg had more sense—! The fools are not all dead yet!" "Let's go downstairs," said Jean, breaking in on these comments, "what do you want to do—play bridge, or work?"

Bridge was voted down unanimously. Work permitted talk, and talk was unquestionably the order of the day.

"My poor brain refuses to work after that shock," This sarcastically from Nan as she flopped into a great armchair. "Beat you to it, old dear!" she said to Gladys—"this is your favorite spot, isn't it? but you can't have it tonight."

NAN lay back in the chair and watched the girls thread their needles and commence work. Her own work bag lay untouched on the floor beside her. She looked even more fascinating than usual tonight in her flame colored sport dress, with touches of black, and her black-and-white sport shoes. There was something about Nan Farlington that made her stand out from the other girls, no matter where she went. Not that she was prettier than they, or dressed in better taste, but just some mysterious charm which enabled her to wear what they couldn't wear and say what they couldn't say, and get away with it. They were crazy about her, even though some of

them secretly envied her, and were all agreed that no club meeting was complete without Nan Farlington.

"What are you making, Grace?" she asked, turning to the girl on her left.

"Pillowslip," said Grace, "do you like it?"

"Good gracious, what a lot of work! I can imagine poor Hal trying to sleep on all those little bumps—and swearing his head off. Well, let's hear more about Marg, I'm sure I missed some of the news by being late. Tell me all about it."

Nan picked up the discarded work bag and drawing from its depths a tiny guest towel, commenced to work.

"Oh, it seems that Marg and Peter have been contemplating this for some time," said Jean, "you know how things are at home, and how hateful Mr. and Mrs. DeBrisay are about Peter—for no reason whatever, either—he's a prince of a chap. Of course they were on the lookout for a millionaire for their dear Marjorie. I don't see why they got married now,

is more than I can understand." Marjorie, too, was brought up on the carpet every once in a while. It was ten-thirty when the meeting broke up, the girls all ecstatic over the wonderful "eats." Nan was the last to leave. She and Jean stood on the old Colonial porch, Nan tapping her foot against one of the great white pillars. The June moonlight fell upon her, enshrouding her in a silver haze. She looked very sweet just then.

"It's really awful the way we gossip at these meetings," she said, "we must try and improve. Poor Marg, I hope she will be happy, honestly, I do—let's go and see her, Jean, as soon as she comes back. I have a feeling she has a hard road ahead of her—you know what Mrs. DeBrisay is! Imagine Marg living in a two-by-two apartment after that gorgeous home. I must admit I admire her spunk. Good night, Jean dear, lovely time at your party—and that chocolate cake was wonderful!"

She bestowed a kiss upon Jean's ruby lips and without further comment ran down the steps and across the avenue.

AND up in the mountains, far from the noise and strife of city life, in the seclusion of a little rustic summerhouse that overlooked a lake of incredible beauty, a man and girl sat—hand in hand. For some time they sat in silence, awed no doubt by the magic of the night—and the mystery of it all. Then the girl turned towards the man with a little exclamation of surprise.

"Why Peter, dear," she said, "this is club night! I'd really forgotten all about it. No doubt by this time the girls have pulled us to pieces and put us together again. I wonder what they do think—about us."

"What does it matter," he said "what the world thinks? We have love, and each other—isn't that all that matters, Marjorie, dearest?"

His arms closed around her as she whispered: "Yes, Peter, that's all—that matters."

When Marjorie and Peter returned to town, they went at once to the tiny apartment—"two-by-two," as Nan had described it—in Eglinton Street. It was rather a pretty little place, and for the most part tastefully decorated, although there were some things about it that offended Marjorie's artistic eye. However such things are easily overlooked in newly-wedded bliss. Peter was at that time engaged upon a bit of research work for the Newton Company, which he had undertaken upon his graduation a month before—hence the brevity of the honeymoon. This work was now nearing completion, and on the first of July he was to become superintendent of one of the laboratories at the McLaughlin Chemical Company, a position that meant a big thing for him if he made good, and upon this he and Marjorie had staked their future happiness.

The first blow fell when Marjorie learnt that her mother, overcome by the disgrace that her daughter had brought upon the name of DeBrisay, had severed all ties—had cast the newly-weds aside from the family circle. Trouble of considerable proportion had been expected from this quarter, but hardly this. Marjorie went about among her friends as usual, held her head higher, if anything, than before, but beneath the smiling, brave exterior there was a sadness—a weight within her. It was against her parents' wishes she had married Peter Hickson: she knew they would be far from pleased; but this—she had never dreamed of anything like this!

At the next club meeting held at Gladys', for the purpose of viewing that young lady's trousseau, the matter was discussed before Marjorie's arrival.

"I don't blame Mrs. DeBrisay at all," said Grace, tucking in a stray curl. "How would you like your daughter to run away like that? People always talk, you know."

"Let them talk," said Nan, appearing at that moment, "they're no worse than we are. Personally I think Mrs. DeBrisay is a fool—if you will excuse the word—if she had treated Peter like any sane woman would have done, he and Marjorie would have waited and been married—respectably! Of course I think they were foolish to be married so soon, but I suppose they couldn't stand it any longer."

"I guess Marg knows her own business best," said Mary. "Shh! Here she comes!"

Continued on page 6

Out Breaking Sod

By Gilbert H. Bartlett

*Along the ribbed furrows run
The fires of the rising sun;
A silver sheen is spun and spread
Along the grass and overhead,—
The while adown the field I plod,
Out breaking sod.*

*Beneath the dews of morning bent,
The daisies smile in sweet content;
A hundred blackbirds follow me
In loud and screeching jealousy,—
The while behind my plow I plod,
Out breaking sod.*

*I like the fragrant smell of earth,
The flowers and all that gave them birth;
I like the open air; and then,
I like the birthright given to men,—
The while abreast the world I plod,
Out breaking sod.*

though. Why, Peter only graduated a few weeks ago—and college men never have any money. To tell you the truth I don't believe he has a permanent position, he is just doing some temporary research work—or something. I don't know what they are going to live on."

"Live on earth and board in heaven," laughed Nan. "Strange how many young couples seem to do that nowadays—and get away with it too. Personally I'd hate to try it."

"Look at Mildred Barker, what a fool she made of herself," said Grace, "she married Jack What's-his-name, on the spur of the moment: she kept on working, and now—now she is trying to get a divorce."

"But Marjorie DeBrisay isn't a girl like Mildred Barker," said Mary loyally, flashing her black eyes, "besides, I think it's a crime to criticize one of our club members like this. If you knew as much as I do about Marjorie's home life, you might be more—sympathetic. She isn't a girl to do a thing like this without just cause."

"Meow—meow! We are nothing but a bunch of cats," laughed Nan. "Let's change the subject—I guess Mary's right. Is Hal calling for you tonight, Grace? I have a bone to pick with him."

The evening wore on. True Dame Gossip sat quiescent for some time, while the new summer styles and Madeira linens were discussed, but every now and then she would put in her word, such as, "Did you see Jane Wilson at the Venetian last Friday night? My dear, how she can go out with that mess



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Improving the Outside of the House

Practical Touches to Beautify the Exterior

By Sylvia Sims

THE first Spring excitement is over. We have done our duty toward the winter woollens and furs, packing them away in what we hope will prove moth-proof fashion. We have house-cleaned. We have polished and painted and prinked up our house, given our rooms a clean, sweet, airy feeling that satisfies us both as housekeepers and home lovers.

These things accomplished, we look for new fields to conquer.

Shall we step out of doors and view our house, our garden, from the outside? In something more than ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, we can find from one to a million ways to improve the outside of house or garden. Practical ways, too; ways that lie within the moderate limits of the available time and money which most of us are able to spare.

I do not mean such fundamental matters as the repainting of the house, if it is of wood, or the painting of porches, window frames, metal spoutings and so forth. These should be routine matters with every thrifty house-owner. All such exposed surfaces should be protected regularly from the wear and tear of the elements, by fresh coats of defensive paints.

I refer rather to the smaller but very telling touches, that may be added here or there, to increase the attractiveness or the comfort of the house.

Let us begin with the immediate accessories, so to speak, of the house itself. I wonder if it has shutters? I can remember quite well a period not many years ago, when everyone who owned shutters (whether of the rather solid type illustrated on this page or the slatted "Venetian blind" type which could be tilted a little bit open, to keep out the sun but lure the breeze), made a point of removing them. Now they are just as industriously hunting in woodshed and garret, in the hope of finding their once-scorned shutters, for fashion has again taken them into high favor.

Shutters can be of great help from a decorative, as well as a useful, standpoint. It is very satisfying to know that the shutter that provides protection from winter winds or too-ardent summer sun, may by the simple method of using color to advantage, add a touch of distinction to the house, that is undeniable. Of course, if such adjuncts as shutters, window boxes and summer furniture, are to be effective in the matter of color, their background, the house itself, must be right. We may take for granted that the householder who feels the urge to add new beauties to his home, will not have neglected his big opportunity when giving color to the house itself. No matter what the building material, there is no necessity for ugly color. Stone, if you are so fortunate as to possess it, is beautiful in its own right—and none more so than the common field stone with its soft greys shot with rose and brown and green and black. Brick, especially in the softer, darker tones, can contribute to a very mellow color scheme, whilst wood leaves one with the whole spectrum to choose from, for there is no limit to the colors in which the paint to cover it may be procured.

WHETHER such things as shutters (which become really a part of the house itself), shall establish a close harmony or effect a contrast, is matter for careful decision. The type of our house will govern it. If the walls are of dark brick or the soft wood tones achieved by stain or paint, we more often decide against sharp contrast, than for it. If, on the other hand, our house is white or grey or cream, we frequently choose green or green-blue or buff, to trim it. Occasionally we can plan something even more daring. I remember a stone-grey house, with a slate roof, which has remained in my mind for years because of its window boxes. They were yellow—the soft creamy yellow of an English primrose; there was a box on every sill, supported by a couple of plain iron brackets—the product of the local blacksmith and not of the "arts and crafts" shop. The window frames, the doors, the eaves-troughing, were all painted white. The whole was refreshing, charming. I might add that the boxes were filled with every kind of yellow bloom, interspersed with old-fashioned petunias, in all their varieties of mauves and violets and purples.

The window box is just as effective a beautifier as the shutter, and is more universally possible. Shutters are not becoming to every house or are not admired by all house-owners. But who can resist a window box, viewed from either side of the window? No matter what the shape, size or position of the window, the flower box may be made to fit it. Another point in its favour—any handy amateur can make his own boxes, for they are always straight and simple. (It is best to



Wicker, either natural or painted, makes charming verandah furniture

have metal linings, if possible, in the interests of the boxes' longevity). They should always be fastened very firmly in place. If the sill is broad, it will offer a firm base. If it is narrow, supports should be added. They may be of iron or wood.—sturdy and well placed.

Flower boxes may also find effective placement on a verandah rail or along the edge of a low porch which has no railing. There comes to my mind a house that is rather too near the city street for comfort; the brick foundation is carried up a couple of feet above the verandah floor, but the casual passer-by can see over this low guard. Privacy is secured during the season when the verandah is in use by the flower boxes that are placed on the rail. They are well filled with ferns and flowering plants—beautiful, of course, and completely masking the porch, which is a veritable out-door living room during the fine weather.

When flower boxes are serving this additional purpose, small vines or climbers such as nasturtiums, may be given a place in them and tiny little trellises that spread, fan-wise, may be placed at the back of the box for the vines to climb upon. These trellises, small or large, are easily made. Light-weight lath is principally used, and for the small ones, it may be split into inch-wide pieces. The trellis may be any shape one pleases—merely a couple of uprights with occasional cross-bars, being the simplest form. One has only to thrust the ends of the uprights into the earth. When finished, the trellis should be painted leaf-green or white.

TO leave the immediate vicinity of the house—have you a garden spot? Perhaps you have little time or opportunity for gardening; perhaps you would love to have a garden but you have never had "luck" (and have not studied the question sufficiently to unearth the knowledge that will off-set the so-called bad luck of which many gardeners complain). Surely, however, there is some sort of garden possible. Perhaps it will be only shrubbery; perhaps nothing more than Virginia creepers or wild cucumber vines or morning glories, trained to cover an ugly bit of fence or a kitchen-cill or to provide a shady screen for the porch. In almost any district, some sort of garden can be made, even though it be but a matter of transplanted bushes from woods or roadside and a few packages of cheap seeds from the village shop or the mail-order catalogue.

If there is not time or space for anything more pretentious, one can always have a few flowering climbers. One good Dorothy Perkins or Crimson Rambler Rose will give you a riot of glorious color for several weeks. You can train it up the side of the house or over the porch, or perhaps you will give it a little trellis over a path. The loveliest climbing roses I have ever seen were owned by the busiest woman I have ever known.

Her flowers were necessarily the kind that needed little time or attention. In clumps, where they could be seen from every window of the house, there were hollyhocks and golden glow. Once these were put in, they multiplied of their own free will and came up year after year, to bear shafts of glowing color. At their feet, in one or two places, were small beds of annual poppies—lovely, fragile, blowing things, whose colors echoed the hollyhocks above them.

Over the well, was a rustic shelter and over this clambered three husky rose vines. They bloomed one after the other, so that there were flowers and fragrance at that well practically all summer.

But that was not the whole of it. There was a well-worn path from the kitchen door to the well. At two places, that path was arched with a plain home-made wooden trellis; and over each of these grew two climbing rose bushes. All the care these roses ever received, was a good mulching with well-rotted manure in the fall and a protective heap of leaves to guard against winter cold; and in the spring, a little judicious pruning. In return, they made lovely archways of green and rose and crimson.

IT is a joy to see the simple pergola popping up in the modest gardens all over the country. It has been too long restricted to the gardens of the rich. Of course the landscape artists who have laid out the beautiful grounds and gardens of our finest homes, have appreciated the artistic value of the pergola; they know just what it can mean to a garden. They have evolved it in a hundred forms, from the little rustic arbor type or the trim white-painted archway, (that has appeared more and more, with the growing vogue of the Colonial house), to the elaborate Greek affair with beautiful Ionic columns to match those of the great house in the distance.

But we do not need a landscape artist to show us how to make clever use of a pergola in the country garden or the tiny town backyard. Nor do we need the services of a builder or carpenter, to make one! In its most-used form, the pergola can be a strictly home-made affair. A few sturdy uprights, thrust into post-holes which have been dug to a depth sufficient to hold them firmly in place, will start the good work. Four or five-inch lumber is suitable, or if the rustic type has been chosen, straight little tree trunks four or five inches in diameter, will be best for the uprights. Four such uprights, with two heavy cross pieces, will give the necessary skeleton. A latticed roof may be placed on the cross pieces, using much lighter lumber or branches. Of course, all ends will protrude several inches—adding to the desired rustic effect. If a finish is to be added, natural wood stain may be used; it will allow the natural grain of the wood to show through and it will harmonize delightfully with the natural scenery. If a painted finish is preferred, you may use smooth lumber. There is a very definite charm about white-painted pergolas, lattices, trellises, fences and garden furniture, when it suits the style of the house and landscape.

Special types of fences have been evolved, especially to fit into this scheme of painted accessories.

It is usually the lattice fence or the various modern versions of the old-time picket fence, that we make white. Such a fence is delightful to enclose the small place or to cut off an intimate bit of garden space around the house, when there is a large, untained property or a farm. Nice proportions, carefully reckoned spacing, are the important points for such a fence. Slats three to four inches wide are most favored and they are placed about a slat-width apart. They may terminate at the upper cross piece, which forms a flat rail, or they may extend above it a few inches, picket-fashion, with their ends left square or rounded or pointed. A very effective fence which I saw some time ago, was made of these plain slats in four-inch width, carried to a height of about four feet, to a rather heavy cross rail. Above this was a two-foot-high lattice made of two-inch lath, the squares measuring about eight inches each way. A flat rail finished the fence at the top. I forgot to add that there was a heavy six-foot upright at a distance of about every ten feet. Here and there a green or flowering vine clambered over this white fence and shrubbery, interspersed with perennials, ran around the base of it. It made a spot of enchanting privacy of a city garden and it struck me at the time that it would be a very good style of fence to throw up wherever an unattractive view needed to be cut off.

Continued on page 19



Above is shown the iron-clad guarantee that stands back of every Gold-Seal Congoleum Product. Be sure to look for the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the goods.



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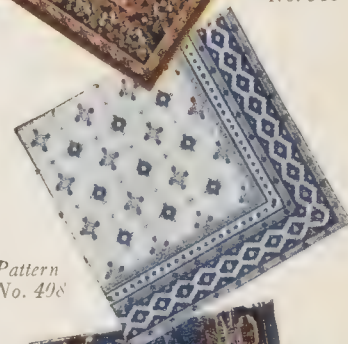
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Meditations on Mother's Day

By Nellie L. McClung

LIFE is queer: Take the matter of relatives. We cannot love our relatives, if the tie of relationship is the only one that binds us to them, and yet the world has set a rule that we must love them. Love cannot be compelled, particularly in a case of this kind, in which we had no chance. We inherit our relatives, just as we do our hair and eyes, and we are powerless in the selection: of course, in the case of marriage, we are responsible. We make our choice and have to abide by it.

However, we all have a strong prejudice in favor of our relatives. We want to be friends with them, and if we get any encouragement at all we will like them. They start fair with us, and rather more than fair—mothers and fathers have what is tersely expressed as a cinch!

I do not like to hear the frenzied appeals that are made on Mother's Day urging boys and girls, men and women, to be kind and loving to their mothers. Mothers are always loved unless they make love impossible, and if that happens it becomes a heartbreaking thing to the child. Let no one believe that any normal person can cease to love either father or mother, and not suffer. It is one of the cruellest circumstances in life that deprives a child of the inestimable privilege of loving both parents.

A woman once said to me, bitterly: "My mother was good to me in every way but with her tongue. She worked hard for me, saved and sacrificed for me, never forgetting to tell me what I owed to her. She accused me of ingratitude, coldness, neglect, when my heart was aching for love. She compelled my confidences when I was a little girl, only to wither me with reproaches, so I learned to keep my own counsel, though my heart was craving companionship. I wish she had done less, but been kinder to me. The dresses she sat up at night to finish were hateful to me, because she used them as a lash to beat me with."

I wish that on Mother's Day the speakers would not stress the child's part in the relationship. A child loves its mother as naturally as a plant turns to the light. Let there be rather an effort to show what causes estrangements.

In the book "This Freedom" where A. S. M. Hutchinson started out to prove something, which he seemed to have rather a poor hold on himself, he makes

out a bad case for the mothers. Rosalie's mother was sweet, and kind, and loving, but she failed to keep abreast of the times. She was the "Hush-hush" type. "Don't speak back to father," when the very thing "father" needed was to be spoken back to. (This is not very good English, but you will pardon me when you remember I have just read "This Freedom" again). Rosalie grew away from her mother, not from choice either, and it hurt her when she discovered she could not find anything of mutual interest between herself and her mother. Her mother's letters were dull, and uninteresting, and Rosalie was ashamed of the letters she wrote in return. They were so drab and thin. She could not tell her mother of her life. She would not understand.

When Rosalie's children came she determined to be a different sort of a mother. She kept on with her career as a banker. She was a successful business woman. She seems to have spent her evenings at home with her children, giving them much more attention than the average society woman, but what happened?—Mr. Hutchinson tells us her children grew up to be the most detestable little

imps of modern fiction. They did not inherit from either their father or mother. They lied and stole, and sought low companions. They were hardly human indeed. Just think of the worst family you ever knew!—Mr. Hutchinson kills them off at the end, two in one chapter. Now you see that's pretty tough on the mother in both counts. The one who was devoted and kind and sweet had one daughter commit suicide and her other children grew away from her; the other mother who tried to keep ahead of her children—and be a companion to them, too, in a bigger way, got nothing but biffs. What has Mr. Hutchinson against all us women anyway? Now let me take issue with him.

I don't believe his story in either parts. Rosalie would not cease to love her mother because the dear little soul hadn't read Elinor Glyn's latest, and wouldn't understand it if she did. As Rosalie grew old she would see more and more the nobility of her mother. She would see she was a type of the repressed, patient wife, who allowed her domineering husband to absorb her personality. Rosalie would delight in bringing her mother up to London and buying her the pretty dresses she had craved, and never had. Rosalie would have taken her to see Marie Lohr at the Globe, and Abraham Lincoln at the Lyceum. They would have dined at the Trocadero, and the Picadilly, and Rosalie would have been proud of her dainty little mother, with her mid-Victorian manners, and her faded, but charming personality. Love for a mother is not so easily lost. Rosalie's children would have loved her too, and come home to tell her their exploits. She may have had trouble with them, and many a heartache, but they would have been real human children, not the abnormal young criminals he pictures them. Children do not demand paragons of wisdom or knowledge in their parents. They are charitable beyond belief in their estimation of us; indeed we have to cut them deeply before they will give us up.

A very sacred, enduring thing is the love of a child for its parents. It does not need to be implored or entreated—but it can be frozen; it can be killed, by harshness, lack of understanding, and injustice, and when that happens it is one of the bitterest tragedies that life holds.

All that mothers and fathers have to do is to give their children a chance.



Improving the Outside of the House

Continued from page 16

Rather a stunning fence for a fair sized lot is made of ordinary ten or twelve-inch planks, set three or four inches apart, with a difference of about a foot in the height of alternate planks. I have seen a board fence of this type which had been given a coat of dark green paint and looked extraordinarily well.

One of the most beautiful enclosures we have ever seen was made of tree stumps. It was in a newly-settled wooded district where many trees had to be sacrificed to make room for the streets and houses. The fantastic shapes of the roots only added a rustic beauty to the garden. Tall, graceful flowers grew between the projections, and in the spring, gay crocuses peeped from underneath. Such a fence would not be practicable for everyone, for it requires a good deal of attention; but if it is possible to have such a fence, its beauty is well worth the work entailed.

Hedges are used rather extensively in the West and probably no other barrier is more beautiful than this wall of living green. Caragana is popular, as it is very bushy and grows rapidly. But please, if your hedge is to be beside a public walk, place the bushes well back, so that when the hedge is grown, it will not extend over a third of the sidewalk, as many thoughtless people permit theirs to do. Lilac bushes make a good hedge, but the constant clipping remove the buds, and there is therefore no bloom. It seems wicked to use a shrub with such a beautiful flower for a purpose that prevents it from blooming.

The path is a very important part of the garden. Flagstones have a quaint charm, and if one lives near a stone quarry or a shingly beach, they could be hauled at trifling cost. Ordinary grey stones are very nice, but if red sandstone can be procured so much the better. The dull red stones in the green of the lawn or between colorful flower borders, lend a character to the garden that can be achieved by no other means. Bricks may be used in the same way and give a delightful and decorative effect.

Next best choice is probably fine shale such as is used on tennis courts. Its smooth, hard surface is not so "crunchy" as gravel or cinders. The path should be covered with something however, for the clay in most parts of our western country is very slippery and treacherous after a rain.

Cement walks are used almost entirely in towns now, but there is no reason why any of these other materials may not be used, as they are certainly more picturesque. The common wooden-slatted walk is not inartistic, its chief drawback being that it needs constant care and replacing as the wood rots away.

AND the last of all, wherever there is a garden, there should be an invitation to linger in it. Perhaps there is just one lovely restful spot—in the shadow beneath a big tree; or maybe there is a bit of a high wall, overgrown with wild or cultivated climbers; or a clump of tall lilac may make a shady, attractive corner.

In such a spot, it is indeed wisdom to put a garden seat—perhaps even to add a low table and a chair or two. No rest is so sweet as that which is taken out of doors; no cup of tea or frosted glass of fruit juice, ever tastes so good as when enjoyed in the open. So wherever you have a place for it, drop a bench or a low seat that will fit into its surroundings—that will coax you into the garden and plead with you to stay there! Perhaps you will choose a rustic bench, simply made from close-trimmed branches; perhaps yours will be a smooth bench, with slatted back, that will gleam whitely against a clump of green; maybe you are the happy owner of a stone garden wall, against which you could contrive a low stone seat with clumps of greenery growing at either end. The loveliest garden seat tucked away in my memory's scrap-book, was made of rock, slab on slab, banked with vine-grown field stone at either end and a cushion of moss for one's feet.

With a limit to my space and my topic, I dare not go farther among the garden possibilities. There is truly no stopping place, when one considers "improving" the house with the garden! But these few examples I have given are sufficient to stress the point that every house, no matter what its size or of what material it is built, is ready and waiting to call some of those charming exterior touches its own.

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Out With the Newfoundland Sealing Fleet

By E. L. Chicanot

THE Newfoundland sealing fleet is once more on its annual expedition to the Grand Banks. The first days of March saw the hardy, intrepid fishermen of the northern coast, who are sealers for a brief season, leave the port of St. Johns in the eight sturdy little vessels which comprise the sealing fleet, to be, for an indefinite period of time, absolutely cut off from the remainder of the world, to undergo among northern ice floes most fearsome hardships, to not infrequently imperil their lives there, in order that people they will never know and who will never know them or appreciate the risks of the chase, may have their supply of sealskin.

Here is an, as yet, unwritten, unrecorded epic. The output of novels in America is so voluminous, the products of screened fiction so yet more prolific,

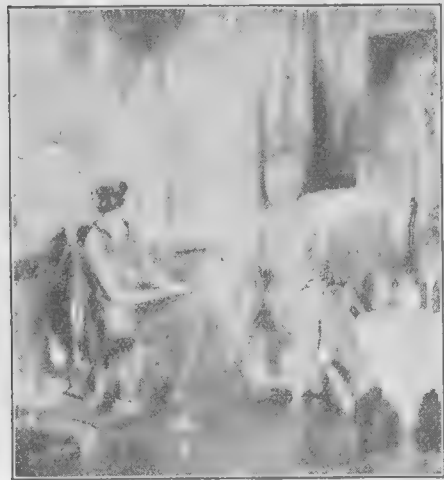
bound coast, have been tempered in the Arctic clime, have dared the frozen seas in all their moods, have combated all the elements of nature. They regard their simple, dangerous life in a philosophical manner, accepting its hardships and perils as part of a day's work, consider the most meagre of rewards just recompense, and would not desert their romantic, hazardous manner of livelihood for any other on earth. And the staunchest, lithest, most daring of all these fishermen are to be found to compose the crews of the vessels which each year, when spring is yet afar off, set out for the sealing grounds.

Newfoundland is the special home of the hair seal industry and the island's intrepid inhabitants the folk of all the world most suited in all respects to prosecute the strenuous and hazardous

oil the growing popularity of the fur has resulted in this phase of the chase being equally profitable and considerably increasing the revenue of the chase.

THE first sealing expedition left St. Johns, in 1763, and since that year the departure of the sealing fleet has been the outstanding event and distinctive feature of Newfoundland's year. The bitter chill of winter has scarce abated, the first sign of spring has not evidenced itself, when the sturdy little vessels which make up the armada are put in order and the captain of each ship gathers his carefully selected stalwarts about him. When sailing vessels were used in the hunt, in the days before indiscriminate killing had largely depleted the seal herds, as many as six hundred craft engaged annually in the expedition. For the last half century wooden steamships have carried the adventurous on their perilous voyages, and whilst more than a score of these were formerly used the number has dwindled until there are now only eight vessels in the fleet, the Eagle, Neptune, Seal, Sagona, Thetis, Terra Nova, Ranger and Viking. The largest vessel is not 450 tons; the smallest less than 250 tons.

The departure of the sealing fleet is a most moving and impressive spectacle and one which is productive of varied emotions. The expedition is probably unequalled among modern means of livelihood for the long odds at which man gambles with Fate and engages in combat with the hostile elements of Nature. The stalwart young giants who compose the crews to whom the sea has been from birth a mother, at times cruel and always difficult to fathom, inured to the



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Crew leaving jammed vessel

that one wonders that any phase of the varied life of an expansive continent has escaped the novelist searching in out-of-the-way nooks and crannies for new types and fresh local color or the film producer tracking down new heroes in life or straining a taxed brain to conceive novel thrills which will stir in their upholstered seats a movie world long grown blasé.

The men who do the exciting, thrilling things in novels or movies as part of their everyday work have been so utilized and worked over that their reappearance merely bores, especially when the observer knows that in the majority of cases one must relegate them to a period that has passed. But here is a type of hero yet to be featured, unique and invigorating local color yet to be pictured, a combination to refresh the most languid readers and make a bored movie crowd sit up. Novelists and scenario writers might do worse than travel north and spend a season with the Newfoundland sealing fleet in the Arctic seas. Here they will find a type awaiting a just recognition in book or on screen. Here is danger, heroism, and romance, an American means of livelihood with its wild saga yet to be written.

The very name of Newfoundland is intriguing and a certain amount of mystery enshrouds the mystic land in most minds. People look at its location on the map and imagine how bleak and chill it must be, how solitary and depressing life there, and wonder what kind of people it breeds. Most Americans have come to consider the island part of Canada though it is, as a matter of fact, a separate and distinct Dominion, and proud of its distinction of being the oldest Dominion of the British Empire. It is a fertile productive area, larger than Ireland, having a population of about 265,000 with 3,700 citizens in its capital, St. Johns. Off its coast are some of the world's richest cod fisheries and this product of the ocean accounts for ninety per cent. of the island's total annual export trade, in value more than \$30,000,000.

Sailors all over the world know the Newfoundland fishermen as the hardest, toughest, and most reckless of their calling. They are the sons and the great-grandsons of men who through generations have inhabited the rock-



Rescuing crew of jammed sealer

enterprise. Each year, at precisely the same time, and in almost exactly the same spot, two great herds of seals, the harps and the hoods, gather together. Up to the month of February the seals roam the ocean but when February comes round they settle down on the ice floes for breeding purposes. A natural instinct prompts them to return to the same place year after year and their whelping place never varies in position more than a few miles. It is north of the 50th parallel between Cape John and Bell Isle, in the straits, about fifty to one hundred miles off the land. The two herds always occupy the same relative position, the harps having the inner location, the hoods occupying the outer fringe of the floe.

The mother seal brings forth her young about the end of February and they grow and develop with astonishing rapidity, the skin alone, with the adhering fat, attaining a weight of forty pounds during a fortnight. The young seals make prime oil. Because of the color of their pelts they are known as white-coats, the coat being thick, almost woolly, and as soft as swan's down. Within a few months this is shed and replaced by a bluish, spotted, hair fur, thick in texture, and with a hide as tough as shoe leather. Whilst the seals were formerly hunted almost solely for their

hardships of their calling and trained to withstand the terrific blasts which buffet the island's rocky coasts, are, after the enforced leisure and imposed tranquility of the winter months, fired with the spirit of adventure as well as the anticipation of profit. It is the mothers and the wives and children who have the harder part, watching their men sail away in the anguish of remembrance of others they have seen depart not to return. For the Northland is relentless and incomprehensibly cruel and seldom does the sealing fleet return without toll being taken of its members.

About the time the fleet sails northwards from the Newfoundland coast the frozen waters are breaking up and the surface of the ocean presents a somewhat mottled appearance with patches of green water and large areas of white ice. The vessel's progress is necessarily slow and of imminent danger as it ploughs its way through heavy seas against fierce Arctic blasts and snakes a path among innumerable ice floes. The most careful lookout must be kept, the most expert navigation practiced, for a collision with one of the slowly moving fields of ice would stave in a vessel's prow, a jam between two of them crush the craft like an empty egg shell. Not infrequently are vessels so damaged in

Continued on page 60



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Daphne's Desperado

By Edith G. Bayne

Continued from the April Issue

Another glance was hardly necessary but she verified the first one by making out blue trousers with narrow yellow stripes down the sides, knee boots, a leather belt and, on a chair nearby, a straight-brimmed khaki hat.

She flew back to the kitchen, lifted the trap-door and went down again to the milk-cellar.

"There's a mountie here!" she gasped. "He's talking to Daddy. What'll we do now?"

The desperado arose.

"Hum," he said, blankly. Then: "What sort of a looking fellow?"

"Big and stout. English accent. Fair hair."

"That," said the desperado shrewdly, would be Middleton. I know him," he nodded. "Won't leave a stone unturned or a nook unexplored—consarn his dashed efficiency!"

"Oh dear, what will we do!"

"I'm caught like a rat in a trap," the tramp admitted. "Unless—"

"Oh, think of something!"

"Just what I'm trying to do. Has your father got a razor?"

Daphne started.

"Oh, I'm not going to run amuck; I merely want to shave. I see running water over there near the door where I suppose you wash the milk-pails, and if I had a scrap of soap and a mirror—"

Daphne brought these articles.

"I wonder," he said, hesitating a little, "if I might prevail upon your good nature still further and ask one more favor—"

"Surely," returned Daphne, giggling at the spectacle he made with one side of his face shorn and the other not.

"Down beyond the corral in that little clump of bushes near the gate I left a package," he went on. "It's a brown paper parcel, large and quite heavy. Do you suppose you could carry it here to me? Don't be alarmed. It doesn't contain a bomb—only some clothes. When I get all dressed up like a white man I'll wager you won't know me!"

"Have you got time for all this?" she asked, nervously.

"I'll make time," he said.

Less than five minutes later she dropped the parcel down to him.

"You'll have to come out this way," she whispered, "because I can't get the key to that outer door. Okoko has gone to a barbecue and he's got the keys with him. Good-bye! Good-luck!"

"God bless you!" added the desperado.

Now Captain Middleton, being fat and good-natured and rather warm from having ridden many miles since morning, was in no wise loath to postpone his search a few minutes and partake of some slight refreshment and he had consumed two glasses of blackberry wine and Mrs. McGuffy had just gone into the house to open another bottle when the folks on the front verandah heard her scream suddenly.

Her husband sprang to his feet. The captain did likewise. From the three neighbors came echoes of the scream. Mrs. McGuffy, pale of face and trembling, came rushing out.

"John! Someone—in the kitchen—such a funny noise—oh, go and see!" she gasped.

The two men proceeded in some haste to the rear regions, the captain loudly proclaiming that he knew the bouncer was on the Bar Q.

Daphne stood in the doorway, her hands clenched, her lower lip caught in her teeth, her heart doing a tattoo. She had signalled a moment too late—or too soon! And if only he hadn't knocked over those milk-pans!

While she stood there waiting and listening, around the side of the house from the rear three figures dashed—a short fat one, which was her Dad, a taller fat one which was Captain Middleton, in pursuit of a tall slim one, her desperado! It was all up!

DOWN at the corral there was a shot—then another. The women screamed and clung together. Daphne shuddered and clapped her hands over her ears. There were shouts, men running.

It seemed to them like an hour, although in reality it was only a few minutes, when they heard the men returning. There were three of them.

"Don't be frightened!" John J. McGuffy called out as they approached. "We got him all right!"

Memories

O memories, of life a part!

With winged pain,
Faint echoes of your voice, sweet-heart,
Thrill soft again;
Come back! come back! across the flight of years;
And echo answers low "the years, the years."

O memories that softly fall,

As drifting leaves,
O heart that answers to your call,
As time bereaves;
Come back! come back! across the flight of years;
And echo answers soft "the years, the years."

And vale of doubt and deep despond,

Shall pass away;
And heart shall speak to heart beyond,
In perfect day;
O memories that call across the years,
While echo answers clear "dear years, dear years."

—JOHN BATHURST.

"Wh—where is he?" gasped Daphne or rather Mary Jane as she became in life's more serious moments.

"Oh, we haven't got him with us—he's down at the gate trussed up and under heavy guard. These officers are taking him to town at once," Daddy McGuffy assured the anxious women. "Mother, fetch out more wine. We must celebrate the capture of the notorious Weimer."

Poor Mary Jane. All her altruistic efforts gone for nothing and the desperado in the toils once more! She was turning sadly away when her father spoke again. She looked around. The men had arrived at the steps and stood bathed in the glow from the open doorway. Her father stood between two scarlet-coated policeman. She blinked dazedly at them. One of course was Captain Middleton, the other a stranger.

"Well folks," Mr. McGuffy was saying in his hearty and gruff way, "we oughta apologize for this here little rumpus—I guess it threw a pretty bad scare into you wimmen, eh? Meet the ladies, boys—and vice versa. Jane and Mary Jane—the wife an' daughter, boys—meet Captain Middleton and Sergeant Fairway." He introduced the neighbors, too.

Sergeant Fairway! Mary Jane's heart gave a tremendous leap. She looked up slowly from under her long curly lashes, looked up very slowly and shyly—and found herself gazing into the twinkling eyes of her late desperado!

"I'm sorry," he murmured, under cover of the general noise. "Won't you believe me?"

Mary Jane drew a long quivering breath.

"I—I—I'll never forgive you as long as I live!" she declared.

"It was unforgivable of me, I'll admit—"

"I'll be the laughing stock of the whole—"

"No, you won't. You don't suppose I'll tell, without your permission!"

"But how—why—"

"I'm grateful beyond words to you for keeping me hidden till dark. This Weimer is one wily bird. I had to sneak up posing as a deadbeat and wait till he hit the hay. Then Middleton coming along all but cooked my goose. Naturally I didn't want him to get my man. We'd traced him as far as the cypress hills and then Bill took the north fork of the trail and I came on this way. When you told me about your new hand and pointed him out I knew I had the right hunch—"

"I think you're perfectly wonderful—I mean, dreadful!"

Sergeant Fairway looked properly crushed.

"You made a charming little warden," he ventured.

Mary Jane's eyes dropped.

"So charming a warden," he went on, "that I couldn't resist carrying the force along as far as it would go. If you hadn't taken me into custody and hustled me down cellar so peremptorily I intended to hang round on the q.t. till I could grab off this bird, Weimer, but I didn't hanker to explain myself to anybody. We mounties have our pride. We like our nice red coats and our immaculateness, to say nothing of our little share of prestige—and I surely must have looked like the king of the bo's!"

"You did," said Mary Jane emphatically.

"Well—I hadn't had a chance to shave since we rode out from the post," he explained apologetically.

"The paper said you were in the East," she said—still with a trace of resentment in her tone.

"I was, till a few days ago."

"That—that scar—"

"Scar? Oh you mean this," he ran a hand through his hair and touched the scratch on his temple. "Souvenir of the war, little lady, that's all. He smiled down at her and it was Mary Jane's turn to feel humble.

"I could drop through the floor!" she declared half tearfully.

"Please don't!"

"I wonder what on earth Mary Jane an' the Sergeant find to talk about so long!" Mrs. McGuffy remarked at length. "Here I've been an' made coffee an' it's got stone cold! Mary Jane! You got one o' your dreamin' moods on, or what?"

"Leave 'em be, mother," said Daddy McGuffy. "It's nice to see 'em getting so well acquainted. Strangers ten minutes ago an' already they act like they've known each other a long time! I never knew the gal to take up with anybody so quick. Pass that there huckleberry pie to the captain again."

"When—when those shots rang out," Mary Jane was saying just then in a very low tone, "I—I was awfully afraid—"

"Oh, it wasn't me the fellow shot at! You see, I hadn't had time to get my coat on and he didn't recognize me right away. He tried to wing Middleton, but luckily for Bill he ducked both times," the Sergeant laughed displaying his excellent teeth. "Wish you could have seen poor Weimer when Bill and I walked into the bunkhouse—but never mind. Let's talk about us."

"Us?"

"You and me," said Sergeant Fairway. "We're to be friends aren't we?"

Mary Jane looked up at her late desperado and the smile she gave him might have been taken as a highly encouraging sign.

Not a Red Peril

"He is what they call 'a parlor socialist,' isn't he?" asked a young man whose conversation is reported in the Washington Star.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne.

"Not a regular 'red'?"

"No, not a red at all. He's what I should call a pale pink, and liable to fade at that."

Handiest thing
in the house

THERE are endless uses for "Vaseline" Jelly. For cuts, scalds, burns, bruises and wounds, it is a soothing, healing dressing, keeping out air and dirt and helping nature to heal.

Taken internally for coughs and sore throat, it gives grateful relief, being odorless and tasteless. There's nothing safer for baby's needs—for rashes, chafing, sores and snuffles. Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline." It is your protection.

In use for over two generations, nothing has been found to take the place of "Vaseline" Jelly as "the handiest thing in the house."

Use coupon below to secure our booklet "Inquire Within". It describes "Vaseline" Jelly, its medicated specialties and their various uses, and other useful information.

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Montreal.

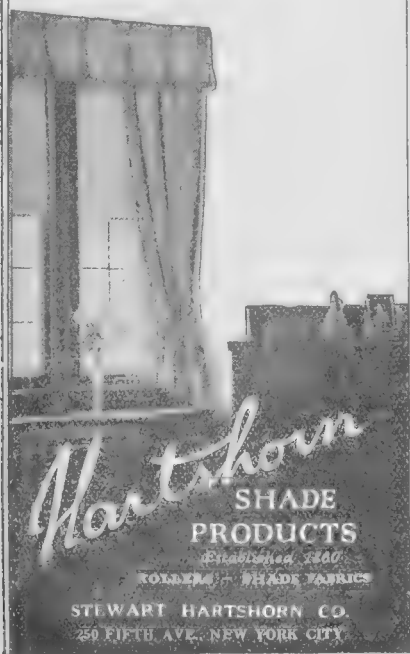
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FREE!

A room is known by the shades it keeps. Remember "Hartshorn" for both Rollers and Fabrics—and you'll avoid shade worries and feel "safe" about the room's beauty.

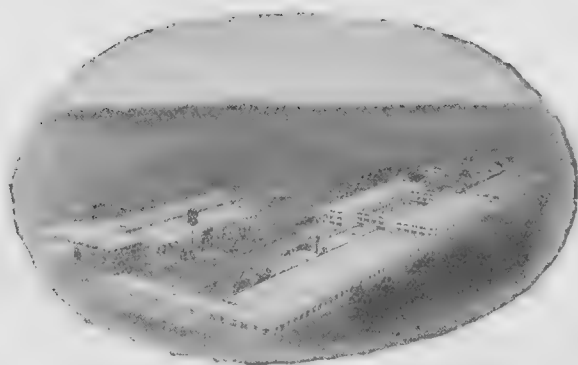


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Facts

concerning
a progressive
organization

Durant Motors
of Canada
Limited



EXPERIENCE

The Success of any industry today depends, not on the extent of capital invested, but on the initiative, training and experience of the management. Without good management, business Success is impossible. The management of Durant Motors of Canada Limited is composed of men of many years of successful experience in the industry.

PERSONNEL

The executive heads of Durant Motors of Canada Limited are living proofs that "years teach us more than books." The General Manager, the Sales Manager, the Factory Manager, the Manager of the Service Division and the Secretary-Treasurer and Comptroller, have records of Service averaging fifteen years in the motor car industry, the last ten spent with Durant enterprises. They have come up through all the phases of development of the business, with the leaders in the industry.

STABILITY

Only those things survive that are built with care, and upon a thoroughly secure and substantial foundation. Such a foundation was laid for Durant Motors. The organization is carefully built, and the experience of the executives enables them to surround themselves with the best type of craftsmen.

The growth of Durant Motors of Canada Limited is proof of the quality of their products, built by an experienced organization. Its development is not forced—it is growing naturally as all good things grow. More than 21,000 Durant-built cars are *now* in daily use in Canada.

DURANT MOTORS OF CANADA LIMITED
Leaside (Toronto) Ontario



Mothers!

Do you know *why* Baby needs this finest of all Talcum Powders?

It is because no other talcum is so scientific in its composition. Mennen's is compounded by a special medical formula to defeat the ravages of Moisture, Friction and Infection.

Special process makes Mennen Borated Talcum highly absorbent—to draw poisonous moistures from the skin folds and allay inflammation and soreness.

Then this wonderful powder covers the skin with an invisible, protective film—so that clothes do not chafe.

The scientific medication in Mennen's—its therapeutic and antiseptic qualities—helps keep Baby's skin in healthy condition.

Whatever Talcum Powder you are satisfied with for your personal use—remember Baby's skin needs a special powder—the original

MENNEN

BORATED TALCUM



Send 35c for The Mennen Baby Book—the most helpful book that ever guided a mother through the trials of baby care.

THE MENNEN CO. LIMITED,
325 Craig St. West, Montreal, Que.



The Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children

THERE'S more than a smile beneath each Shriner's Fez—there's a two dollar bill that is going to work the wonders of an Alf's Button! Near upon 600,000 Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America, each with a two dollar bill tucked safely beneath his gay little, jaunty little Fez! Just about \$1,000,000 to go somewhere each year. And it's all going, every cent of it, to the crippled children of this continent. A Great Idea? We'll tell the world it is. Talk to any Noble of the local Shrine, Khartum Temple, and see the grin that encircles his face. The very tassel of his Fez bristles with pride. For the Shriner, knowing what it is to have a good time himself, is all the more eager to help others to a smile also. This hospital scheme for crippled children is a wonderful idea. Brains as well as a heart beneath the rich, red Fez!

A man with vision, with tenderness, with acumen, started this merciful, far-

Without any publicity, without the expense and labor attendant upon the ordinary charitable and other drives of late years, each Shriner in North America was assessed \$2.00 and a fund of \$1,000,000 accumulated in one year. Now, by action of the recent Imperial Council at Des Moines, a like sum will be similarly raised each year.

Six Shriner Hospitals in Six Large Cities
PRESENT plans provide hospitals (as soon as land and plans can be secured) to be located as follows:

Parent hospital at St. Louis, Mo., 80 beds. One hospital at Montreal, Canada, 50 beds. One hospital at San Francisco, Cal., 50 beds. One hospital at St. Paul and Minneapolis, 50 beds. One hospital at Shreveport, La., 50 beds.



A section of the Shriners' Hospital at Winnipeg. It is a good deal more lively-looking now that the little patients are in it

reaching scheme. W. Freeland Kendrick is his name. In 1919 he had been elected to the highest office—that of Imperial Potentate. He was not content to bear his blushing honors thick upon him. He wished to increase the good reputation of this huge and influential organization of some half-million men. Only W. Freeland Kendrick himself knows just how this hospital idea popped into his head. Perhaps not even he could tell us, for it was more of an inspiration than an idea, and "inspirations fall from heaven upon the heart of man." Perhaps there flashed through his mind the thought: "We Shriners are a powerful organization, a huge organization, an honorable organization. We've joked a lot, we've had good times, we've given good times to others. But now the time has come when the Fez should symbolize something more potent for good, more enduring than smiles and frivolity."

Thus W. Freeland Kendrick, wishing to raise up an ideal for the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine that would justify their existence, thought of this marvelous plan for building and operating hospitals that would give expert and absolutely free treatment to every crippled child asking admittance—neither race nor religion will have any meaning in these Shriners' Hospitals. A crooked bone to be made straight, a helpless limb to be given power—then, no matter what the race, what the religion, there'll be a bed for that crippled little body in one of the Shriners' Hospitals.

No solicitations—no outside help—this is a Shriner scheme, financed from beginning to end entirely by the Nobles of the various Mystic Shrines. How simple a matter it is to do tremendous good—once a great heart has promoted the plan and a clear brain devised its methods.

puts it, "to the service of God and crippled children," in the Scottish Rite Institution at Atlanta.

It's great! This is absolutely the most wonderful piece of charity in all the history of the world! A chain of hospitals, "Miracle Shops," that will encircle the continent like the healing hands of God.

Can't you see these great hospitals, ministering to all the little twisted bodies that seemed doomed to join the fleet of derelicts on the human sea. There are today, in North America, about 480,000 crippled children. Who can say how many of them in the future, will stand straight and strong, and shout a joyous salutation of gratitude whenever a man in a red Fez comes his way?

THE Winnipeg Unit of Shriners, consisting of the craftsmen attaining to that high rank between the head of the lakes and the Rockies, have opened up their hospital for crippled children in a wing of the Children's Hospital on May Street, Winnipeg, with a staff consisting of three graduate nurses, six nurses in training and the surgeon in charge. The children also have the advantage of the Children's Hospital Electro-Therapeutic treatment.

Having passed through the glass doors of the Shriners' Hospital, the visitor is immediately impressed with the bright and happy atmosphere pervading the place. The walls are painted a sunny, golden color and near the top are pictures of Mother Goose friends, such as Old King Cole, Jack and Jill, Simple Simon and many others, marching along in endless procession. Large windows fill the rooms with sunshine and fresh air, and at the end of each ward a merry little canary sings, and hops about his little white cage. Besides the necessary hospital furniture there is the dearest little set of table and chairs painted in bright colors. The chairs are carved and painted to represent soldiers and the table-tops rest on the heads of four little wooden soldiers. There is also a long chest at the end of each room, in which the children's toys are kept. All these extras have been donated by friends of the movement.

The hospital occupies a long wing of



The superintendent nurse, with the service table which holds bandages, pads, disinfectants, and everything used for dressings.

It makes one's brain fairly reel just to try to visualize this stupendous scheme. A chain of hospitals finished in consonance with the most recent scientific discoveries and inventions. The foremost orthopaedic surgeons will give of their aid, and already the Advisory Board of Orthopaedic Surgeons includes such noted men as Dr. Robert M. Osgood of Harvard University, Boston, and President of the Association of Orthopaedic Surgeons of North America; and Dr. Michael Hoke, who devotes himself, as he

the building, with the walls practically composed of windows, and the two wards, one for girls and one for boys, separated by a frosted glass partition. On the morning we visited the hospital, many of the children were sitting up in bed, wrapped in their bright kimono, pink for the girls and blue for the boys, and were chatting to each other and drawing pictures. Some of them were moving around in wheel chairs. Earlier in the morning a small rocking-chair

Continued on page 80



SUPERTWIST

Another Goodyear Contribution!

THE history of the Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Company, from its humble beginnings to its present-day supremacy, reveals a continuous record of invention, improvement and contribution to the progress of a great industry. That record is studded with such signal achievements as the All-Weather Tread, the first straight-side tire, the tire-building machine, the braided piano wire bead, the practical pneumatic tire for motor trucks, the All-Weather Tread solid tire for motor trucks. And now.....SUPERTWIST.

In addition to their wonderful riding qualities, Goodyear Balloon Tires have the advantage of being extremely durable. This is in great measure due to Goodyear's remarkable new cord fabric, **SUPERTWIST**. Extra elastic, and far outstretching the breaking point of ordinary cord fabric, **SUPERTWIST** gives Goodyear Balloon Tires the maximum capacity to

absorb road shocks, stone bruise and similar injuries. The only balloon tires built with longer-life **SUPERTWIST** are Goodyear Balloon Tires.

Following the tremendous success of Goodyear Balloons, due largely to **SUPERTWIST**, this remarkable fabric is now used in all Goodyear Cord Tires—and in Goodyear Cords only.

Such tire improvements as **SUPERTWIST** are made possible only by Goodyear's big, world-wide business—a business which puts us in touch with motoring conditions all over the world, which puts us in touch with every source of raw materials, which enables us to maintain efficient laboratories and research departments.

All these advantages are centred for you in the stock of your Goodyear Selected Dealer.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA

"GUTTA PERCHA"

LOW PRESSURE BALLOON TIRES

Canada's contribution
to your motor car
—from the first day on

That which is made by Anglo-Saxon skill and care is the most eagerly sought and prized in all the world. Comparison has been, and is the proof of this assertion. And automobile tires are no exception.

In "Gutta Percha" Balloon Tires Canada has created a tire which challenges comparison with any tire made. We say, "Canada," because this tire is the resultant of over forty years experience, experimentation and accrued scientific skill in designing and making rubber products. Every inch of every "Gutta Percha" Balloon Tire is Canadian in workmanship and care. No corners are cut, no expense spared, no "this is good enough" material ever used. And your dealer will show you amazing constructional advancements that are exclusive in "Gutta Percha" Tires.

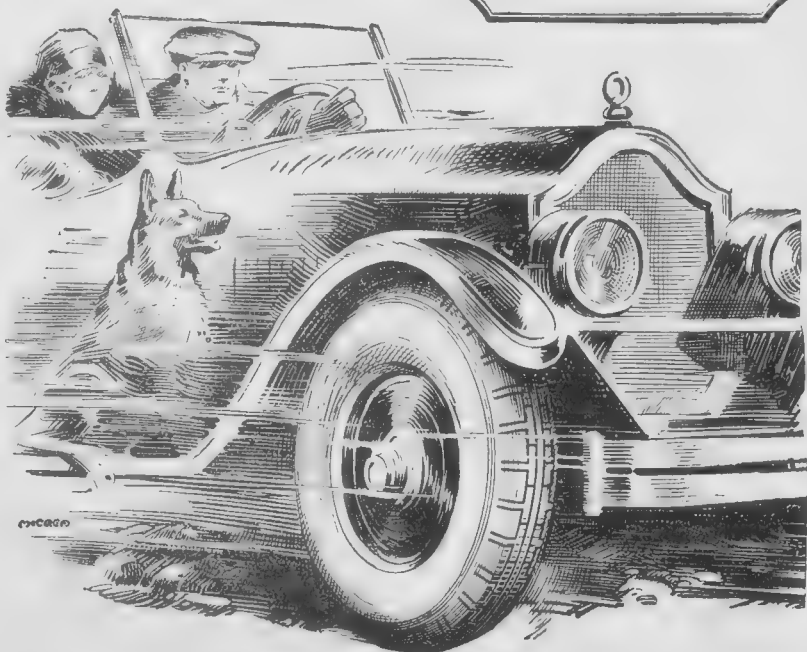
This is why Canadians are justly proud of "Gutta Percha" Balloon Tires and why these tires render such unmatched service—from the first day on.

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited

Head Office and Factories, TORONTO

Branches from Coast to Coast.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, write us giving us his name, the size you require, and we will see that you are immediately supplied through him.



Setting the pace with "Gutta Percha's"

Mr. Puffer and the Pink Parasol

By Berenice Bouck

"THE sky looks threatening, dear. Don't forget your umbrella!" Mrs. Puffer called down over the banisters.

Mr. Puffer grunted something in response as he hunched himself into his overcoat. He returned to the breakfast table and drank the rest of his coffee, then made for the front door, cramming the morning paper into his pocket as he went. He paused at the umbrella stand and saw that it was empty.

"Can't we ever keep an umbrella round this place?" he shouted up to his wife. "There's that last silver-handled one gone now!"

Mrs. Puffer leaned over the stair-well, her mouth full of hairpins.

"Oh dear! I don't believe the Baxters ever returned it!" she exclaimed. "You'll have to get an old one out of the closet under the stairs. And hurry dear—I hear your car coming!"

Mr. Puffer rushed to the spot designated. He pressed an electric switch but no illumination resulted—the globe was probably broken again or doing service elsewhere—so he fumbled about till his hand encountered three or four umbrella handles. He selected one at random and ran for the front door and down the steps, thence sprinting nobly the length of the block to where the radial waited. He only just caught it.

He spent the first five minutes trying to regain his breath. A glance around showed him that the other passengers were strangers to him but what an affable-looking lot of strangers they were! They all smiled at him. Mr. Puffer smiled back. It was a jolly old world after all. He fell into a pleasant reverie induced by these reflections. From this he passed into deep abstraction. An important business deal was pending and Mr. Puffer found enough to think about.

Absence of mind is supposedly the prerogative of professors. Mr. Puffer was no professor. He was a substantial-business-man-commuter and never had been known to tuck his newspaper round his neck while he perused the serviette nor to do any other of those absurd things accredited to people whose upper storeys are temporarily to let. Moreover, he was a conventional sort, slightly diffident, not in the least the kind of man who enjoyed being made conspicuous in public. So it was the more surprising to his friend Jones and White who got on at Stop 16, to discover the dignified Puffer holding a lady's parasol between his knees while he beamed gently out the window at the sunny spring landscape whirling by.

"Poor old Puffer. The wife's sent him on a sample-matching errand," was Jones' comment. "A pink parasol!"

"Election bet, I'll say," chortled White. "But he looks so sublimely unself-conscious."

"Maybe he's taken to amateur theatricals—Madam Butterfly, what? Some color. Doesn't talk—it merely hollers."

"Hey Puffer, lose any money, besides the bet?"

Mr. Puffer started. He followed the amused glances of his friends—and saw that the thing he had snatched from the dark clothes closet was not an umbrella, but an ancient silk parasol once belonging to his wife but latterly the much-prized possession of his children who used it with much effect at backyard circuses that proclaimed by cardboard and sandwichmen: "Admishun, two pins."

Mr. Puffer broke out in sweat. He felt like a man who dreams that while he's been in bathing his clothes have been stolen and there's no barrel around. His face slowly assumed the hue of the parasol, which was a kind of mottled magenta with pale lavender streaks, due to several night's exposure to rain. He silently cursed his haste. He had risen late, shaved hastily—a criss-cross of sticking-plaster on his chin proved this—eaten in a semi-panic and run off without his wife's morning kiss, but this capped all. He thrust the hateful thing from him and when the radial reached town rose and keeping well in the rear of Jones and White, passed out to dignified freedom—as he thought.

But scarcely had his foot touched earth than the conductor came running after him, clutching the despised parasol.

"You left this behind, sir!" he called, hurling it at Mr. Puffer with a grin. "Noticed you with it. Don't mention it. We all have our little absent-minded spells."

Mr. Puffer gritted his teeth. The downtown car was coming round the curve. He grasped the parasol amidst ships and ran. Once aboard he herded in the vestibule with others till the conductor invited him pressingly to move in. He stood strap-hanging in front of a stout matron with an empty market basket, who regarded him with an air of large-minded disapproval. Two snickering flappers kept up an audible whispering a few seats away. Otherwise the passengers were only mildly diverted. Stranger sights than this could be seen on the downtown car.

A bright idea struck Mr. Puffer. If he had to carry the double-dashed thing any further, he'd wrap it up. So disinterring his newspaper from the depths of his overcoat pocket, he proceeded as swiftly and as deftly as he could with one hand—while he swayed and lurched to the motion of the car—to hide the horrible object beneath a wrapping of paper. But hardly had he begun when a lady reached over and touched his arm.

"Oh, is that the Morning Groan—and are you quite finished with it? Could I—?" she hinted.

Mr. Puffer handed it to her, the entire paper in a bunch. He thrust the parasol, in a furtive way, as though he had shoplifted it, up under his overcoat. Ha! Fine idea. Funny he hadn't thought of this before! Of course, it made him a little bulky—it was one of those parasols with a gathered ruffle round the edge—and the handle stuck up over his muffler and now and then dealt him a sharp blow in the vicinity of his jugular vein. Otherwise he was very comfortable, considering.

The car gradually began to empty. Mr. Puffer found himself facing a long stretch of vacant seat.

"Sit down, brother," a genial fellow behind Mr. Puffer cried. "May as well use a seat while you can. Getcher money's worth."

Mr. Puffer shook his head.

"Like standing," he said, briefly. But as two women began to concentrate stares upon him he reconsidered and sank cautiously to a seat. The parasol had to do one of two things—go down or up. It selected the latter course and gave him a smart rap on the ear. Mr. Puffer rose abruptly and sought the front exit. He'd walk the rest of the way.

It was seven blocks, but he footed it. He arrived at a downtown intersection

Continued on page 79



The Bank of Commerce Party in the Klondyke

By Charlotte Gordon

IT was in 1898 and 1899, just when the great Klondyke gold rush was at its height, that various parties of young men travelled over the historic trail to Dawson City to establish the Bank of Commerce in the remote mining centre.

By 1899, several parties had gone in and the staff was composed of 18 men, most of whom are seen in the accompanying group picture.

Mr. C. G. K. Nourse stands on the extreme left of the picture, in the front row. He is now manager of the Bank of Commerce in Winnipeg, and in Dawson City, during the gold rush, was assistant accountant of the bank. Standing directly back of Mr. Nourse is Mr. W. M. Chandler of Calgary, Superintendent of Alberta branches of the Union Bank of Canada. He travelled to Dawson City in 1899 with Mr. A. E. Marks of Port Arthur, who is seen in the back row of the picture, at the extreme right. The two young men took a very large amount of money in the form of bills into the almost inaccessible regions, which they were conveying to the bank at Dawson.

prospectors fell by the wayside so the trail in the days of the gold rush was verily one of disappointment and death.

Now tourists and prospectors travel over the Pass, famed in history and story, on a railroad, enjoying scenic wonders. It was in the picturesque White Horse Rapids, the Five Finger Rapids and on the most thrilling experience of the trip, the Miles Canyon, that the romance of the '97 gold rush seemed centered. On the brink of the world-famed gorge, pictures of old days rise—bold adventurers on rafts and in ill-built boats were whirled into swift and dangerous waters in their mad rush for the Klondyke. Life seemed of little value to many of the intrepid prospectors and so the trail has a vivid history, made up of the tragedies of unfulfilled dreams, of unrealized hopes.

The Bank of Commerce staff consisted of 18 men who kept bachelor quarters, for the remote region was a country of men of whom Service wrote:

"It was up in a land, long famed for gold, Where women were far and rare."

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it... you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

"Off Color" Teeth

how to overcome them

—give them dazzling whiteness



This simple, NEW method, removes the stubborn film that hides the natural beauty of your teeth

TEN years ago dull and dingy teeth were seen on every side. Today they are becoming a rarity. Note the gleaming smiles you see now wherever your eyes turn.

3 times daily—
then note the difference

Please don't believe your teeth are "different"; that they are naturally off-color and dull. You can correct that condition remarkably in even a few days.

Modern science has discovered new methods of tooth protection and tooth beauty. Millions now employ them. Leading dentists advise them. In fairness to yourself, make the test offered here.

DO THIS—Remove that dingy film; it invites tooth troubles and ugliness

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film.

That film is an enemy to your teeth. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles and decay now are traced to this film. Old-time methods could not successfully combat it. That's

why tooth troubles were on the increase, and ugly teeth the order of the day.

In Pepsodent dental science has discovered two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle the film, then remove it.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the clearness and whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

Old methods of cleansing fail in these results.

Harsh gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method. It marks the latest findings in modern scientific research.

It will give you the lustrous teeth you wonder how other people get. It will give you better protection against tooth troubles. And, too, against gum troubles; for it firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Use it three times daily—morning, evening, at bed time—then note the remarkable difference in your teeth.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 686,
191 George Street, Toronto, Can.

Send to:

Name

Address

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

1743 Can.

Made in Canada

Pepsodent
REG. IN CANADA

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities



Officers of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who established banking in Dawson City in 1898, during the Klondyke gold rush. The photograph was taken on Christmas Day, 1899. The names, from left to right, are as follows: C. G. K. Nourse, W. H. Chandler, R. M. de Gex, W. C. Sime, an assayer, P. C. Stevenson, Alex. Ross, J. B. Adams, an assayer, Thos. McMullen, assistant manager, Tom Comloquoy, E. E. Tiffin, R. A. Rumsey, C. St. G. Yarwood, J. W. Nay, A. E. Marks, A. E. Maynard. The manager, Mr. G. T. Wills, apparently was not available.

One can imagine their experience over three weeks of their journey from Vancouver, with the money, carried in suitcases, guarded day and night, among a crowd of men as wild and lawless as the world has seen.

The second man from the left in the front row, is Mr. R. M. DeGex, now manager of the Securities Department of the Bank of Commerce in Vancouver. Standing next on the right is Mr. P. C. Stevenson, now manager of the Bank of Commerce in Ottawa. The second from the right in the front row is the late Mr. J. W. Nay, founder of the bond house of Nay and James of Regina. Beside him and a little back of the front row, is Mr. R. A. Rumsey, now assistant general manager of the Bank of Commerce in Toronto. The second from the right, in the back row, is Mr. C. S. Yarwood who died a short time ago in British Columbia. To the extreme right, in the front row, is Mr. A. E. Maynard, with the Bank of Commerce in Seattle.

The route followed by most of the travellers was from Skagway, then known as the most wild and wicked town in the world, over the Chilkoot or White Pass and by the Lewes and Yukon Rivers to Dawson. An arduous walk of several miles was required and even today when crossing the Pass on the railroad there remains evidence of the dangers of travel over such a route. Many pack horses and mules died on the way and their carcasses were strewn along the trail and down the deep valley. Even the

However, in the year 1900, many women went into the country, yet it was still the Wild West. The bank was carefully guarded day and night by mounted police and military sentries. They never had a "hold-up," but they did have a disastrous winter fire. It was the day when the demand for almost everything was not supplied and there were few reserve houses to turn to. But business was booming; life ran high and in less than twenty-four hours the bank was again established in other quarters and business was in full swing.

In those boom days the turnover in the city would run as high as twenty million a year and sometimes business was carried on far into the night, especially during the summer season when there was almost constant daylight. The bank catered to the miners and and at any hour served them. Their business cards read: "For the convenience of the bank's customers during 'wash-up' the bank's vaults will be open from 7 a.m. till 10 p.m. daily." Currency was given in exchange for gold dust and nuggets, some of which were melted into bricks and dust and bricks were shipped to the "outside," the steamship companies accepting the responsibility of the delivery.

It is interesting to know of the precautions taken by the bank in sending money into the remote region during the gold boom. Each consignment of bills sent to Dawson had their special mark.

Continued on page 78

The early care of the baby lays the foundation for its later life.



Healthy Babies are the Result of Proper Feeding

About the sixth month baby needs additional nourishment to make teeth and build the bone and muscle needed for the approaching sitting up, creeping and walking period.

It is at that time, too, that breast milk begins to fail. To supply the strength needed for this period of activity, physicians prescribe cereal foods.

The simplest, safest way is to use Nestlé's Milk Food. Nestlé's is a perfect blend of both milk and cereals, a proven strength-building food. The finest cow's milk is dried to a powder and to this are added wheat biscuit, wheat malt, and cane sugar. To prepare, just add water and boil one minute.

In tests on thousands of infants Nestlé's Milk Food was found to agree with 93%.

If You Do Not Nurse Baby
use Nestlé's Milk Food entirely. A splendid substitute when for any reason mother's milk is not available.

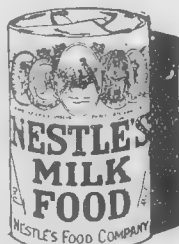
NESTLÉ'S MILK FOOD

Made in Canada by the makers of Nestlé's
Evaporated and Condensed Milk

FREE Trial Offer and Mother Book

A package of Nestlé's Milk Food sufficient for 12 feedings sent free upon request. Also our wonderful Mother Book which tells how to feed baby, how to guard baby against diseases and how to keep it strong. Expert advice on sound and tried ways of bringing up baby, and every instruction in simple clear language.

For your own happiness — and baby's — send for the Mother Book right away. Use coupon.



61



MOTHER'S PAGE



The Art of Neglect

By Laurentian Lou

THE art of neglect! That's a curious phrase, isn't it? The folly of neglect, the evil of neglect, are the phrases we are accustomed to hearing, but the art of neglect! That sounds revolutionary, doesn't it? Writers have written pages on the sinfulness and evil consequence of neglect, but there's another phase to the word "neglect," and that is what I wish to dwell on in this article.

I boarded once with a certain woman who never neglected anything about her house. That place was immaculate. Certain work had to be done at a certain time on a certain day of the week, and everything had to be in its proper place at all times or this woman could not sit easy on a chair. No matter how tired she was, she would keep going till everything was done to suit her.

Then came a time when sickness visited her, and she was confined to her room. She delayed her recovery several weeks by her constant worrying lest things were not being done just right in the house, and when she came downstairs, she of course saw quite a number of things that needed to be done, and she undertook to do some of them with the very natural result that she had to go back to her bed for another couple of weeks. Don't you think that that woman needed to learn the art of neglect?

I know a certain woman who almost hates housework, but she has to keep house for her aged parents, and make the best of it. We all know how hard it is to spend time on some work that we dislike: so we naturally wonder how this woman manages to hang on. This is her plan. The model housekeeper may condemn it, but I don't. Long ago she found that if she could have her evenings free—not for pleasure, because most of her evenings have to be spent with the old folks, but free for some occupation that she likes, reading, or study, or fancy-work, or music—then she could manage to muster up courage to spend the days at work which is uncongenial to her.

So, when the evening meal is finished, Margaret just piles the dishes on a tray and carries them to the kitchen table. Then she resolutely closes the kitchen door, and adjourns for the evening to the cheerful living room, where she sits down in a comfortable rocker, with no household cares on her mind. That

woman has mastered the art of neglect. She never did enjoy eating meals which she herself prepared, but she tells me that she usually enjoys her evening meal, because she sits down to the table with the satisfied feeling that the day's work is done, and a pleasant evening is before her. Don't you think that it pays for her to neglect those dishes? Now, I hear someone saying, "Oh, but I'd hate to have to face those dishes in the morning." Well, Margaret doesn't dread them at all, because she puts all thought of them out of her mind for the evening, and in the morning she has fresh courage for what is to her a disagreeable task.

I know another woman who loves to see everything tidy and spotless, but alas! she is not strong and cannot afford hired help. She can do just so much, and then her strength gives out and she has to seek her couch. One day she said to me, "You'll be surprised to find my house in this state, you know how neat I used to keep it. When I first suffered from ill health, it used to set me nearly wild if anyone came in and found the house the least bit untidy, but I gradually learned the art of neglect. It is impossible for me to do all that I would like to do. Never a day passes, but something is left undone around me that really should be done, but I've learned not to worry about it. I do the most important things, and I've learned how to neglect the least important."

There you have the definition of the "art of neglect" in a nutshell. It is knowing how, if we cannot do everything, to do the important things, and to neglect the unimportant, and besides, to keep from worrying about what we could not do. To know how to do that is truly an art.

If you would be a true homekeeper, instead of a mere housekeeper, you'll have to learn this art of neglect. You'll have to learn when to just drop the housework to go out for an afternoon with your family. Sometimes I think that is why mother comes to be left out of things. Do you ever hear these words, "Say, I'd just love to have mother come with us, but there's no use asking her. She always has something that must be done. I wish she'd just chuck things once in awhile and have a good time with the rest of us."

Mothers, don't you think it's worth while to learn just when to "chuck things?" That's the art of neglect.

Teaching the Children to Play

By Marion Wathen Fox

OH, dear, if I only had someone to look after the children in house-cleaning time! They simply won't be good if I leave them alone with each other—they are sure to get into mischief or start quarrelling! Their toys seem to amuse them such a little time!" So said a busy farmer's wife not long ago, speaking of her two children; a boy and girl of three and four years of age.

The trouble was probably because the children needed to be given a start on the whole play idea, and suitable material with which to carry it out. It really does not take as long for the mother to do this (not nearly so long) as it does to undo his "mischief" and keep him good. Young children need suggestions—simple little ideas given them, of what to play; ideas just big enough for wee tots who are only beginning to discover the big world. The play-material given them is often too complicated, or beyond the child. Children soon become discouraged if their play-material is beyond them, if their

blocks are too large for them to stretch their wee fingers around; or if they are too small and the play structure topples over. Some children are more imaginative than others, but the majority of children need to have their imagination developed, and often awakened. All need to have it directed.

Johnnie had grown tired pulling about his little cart. He had pulled it about so much. But one bright, happy epoch-making, ever-to-be-remembered day in Johnnie's life, mother brought him a lot of empty spoons that her silk thread had been on and said:

"Here are some barrels of flour for you, Mister! I wish you would take a load of them over to this town" (pointing to a big arm-chair). "The people who live there will perhaps starve, or go hungry if someone does not take them flour to make bread."

For a good hour after that "Mister" just hauled flour back and forth to "towns" that needed it, and for many minutes of days afterwards those empty

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spools were barrels of flour going to hungry people. And all this time Johnnie was having a real good time. The big people said, too—"Isn't Johnnie 'good'!"

He had played this for quite awhile when on another day mother came with a number of small empty match boxes (the one-cent kind) and said:

"Mister! Could you take some boxes of sugar over to some people? There's a woman over in this house (and as she said it, she made the house with blocks) who wants to preserve a lot of fruit and she needs sugar. And there's a woman over in this house (she made another block-house) who wants to make some cakes for her family and she can't make them without sugar—perhaps you'd take some of these boxes of sugar along with your flour?"

Of course "Mister" was delighted to do it. It only took mother a moment or two to place three of the big square picture-blocks in a row, another row the same on top, and a couple more for chimneys, and a "house" was complete. She made four or five of these houses—a whole "street" along which the goods were "delivered." So, another beautiful new avenue of play was opened up to Johnnie that gave him many happy, healthy hours. Sometimes he turned nearly the whole floor of the room into a town and made long streets of houses—the kind his mother had made with the blocks. Up and down this town went this busy "man" delivering his flour and potatoes. Of course at nearly every "door" the delivery-man had a little talk with the "woman" when she thanked and paid him—such delightful days these were for Johnnie.

WHILE this was going on mother had been planning out something else for Johnnie's busy, busy work-a-day world—of course big folks didn't call this work at all; they called it play. But to Johnnie it was just as much work as his father was doing down in the office. So one day mother came with seven or eight empty wooden pill boxes that she had gathered up—some from her friends, and a lot of colored wooden beads which she had taken off an old counting frame.

"Suppose you fill some of these barrels with potatoes or apples!" said she, "to take to people—I'd like to send a Christmas present of a barrel of potatoes and a barrel of apples to a poor family who live in such a wee house! They've lots of children, so please try and put in a good many red apples—children like them best!"

"Oh!" gasped Johnnie, almost ready to dance with joy.

In about half an hour Johnnie ran to his mother with sparkling eyes, looking as though he'd discovered a gold mine. "Say, mother! I'm going to take them a box of oranges, too—I'm having the orange-colored beads for oranges."

"Bless the child!" murmurs mother—"he's beginning to get play-suggestions for himself: that's just what I want! It will help to make him bright and ingenious. And it does keep him so good

and happy!" (He was learning colors, too).

And Johnnie's mother was right. The child who is bright and ingenious in his play is sure to be bright and ingenious in his grown-up life. If a child plays in a dull, heavy manner and seems to see nothing in his toys but just the outward form that it is meant to represent—if he does not make it do things—that child has not yet entered on his rightful heritage of play, and if in future this individual is going to be a bright, alert, useful citizen, it is important that his senses and faculties be awakened in his early play-years. Such children need to be encouraged to "make-believe." They need to be taught how to play just as Johnnie was encouraged to do so by his mother. Very slight suggestions from grown-ups will make almost any toy "live" to a child and will open up whole delightful vistas of play which the child if left to himself would never discover. In this simple way the mother may do as much for the future of her child as could later on be done with years of careful education. If only mothers who "don't know what to do" with their children, who "can't make the children behave," would just keep a big savings-bank of odds and ends of play-material (boxes, old spools, beads, rubber-rings or fruit sealer, etc.) and think out bright, original ways of using them to suggest to the children—her difficulties would often vanish, at the same time giving the child a most helpful training.

But so many make the mistake of just dumping all these odds and ends on the wee tots at once and saying, "Now be good and play with these," and maybe the little tots do not know yet how to play. They only know how to make a noise.

Have you ever noticed that children who are encouraged to be ingenious in their play are the least quarrelsome? Quarrels amongst children are often the result of having—"nothing to do." The more resources children have in themselves, the less quarrelsome they will be with each other and the less trouble to the grown-ups in the home. The parent who sees no importance or significance in the play of a little child, who "can't be bothered" with them; who never makes a play-suggestion or enters heartily into his make-believe—that parent cannot expect to develop resourcefulness in her child, or teach him how to entertain himself.

When Johnnie was, in his play, carrying flour to the hungry, potatoes and apples to the needy, and sugar, to help a neighbor in her cake-making and fruit preserving, he was experiencing the first happy thrill which comes from feeling that one is being of real use in the big work-a-day world. Because he is doing this now in his play he will be more likely to do it later on in real life.

Whatever a child plays he wants to do or to be as a rule. By being a useful citizen in his play, he is being fitted and prepared for being the useful citizen later on in real life. This is, too, a call to the child—a suggestion of: "I must give something to the world!—I am needed by the big world!"



Beautiful Waxed Floors

This New, Easy Way

INTERIOR decorators agree that the beauty of a room depends largely on the beauty of its floor. For the floor is the natural background for rugs and furnishings. The finish of your floors then becomes a matter of prime importance.

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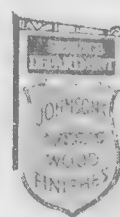
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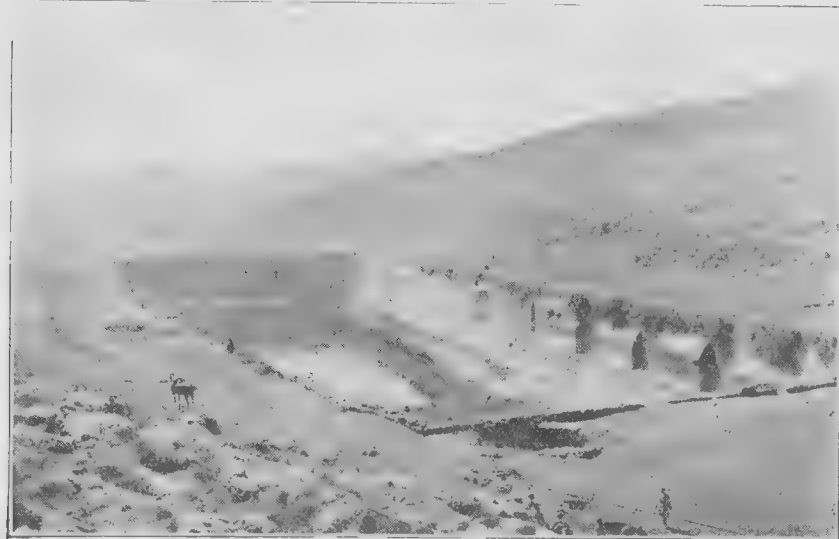
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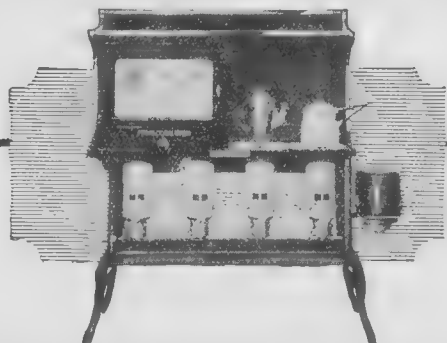
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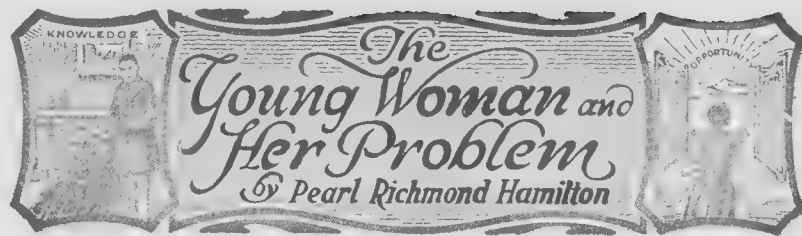
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Mother's Day

DURING the month of May we revere and honor Mother's Day. So many girls from the Old Country will spend the day away from home and they need no reminder to write a letter home to mother. I find the Old Country girls beautifully loyal to her. Every reference to her is sacred—spoken in tones gentle and sweet. I think it was George Herbert who said: "One good mother is worth one hundred schoolmasters."

In the new land let us think of mother every time we are puzzled over a perplexing problem.

What would mother have me do?

Nearly all girls from the old country will some day be home makers here. Canada is the richer for having these Old Country girls—most of them have the inheritance of good motherhood.

The home is the greatest university in the world. Morning, noon and night lessons are learned. Two great chairs in it are endowed—and sustained by human affection—fatherhood and motherhood. I would say the atmosphere of the home is created by mother. She sets the tone of the harmony or discord of home life. Nearly every girl desires a home, and it is right.

I often wonder if girls realize just how great a factor disposition plays in their popularity with young men.

Many a girl loses her chance of marriage because the young man discovers in her ill-temper and selfishness. They are so visible in facial expression. A girl cannot be selfish and irritable and conceal it from her face.

On the other hand, the choice of the father of her children is of great importance.

Nature enters an everlasting protest against two people forming a home for any other purpose than that of securing each other's greatest happiness, larger usefulness, higher efficiency and a better race. Is he clean? Is he strong? Is he manly?

In the choice of a life partner there are many things to consider, health, temperament, disposition, constitution, powers of endurance and Godly reverence. It is not safe to gamble on sentiment and mere attachment. They have little relation to the qualities which endure and which bind two people together in lasting companionship.

True love suffers. Life is not always a path of roses—and our best mothers are the women who can face life with faith and hope. In speaking of his mother, Dr. J. L. Gordon said; "My mother had a special hour for prayer every day. Whether we liked it or not we knew that we were being prayed for. All the problems of life were spread out before God. All the difficulties of life were viewed in the light of the eternal. There was an altar in the home. There was a secret chamber where our names were mentioned in syllables of silence. That hour was timed for the setting of

the sun. When the shadows began to lengthen mother would disappear—the door of her room would remain closed for one hour."

I believe nearly all men and women who have made the foundation of Canada so strong are men and women whose mothers depended on Divine guidance—who, like the Irish mother, saw always before them the door of hope. You know she said, "Ah, well! God niver shuts one dure without opening anither!"

I read a letter the other day written by a father to his daughter on her eighteenth birthday. It convinces one of the beauty of ideal companionship between father and mother. It is a Canadian home ideal—one of the average, I believe.

This is the letter—a real letter for Mother's Day.

My Dear Daughter:

Next week my dear girl will be eighteen years old.

It hardly seems possible that I have a daughter who will soon be a woman grown. It only seems a very short time since you were a little babe that Daddy could easily hold in his arms. It makes me realize that time is passing and that another generation is fast running its course. It makes me sad to realize that in a few more years my clock of time will have run its course and that someone else must take up and finish the work that I have begun.

You, you dear girl, have made the best of every opportunity that has come your way and I am very proud of you. In my travels I see so many young girls who are fitting through their girlhood without in any way improving the minds that God gave them and who are daily dissipating the wonderful physical bodies with which He endowed them.

You have grown into a beautiful girl with a clean cultured mind and with a body that is a model. May you always remain as clean and pure as you are today is my prayer.

The major part of what you are and what you can hope to be you owe to your mother. She has watched over you day and night since the day you were born and, while at times you may have thought her a trifle severe, it was all done with only one thought in mind and that was to nurture the bit of humanity which God gave her in the shape of a baby girl—in the year of 1907—in such a way that she need never be ashamed of her stewardship. It is needless for me to say that she has performed her task wonderfully well and for what you are and what you are going to accomplish in the future I must give her full credit.

I wish you all the happiness possible not only on that day but every day of your life and may those days be many.

With a lot of love and affection, I am,
Daddy.



Activity Everywhere

HUNDREDS of young girls are organized in clubs of various names—Girl Guides, C.G.I.T. and classes in Sunday Schools. I am thinking of a group of young girls I saw the other evening under the leadership of Mrs. Morgan. This club is an organization of Fort Rouge Methodist Church and they have a programme that interests every member. Loyal to their leader, lovely to one another and ambitious to accomplish definite work and genuine recreation they are guided by a leader who knows just how to bring the best out of every girl. They work and play and at the same time add to the activities of the church, spiritually, socially and materially. Mrs. Morgan, who was at one time a High School teacher, knows girls, loves them, they love her and there you have the secret of the success of one of the finest clubs of young girls that I have ever seen.

In the same church Miss Mildred McMurray conducts a club for young business women that is extremely interesting. As she is a woman lawyer and is president of the Winnipeg Business Woman's Club, the members of the class in Fort Rouge Methodist are indeed fortunate in their leader. The leader truly is responsible for a progressive club.

Glancing back over twenty years of work among girls, I am amazed at the wonderful clubs that have been organized in the churches all over the city. The Church of England has splendid organizations for girls and I consider it a privilege to direct a girl to these classes in the Church of England. I am sorry to learn of girls who come from the Old Country who are not directed to their own church. There is no other place that will give them the touch of home feeling that their own service will. Only the other day I heard an Irish girl say this: "A most marvellous work is being done for girls and they in turn are rendering great service and pleasure."

And this reminds me of a most active work for the Children's Aid that is done by a group of young women who deserve an entire page of description of their accomplishments. For years they have earned money to buy furnishings for the Children's Aid. They also do more than any other organization connected with the aid to provide entertainments and parties for the little boys and girls and babes of the shelter.

This department feels that girls everywhere are working for better citizenship. I could go on and on telling of the progressive clubs and organizations in the different churches of the city—but I want to emphasize this request to girls who go to any city as strangers. Hunt up at once the church of your childhood and you will miss the questionable new attractions that may make you regret leaving home. Over in yonder hospital I know a young woman who wants me to write this. As soon as you go to a strange city find your church. You will find friends there.

Though this refers to organizations in Winnipeg, it is an index to the up-to-date work among girls in all cities in Canada. Both women and girls are wide awake to the making of good citizenship individually and collectively.

LIKE a memory framed in gold is the experience I had with a girls' club for twelve years—or longer. Sometimes we wonder if the work is worth while and if organizations of this kind really do develop influences that live.

Last year definite proof of results convinced me that any honest work in service to a community is a step in the right direction.

One of the members who belonged to the club left her position in the Canadian National for a promotion to that of home-maker.

Some of her friends wondered if it were possible to find enough of the former members in the city to give her a shower.

The club had been disbanded four or five years.

Many were married and we did not know their new names. However, in

different ways twenty-five or thirty of the members were brought together and it seemed as if we had been separated only a day.

The same fine atmosphere of love and interest in one another was apparent. Somehow we needed no entertaining.

It was enough to be together again. Something lived again! Friendship—the kind that is not traded upon for personal gain—the friendship that helps—the kind that keeps life's standards high—the kind that gives to others—not commercialized friendship—but the kind of friendship that cannot be bought because it is priceless.

Stories were told of the class life and finally one of the members who had been a business girl said that even today every Sunday brings to her mind the memory of those past class days which she had looked to as tonic for the week's work.

It was so hard to separate that evening that a determination to meet socially again was unanimously expressed.

Yes, these organizations are worth while—they create life friendships—and what is life worth without friends?

Business Women

IT is very gratifying to receive letters from young women who are interested in the various fields of work. A copy of a magazine published by The Union Pacific Coal Company, Washington, has recently come to my desk. As I turned to the first page I read the name of Jessie McDiarmid, Editor. Miss McDiarmid was a former Winnipeg girl who did her bit overseas in Y. W. C. A. work. After the war she lectured under the Red Cross. As I read through the magazine I was delighted with the tone of the departments—full of interest, instruction, practical help and lovely stories for children. It is a house organ.

Later a letter came from Miss McDiarmid expressing great pleasure in her work. As she has many friends among our readers, I feel this bit of information concerning her will be appreciated, for in her Y. W. work in the West, she was very popular among girls.

I wonder how many know when they read the page advertisements in the daily papers that many of them are written by young women? It requires young women of ability to make them up. Some times the right word is difficult to find. In this day of "ad" rivalry, firms are on the look out for the girl who is clever. Naturally they find them on the staffs of the newspapers where they have excellent training. I know personally some of these young women who are writing advertisements and they like the work, they are well paid and the continual battle of wits makes them keen, alert and competent.

Recently in Winnipeg, a Business and Professional Women's Club has been formed with a membership of a two hundred limit. Miss Mildred McMurray, our brilliant woman lawyer, is the president. The other members of the executive are prominent professional women—Dr. Ellen Douglas, Miss Edna Sutherland, and others. Their club rooms are cozily furnished and open all the time. This will fill a long felt want in the city. Not only will it be of value to the members, but all business girls will be helped through the influence of such an organization.

Evening

Oh, come, when the wind dies down,
And the long black shadows lie
Across the woods-encircled bay,
And hushed the last bird's cry.

When all the West is a flaming heart
That might be yours or mine;
And we'll slip away with the fading day
And know an hour divine.

As we silently lie and watch
With reverent, up-turned face,
While the first lone star of evening
Is born in the womb of space.

—N. K. Hurst



The thrill of a health-cleaned home

EVERY woman knows the joy and relief of a house just cleaned and in order. But this satisfaction is twice as keen to the modern housewife whose work is not a mere surface soap-and-water removal of dust, but a **health-cleaning** that purifies her home of the invisible germs which daily threaten the health and safety of her family.

It protects your family from disease

This highly important health-cleaning entails no additional work or trouble, requires no extra energy. One very simple operation accomplishes it. Just put a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant in your cleaning water **every time you clean**.

Health authorities will tell you that to reduce the danger of illness, your home must be kept purified of the myriad of tiny germs that abound everywhere. These germs do not linger long in the air. They alight on **all surfaces**. They are to be found on your tables, chair arms, door knobs, door jambs, bannisters—a hundred danger spots where hands, big and little, may rest.

You must destroy these germs if you would protect your family from them. Soap-and-water is insufficient to kill them, but the magic drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant destroys them instantly.

"Lysol" has three valuable properties that make it indispensable to the modern housewife. **1. It deodorizes.** Your home is left sweet and fresh. **2. It purifies.** **3. Its soapy nature helps to clean as it disinfects.**

Never be without "Lysol" for your daily cleaning. Put it in your cleaning water—a tablespoonful to a quart—every time you clean. Thus your home is kept safe to guard the precious health of your family.

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Lysol
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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



No Garter Runs with Harvey Run Stop Top

Lustrous silk in colors to match her gown reveal but do not assert the melting beauty of perfect ankles. In the knitted web of Harvey Hosiery is the untiring resiliency of Damascene steel and the tender softness of a rosebud's fragrant petal. That combination gives style, the ultimate in fashion. Harvey Pointed Heel Hosiery moulds itself to the gracious lines of feminine beauty, and its lasting qualities give value and economy. Ask to see the new Run Stop Harvey Hose. Garter runs cannot occur in them. No. 71 is a silk hose with mercerized top; No. 72 a chiffon silk hose and No. 74 a hose silk to the top.

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RUBBER APRON

Yes, we have your favorite color but, of course, the offer is not open indefinitely so better take advantage of it right away.

SEE THE LAST PAGE

The Western Home Monthly

Activities of the Women's Institutes of Manitoba and Ontario, and the Homemakers' Clubs of Saskatchewan

Manitoba

HAMIOTA had a very interesting discussion at their last meeting on "Natural Industries of Manitoba." The Girls' Institute will assist in raising funds for the new community hall.

Harding had a talk by Mrs. English on "The Pioneer Woman" and by Mrs. Bastard on the "Up-to-date Woman." The poem entitled "The Red River Voyager" was read by Miss D. Evans. Mrs. Spence gave a demonstration on stencilling on cloth goods.

Inwood are busy sewing for the needy and making a quilt.

Isabella have arranged for a course in home nursing for June.

Kenton are planning to have a travelogue—a trip to the Old Land and France—June to September, 1924.

Lake Frances held a public meeting to discuss the building of a community hall. A play was staged on St. Patrick's day.

La Riviere have discussed the matter of a hot lunch for the school children, but no definite action has been taken as yet.

Langruth are preparing for an Old Timer's Concert to take place in April.

Lenore members are interesting themselves in horticulture and hope this year to go in for more fruit and vegetable growing. Mr. Rutherford, the local lawyer, gave an excellent talk on "Municipal Laws." Other subjects to be discussed later are, Nutrition, and Women and World Movements.

Lidstone have arranged for demonstrations on such subjects as canning, gardening, chocolate making, salad making, candy making, dressing chicken, etc.

Livingstone discussed at their last meeting "The marketing of eggs" and "Games for children during the long winter evenings."

Lyleton had a demonstration on soap making.

Makaroff had a box social and dance in March. Lantern slides were also shown.

Makinak have decided to purchase six more shares in the community hall—this makes 28 shares they have in all. During the summer the members will make an autograph quilt. A dance will be held on April 17th.

Manitou held a very successful Parent's and Teacher's Conference recently.

Mayfield had a paper on "Pioneering" by Miss Hunter. The members are interesting themselves in Boys' and Girls' Club work.

McAuley reports that the Red Cross Department of the Institute has had a very busy winter sewing for needy families. They were able to pack and send away four large boxes.

McCreary discussed canning of meats, etc., and dyeing and tinting at their recent meetings.

Medora discussed the matter of a handy kitchen.

Melita debated "Resolved that the untidy, good-natured wife is more to be desired than the tidy, cranky one." The affirmative won by one point.

Miniota have assisted a family whose members have been ill. The members are discussing the advisability of buying or building a hall.

Minnedosa staged a play entitled "The Lost Bracelet."

Napinka gave a farewell party to Mrs. Guss Wight, a member who is leaving for the west. The members will visit the Tilston Institute in May and give there a demonstration on the making of a dress form.

Norwood held a debate on "Vegetarianism vs. Meat." Helpful hints were also given on spring house-cleaning.

Oak River had a talk by Mrs. Currie on "Art in the Home."

Ochre River had an instructive address by Mrs. Blair on gardening.

Pierson donated a comforter to a family who had suffered loss by fire.

Pilot Mound have assisted a needy family by supplying them with clothes.

A reference book on nature studies was put in the local school. The members debated "Resolved that the enfranchisement of women has been a failure." The negative won. A splendid meeting was arranged by the agricultural committee in March.

Pipestone discussed the "Consolidated shipping of eggs, cream and poultry." This method has been tried out in this district and has worked out very successfully. A large donation was given towards defraying the running expenses of the Memorial Hall. "Co-operation between Home and School" was the subject for another discussion, which proved very interesting and profitable.

Plum Coulee gave an Institute dinner and concert recently.

Portage are assisting the Local Council of Women with the school of methods for new Canadians in the North Ward District.

Ranchvale are planning to have each member write a story. These will be placed in a box and drawn at the next meeting and read. No names are to be attached to the story. A social evening was enjoyed by the members recently.

Rapid City at a recent meeting discussed "Rugs and their Care" and "Waxing floors."

Reston had a talk on banking, life and fire insurance, and the budget plan of saving.

Roblin discussed the proposed changes in the school curriculum.

Roseisle had discussions on the planting of bulbs and the care of house plants, also cemetery improvement.

Rosburn had a talk on "Health suggestions" by Mr. Nixon.

Rosser are planning to have Professor Jackson of the M.A.C. deliver a lecture on "Nature Study." At a recent meeting Mrs. Beachell discussed a model kitchen. The Institute will lend assistance in connection with the skating rink which the local council propose building.

Russell had a talk on flowers by Mrs. Smellie.

Shellmouth are assisting the Boys' and Girls' Club in arranging prizes for their summer fair.

Shordale are busy raising funds to pay off the debt on their hall.

Solsgrith hope to have a lecture by one of the University Professors on "The Wonders of Yellowstone Park" at an early date. "Pioneer days," was the subject of a recent discussion.

Souris had a splendid paper by Miss Cooper on "Education and the need of medical examination of all school children." Arrangements are being made to assist at the summer fair. A baby clinic is also being discussed.

Sprague entertained the husbands of the members after their last regular meeting.

Strathclair had a talk by their local nurse on the care of the mouth, nose and throat.

Transcona visited the Norwood Institute recently and reported having a very enjoyable time.

Treherne are arranging for a sewing contest, each member to bring an article made from a flour sack. This Institute celebrated their eleventh anniversary recently.

Tummel are studying Canada in its different phases. Last month they took up "Canada Politically"—the subject was ably dealt with by Mrs. Ritchie. Canadian Industries will be the subject for next month. A demonstration on the use of dyes was given at a recent meeting.

Virden enjoyed the talk by Miss Gladys McDonald on "A winter term at M.A.C." and by Dr. Thompson on "The marketing of eggs and poultry."

Warren have taken up the study of Rice, Rubber and Vanilla.

Winnipegosis had a general medical talk by Dr. Medd on children in sickness and health.

Winnipeg had a "Made in Winnipeg" Exhibition which proved exceptionally interesting and instructive to those who were able to attend.

The South Simcoe Women's Institutes Ontario

WHEN your district directors met in February, they decided to hold the competition in choruses and charades during the early part of June. By this time each Institute has received a copy of the rules governing the competition and we are hoping that every Branch will enter. The charades will give us a chance to see what talent lies within our own organization and the choruses will give us an opportunity to link up with the boys and girls about us.

In regard to the competitive essay for the school children, a committee of three was appointed to take charge—Mrs. J. Couse of Cookstown, who is a new Trustee, Mrs. Huxtable of Barrie, who is a member of her local Trustee Board, and Mrs. Strangways of Beeton, who is an ex-school teacher and the mother of three teachers. No doubt each branch will hear from this committee. Will you help them along?

There has been so much thought and so much talk of a county organization that we asked the Presidents and Secretaries of the other Simcoes to attend our last meeting. Apart from the fact that we think this a good idea, it was a great pleasure for us to have these women with us and to discuss with them our common problems. It was decided to hold a joint meeting of all the branches in the four districts sometime during the summer, and at Barrie. This meeting will be a basket picnic affair, so we will have one picnic this summer anyway.

Have you ever noticed the big difference there is in our meetings? Some go off so well from beginning to end and others seem to have no snap to them. We wonder whether it is the weather, or the programme, or just what it is. Now what we want from the branches is a model programme for the month of June—not too long nor too short, but just right. We are offering a prize of one dollar for the best programme, this to be sent in by the middle of May. Miss White, who, as you all know, is the editor of the Women's Section of the Canadian Farmer, has kindly consented to judge these programmes, so please send them in to her—Miss Mary White, Canadian Farmer, Richmond St. W., Toronto.

District Notes

Barrie—This Institute is evidently training its members for future M.P.'s. Since Christmas they have had a debate and a spelling match. They also sent \$2.00 to the "Save the Children" Fund, gave a layette to a new mother, and by way of being frivolous, had a contest in darning and buttonholing.

Beeton—The Beeton Institute have a pleasant custom of entertaining themselves and their husbands at an annual dinner. This year Miss Guest was the speaker and altogether it was a very pleasant evening. They also served supper to the local Masonic Order, and the flowers used were later sent to the sick folks in the community.

Bond Head, Jr.—This is one of the nice things we have to report this month. "We served lunch at the rink one night and sold hot dogs, pie and coffee. With the money cleared, we rented the rink for one evening and invited all the young people of the community. We skated until eleven o'clock and then served a hot supper of beans, bread and butter, pie and coffee to everyone present."

Bond Head, Sr.—The Seniors report the following activities: 1. We sent \$5.00 to the "Save the Children" Fund. 2. We sent flowers to two sick members who were in the hospital. 3. We have a shipment of brooms to be sold for the "Institute for the Blind." 4. We entertained our husbands on St. Patrick's Day.

Churchill, Jr.—These juniors were organized at the close of the short course this winter, with a membership of sixteen. Miss Chapman was present at the first meeting and talked to the girls about the possibilities of their organization. They are starting a layette and are also going to work (or have a good time) with the Junior Farmers putting on a play.

Churchill, Sr.—The members of this Institute co-operated with Mr. Webster in making the short course so successful. At their last meeting, Miss Agnes Todd gave an interesting account of her trip to Chicago.

Cookstown—This report speaks for itself. In January, we purchased a piano for the hall, which cost \$250. We have paid \$150 on it and hope to complete the payment soon. In February we held our annual Valentine Tea and cleared \$100. In March we held our annual Rally meeting (each member bringing a new member). This was an "Irish" meeting. We also bought kitchen utensils for the Community Hall and contributed \$5.00 towards the Rest Room at Barrie. "The Exhibition Skit" is now ready and may be got from the Secretary.

Coulson's Hill—One of the biggest problems in our Institute work is how to raise money, and then, having got it, to spend it wisely. Our friends at Coulson's Hill have solved these problems in this way. We had a social evening at which we cleared \$26. We donated \$20 to each of the three schools in our territory.

Fisher's Corners—The three winter meetings have been open meetings held in the school house and thrown open to the community. The attendance was 169, and in addition to these meetings being instructive, they provided entertainment for young and old during the winter months. The programme included help from the school children, an agricultural meeting and an old time concert with everyone taking part. Concerning the last, the Secretary writes, "The night was very foggy and everyone needed lanterns." Can't you just see those lanterns bobbing along the road?

James Mills, Sr.—One of our government officials says that the Women's Institutes succeeded where the Farmer's Institutes failed, because the women served lunch. At any rate these women always close their meetings with singing and a cup of tea. In January, a paper was given on "Making a Home out of a House," in February on "Farm Poultry." In March impromptu speeches were made and the following demonstrations given: 1. Toe socks and how to make them. 2. A non-slip knot. 3. A non-fray edge for embroidery. 4. How to can fish. 5. A slip from a petticoat. During the winter the sick-a-bed folks were looked after by the visiting committee.

Painswick—The following is a list of our activities since Christmas; In January we started an autograph quilt and, with a part of the money, we have supplied three schools with emergency kits. We also helped with the Rest Room at Barrie. "Resolved that a wife has more responsibilities on the farm than her husband has," was the subject of a debate we had with the Grangers; the women won."

Stroud—In January the Stroud Institute celebrated its sixteenth birthday at the home of the President. It was a real birthday party, with the men asked as well as the women. The minutes of the first meeting, held in January, 1909, were read and a synopsis of the nineteen years' work was given. The candles on the cake were blown out by the first president, Mrs. Sutherland. At the February meeting it was decided to unite with Painswick for the summer meeting. In March \$10 was sent to the Rest Room at Barrie. During the winter, the sick members were remembered.

Thornton, Sr.—Doesn't this sound like real neighborliness? "At our January meeting we donated \$5 towards the Rest Room at Barrie. On February 14, we held a box social at which we made \$65. We donated \$15 to the 'Save the Children' Fund, and gave \$5 towards paying for dishes in the Community Hall. In April we are having a sale of aprons, brooms and baskets for the "Institute for the Blind." Then, by way of encouragement, "we are now preparing for the Competition."

Thornton, Jr.—This is another inspiring report: "In January we held a concert and social evening. In February papers were given on 'The Origin of Coffee,' 'Cocoa, Food for the Gods,' and 'How Wallpaper is Made.' On February 25th we shipped a bale of clothing to Earlton, which was used for relief work by that Institute."

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Harvey Tailored Underwear Provides

*The Style That Youth Seeks
The Comfort Maturity Demands*

The exquisiteness of these wonderful garments reveals itself in touch and color. The sheen of Harvey Tailored Underwear is like living ivory; the colors are as Miladi pleases—the radiance of rare gems, the soft tints of dawn, the glowing colors of tropic flowers.

In endurance Harvey Underwear stands unequalled. It is like cobwebs of fairy steel, yet is soft as sea foam, unendingly delightful. It means real economy.

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When Lunches Must Be Carried to School or Work

Menu-Making—Continued

PLANNING over a thousand meals a year is difficult enough for most housewives, at any time, but the problem is much greater when some members of the family must eat one meal for five or six days a week from a lunch basket.

Perhaps the biggest danger is that those particular members will not get an adequate amount of vegetables, because in most families they are served only at noon, and deplorably often, not even then. The busy mother must not only cook enough for the hungry family at home, but must constantly have in mind, something for the lunch box.

A somewhat more substantial breakfast will be required than if a dinner is eaten at noon. The children under school age must also be considered.

Sunday

Breakfast—Puffed wheat or corn flakes with rich milk; stewed prunes or oranges; omelet; buttered or plain toast.

Dinner—Roast pork, dressing, gravy, mashed potatoes, cabbage salad, apple snow, boiled custard, cookies.

Supper—Brown and white bread sandwiches, cream of tomato soup, croutons, canned white cherries, white cake with coconut frosting, tea.

Monday

Breakfast—Cream of wheat with dates; toast; jam or marmalade; poached eggs on toast for older members of family.

Dinner for small children and mother—Baked potato; Bread and butter; soft codded egg; stewed fruit.

Lunch for father and school children—Chopped pork sandwiches; potato salad (in small jars or paper cups) oatmeal cookies; apples; milk to drink.

Supper—Macaroni and cheese; buttered carrots; corn bread; baked apples; coconut cake; milk for children; tea for adults.

Tuesday

Breakfast—Oatmeal; milk or thin cream; toast; stewed figs; bacon; tea or coffee; milk.

Lunch for small children—Creamed carrots; cold slice of pork for mother; boiled potatoes with a little butter; custard, baked; milk to drink; tea for mother.

For father and school children—Peanut butter sandwiches; cocoa made at school; baked custard in cups. **Father**—sliced pork sandwiches; thermos bottle of coffee.

Supper—Meat cakes; masked potatoes; creamed peas; bread and butter; pumpkin pie. **For small children**—Mashed potatoes and peas; milk to drink; baked apple.

Wednesday

Breakfast—Milk toast; hashed meat on toast; stewed prunes; coffee; milk for children.

Dinner for little folks and mother—Cream of pea soup; bread sticks; bread and butter; milk to drink; rice pudding with raisins; tea for mother.

Lunch—Egg sandwiches; nut bread; canned peaches in small jars; molasses cookies; milk to drink.

Supper—Salmon loaf; canned string beans; creamed potatoes; bread and butter; apricot batter pudding.

Thursday

Breakfast—Pettijohns; rich milk; scrambled eggs; hashed brown potatoes; buttered toast; stewed figs; coffee; milk for children.

Dinner for small children and mother—Baked potatoes; butter; poached egg; spinach; bread and butter triangles; junket; tea for mother.

Lunch—Brown bread and butter sandwiches; cheese sandwiches; rice pudding with raisins; vegetable soup made at school. **For father**—Thermos bottle of coffee.

Supper—Beef steak; potatoes on the half shell; mashed turnips; tapioca cream.

Friday

Breakfast—Oatmeal; rich milk; toast; potato and egg omelet; canned berries; milk; coffee.

Dinner for children—Canned peas; riced potato, bread and butter sticks; tapioca cream with red jelly; tea for mother.

Lunch—Bread and butter sandwiches; egg salad; raisin sandwiches; slice of loaf cake with fruit in it; milk to drink.

Supper—Pot roast of beef; scalloped cabbage; frankonia potatoes; peach shortcake. **For small children**—Boiled rice; milk; bread and butter; baked custard.

Saturday

Breakfast—Cream of wheat; bacon; toast; stewed apricots.

Dinner for small children and school children—Cream of potato soup; croutons; bread and butter;

As "mussy" cakes are very difficult to carry for lunch, the children will especially enjoy them on Saturdays and Sundays, when they may be eaten at home.

Cereals with Dates

Dates, washed and stoned and cut in pieces, may be added to cooked cereals, shortly before they are done. Raisins may also be used.

Milk Toast

Cut toasted bread in neat, small cubes. Put in a bowl or soup plate, with a generous piece of butter. Pour over it scalded milk. Serve with salt and pepper.

Cream of Pea Soup

Reserve a few peas from Tuesday's dinner for the little children's soup next day. Mash, add hot milk, bind with a little flour mixed in enough cold milk or water to pour, add butter, 1 t. to each cup of soup, and season with salt.

Bread Sticks

Cut stale bread in long stripes, butter slightly, and toast in the oven.

Egg Sandwiches

Cook eggs till hard. Remove the shell and moisten the mashed egg with salad dressing, cream on melted butter. Spread between slices of buttered bread.

Apricot Batter Pudding

In the bottom of a buttered pudding dish, put a thick layer of stewed apricots. Pour over it a thin batter—a plain cake batter would be satisfactory. Bake and serve warm from the dish in which it was baked.

Potatoes on the Half Shell

Cut baked potatoes in halves, lengthwise. Scoop out the potato, mash, season well with salt, pepper, butter. A little chopped cooked meat, or cheese, or beaten egg may be added. Fill the shells with the mixture and reheat in oven.

Potato and Egg Omelet

Chop cold boiled potatoes, season, break into them several eggs; mix well with the potato in a hot frying pan. Stir a moment or two over the fire, then pack firmly in the pan, and cook till a golden brown on the bottom. Turn over like an omelet, and serve on a hot platter.

Raisin Sandwiches

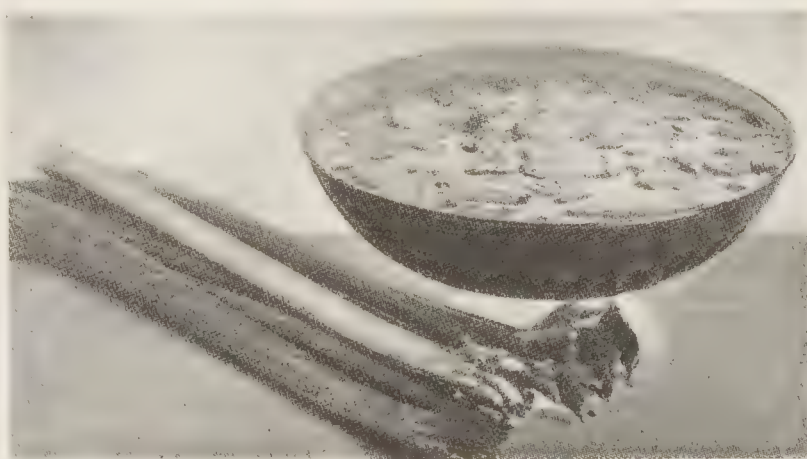
Chop well washed and dried raisins. Mix with salad dressing, cream or orange juice to a paste smooth enough to spread between slices of buttered bread.

Boiled Dinner

Soak corned beef over night to freshen it. Put in a pot with water to cover, and simmer for several hours till tender, skimming the scum from the top occasionally. Various vegetables cut in large pieces, such as turnips, parsnips, carrots, onions, sixths of cabbage and potatoes may be cooked in the pot with the meat, if the liquor is not too salty. Stir in a separate pot of water and serve on a large platter surrounding the meat.

CHILDREN under six years of age should have their dinner at noon and a very light supper at night. They are much better without meat of any kind till they are at least six years old, which simplifies their meals to a considerable extent for the mother. One soft cooked egg a day should be given to them. Frequently a baked custard or some form of cereal pudding,

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Baked Rhubarb

baked apples; layer cake for older children; tea for mother.

Lunch for father—Beef sandwiches; nut bread; small jar of canned fruit; cookies; bottle of coffee.

Supper—Boiled dinner; New England style; hot biscuits; chocolate pie.

Stewed Dried Fruits

WASH the fruit thoroughly. Soak for 24 hours in enough water to cover. Simmer till tender in the water in which it was soaked; add sugar to sweeten, and a little lemon juice. Dried figs, if cooked in this way, will require little, if any, sugar.

In buying prunes, it is not good economy to buy any smaller than the size known as "fifty-sixties," running from 50 to 60 to the pound. Those which are smaller, are shrivelled and tasteless, and one is paying for a very large number of stones. Dried fruits may be used at any time, especially when the food allowance cannot be stretched to cover oranges and other fresh fruits.

Croutons

Cut stale bread in cubes and toast in a dripping pan in the oven.

The yolks of eggs may be used for the custard sauce to serve with the apple snow, while the whites are used for the cake for Sunday night's supper.



Listen, Teddy, listen, Dolly,
I will tell you something jolly:
Mummy's teaching me to bake,
How to make the bestest cake.
In a minute I'll begin it,
Magic Baking Powder in it,
Makes the very nicest food;
You shall have some, if you're good.



Sheer beauty—
and no “ladders”

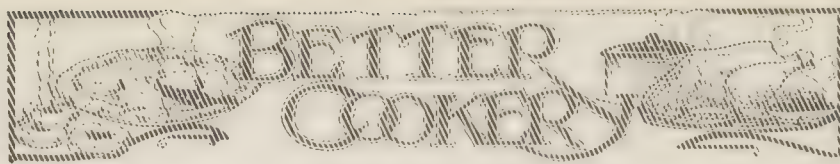
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Continued from page 34

such as rice, tapioca, etc., may be made for their dinner, and also for the lunches for the school children for the next day.

If a hot lunch is provided at school, the task of the mothers will be lightened.

The main portion of the lunch will be sandwiches. In the pantry, one shelf should be reserved exclusively for lunch supplies. On it there would be a package of waxed papers, a sufficient number of small jars with screw tops for holding moist foods, such as salads, canned and stewed fruits and puddings such as rice, tapioca, etc.

If it can be afforded, an apple, orange, or other piece of ripe fruit, should be put in the box each day.

A few dates, or raisins or nuts will be enjoyed.



Plain Sugar Cookies

Thermos bottles keep cold liquids cold, just as efficiently as they keep hot things hot. Hot milk or cocoa are liable to turn sour in the course of several hours. Tea sometimes develops a rather unpleasant flavor in a thermos bottle, but coffee or stock soups are just as good and just as hot as when they were put in the bottle several hours earlier.

When a Dinner Must be Served at Noon

HARDER still is the task of the busy farm woman, who must not only prepare several lunches for school, but must also cook a dinner for the men who are doing heavy farm work, in addition to all her other duties.

Sunday

Breakfast—Fresh or stewed fruit; ready to eat cereal; thin cream; pancakes; syrup; scrambled eggs; toasted bread for small children; coffee.

Dinner—Roast beef; Yorkshire pudding; gravy; french onion potatoes; mashed parsnips; Bavarian cream; tea.

Supper—Thin slices of cold beef; scalloped potatoes; buns and butter; canned strawberries; whipped cream; cake; tea.

Monday

Breakfast—Oatmeal; hashed brown potatoes; fried eggs; bread and butter; apple sauce; coffee.

Lunch for school children—Peanut butter sandwiches; raisin bread and butter; Canned pears; cookies; milk to drink, or cocoa or soup made at school.

Dinner—Meat pie (from Sunday's roast); baked potatoes; buttered beets (canned); prune pie (made on Saturday and warmed over). A small dish of the Bavarian cream reserved for the small children's dessert.

Supper—Broiled ham; creamed potatoes (baked at noon); turnips, New York style; baked custard; raisin bread.

Tuesday

Breakfast—Cream of wheat; bacon and eggs; toast or bread and butter; canned fruit.

Lunch—Cheese sandwiches; potato salad; baked cup custards; dark loaf cake.

Dinner—Boiled beef; carrots cooked with beef; mashed potatoes; rice pudding.

Supper—Macaroni and cheese; canned string beans; baked rhubarb; cake.

Wednesday

Breakfast—Oatmeal; hashed brown potatoes; poached eggs on toast; stewed dried fruit; toast or bread and butter.

Lunch—Chopped meat sandwiches; canned fruit; nut bread.

Dinner—Minced meat on toast; boiled potatoes; apricot pie; bread and butter; tea.

Supper—Salmon loaf; buttered cabbage; potatoes au gratin; whipped cream; cake.

Thursday

Breakfast—Oatmeal with raisins; Broiled ham; jam; bun and butter.

Lunch—Egg sandwiches; fruit salad; cookies.

Dinner—Broiled bacon with eggs; mashed potatoes; creamed carrots; cottage pudding; vanilla sauce.

Supper—Vegetable soup; bread and butter; cheese; custard pie; tea.

Friday

Breakfast—Cracked wheat; potato cakes; scrambled eggs; stewed fruit; bread.

Lunch—Brown bread and butter sandwiches; bacon and lettuce salad; cookies; custard pie if it can be carried.

Dinner—Baked ham; boiled potatoes; buttered parsnips; steamed pudding; cod-dled egg for little children, and stewed or canned fruit.

Supper—Chicken pie (canned chicken may be used); peas; boiled rice; biscuits; honey; tea.

Saturday

Breakfast—Oatmeal; thin cream; stewed fruit; bread and butter; ham omelet.

Dinner—Beef stew; dumplings; boiled potatoes; creamed cabbage; berry pie.

Supper—Cold ham; hashed brown potatoes; canned fruit; cake.

A Weekly Supply of Foods

For a family of two grown-ups and three children.

Milk and other protein foods.

Milk—At least 14 quarts; more if possible.

Flesh foods—10½ pounds, which may be:

Beef	2 pounds	Fowl	3 pounds
Fish	2 pounds	Cheese	1 pound
Eggs	1½ pounds or 1 dozen.		

Fats—6 pounds.

Butter	2 pounds	Bacon	1 pound
Nuts		Shorten-	
in shell	1 pound	ing	1 pound
Cream	1 pound (1 pint)		

Cereal foods—15 pounds
Bread and rolls 7½ pounds
Other cereals, rice, etc. 7½ pounds

Sugars—4½ or 5 pounds.

Sugar	2¼ pounds	Candy	¾ pound
Syrup	¾ cup	Molasses	¾ cup
Jelly	½ pound	Honey	½ pound



Cream of Wheat with Dates

Vegetables and Fruits—70 pounds fresh or 52 pounds fresh and canned, and 3 pounds dried.

Potatoes	14 pounds	Asparagus	2 pounds
Beets	2 pounds	Carrots	2 pounds
Cabbage	2 pounds	Squash	2 pounds
Turnips	2 pounds	Celery	1 pound
Lettuce	1 pound	Onions	2 pounds
Tomatoes	1 pound	Rhubarb	1 pound
Bananas	3 pounds	Oranges	3 pounds
Apples	3 pounds	Pineapple	2 pounds
Strawberries	1 pound		

Canned Peas	2 pounds
Canned String Beans	2 pounds
Canned Cherries	2 pounds
Canned Peaches	2 pounds
	8 pounds

Dried Lima Beans	2 pounds
Raisins	1 pound

The Right Equipment

By Emma Gary Wallace

MEAL getting is one task that repeats itself endlessly. Three meals a day for 365 days in the year, aggregate 1,095 meals in the year, and there are few homes indeed where special lunches and extra meals are not added generously to this list.

When the housewife or her helper starts in to get a meal, she uses the same tools and equipment, in part at least, every time—for example, the refrigerator, the range, the teakettle, the kitchen knives, the dining room or breakfast room furnishings, the dishes and silver, to say nothing of the layout necessary to clean up after the meal and to make everything ship-shape in kitchen, dining room, and pantry.

A well-known domestic science expert has estimated that in doing the cooking for an average day in a family of average size, a kitchen knife is used 129 different times. This would mean 47,085 times in the course of twelve months.

We might multiply statistics regarding other tools and implements, but the point to stress is that true economy of money and effort are best considered when we provide ourselves with what is thoroughly satisfactory, and then take pains to keep it in the very best condition possible.

An old refrigerator may be a real extravagance. If the seams have opened up, if the doors sag or do not close properly, if the insulation is poor or the construction faulty, if the lining is broken or difficult to keep clean, or if the circulation is such that damp air instead of dry air passes through the chambers—we not only waste ice and use a lot more than is necessary in a season, but food is not kept at its best, supplies are wasted also, and health is endangered. Many families pay for a new refrigerator over and over again while still going on using the old one and thinking how economical they are.

Then a range which has outlived its usefulness may be a hog for fuel without giving results. Possibly the same equipment could be used if it were cleaned thoroughly, necessary parts replaced, or attachments made of gas vents so as to permit the proper admixture of gas and air for successful combustion.

Dull knives are not only aggravating, but they call for lost minutes and the food cannot be so attractively prepared or served as when sharp blades of good steel are available. There are on the market some very satisfactory sharpeners and some which are of no value whatever.

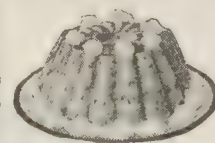
We frequently find fakirs who are doing wonderful stunts with sharpening tools. Sometimes these people come to our doors or we meet them at fairs or other places where demonstrations are offered. Such devices should be examined very carefully. They may be good, but often they are of a nature which permits the putting on of an edge which only lasts a very short time.

A tool of this kind, if of a high grade, will be carried usually by a reliable hardware store that is ready to stand back of it. There is no advantage in collecting a number of tools which are rarely used because they are unsatisfactory. Such a collection costs money. We hesitate to throw it away, and it has no value in actual use.

Kitchen equipment should only be purchased after it has been examined and, if necessary, tested to prove that it will be a real help and desirable in everyday use. The tendency of many housewives is to buy cookery equipment readily, especially if it is cheap. We should not expect to get something for nothing, and it is a better policy to wait and get thoroughly posted, and then to put our money into something that will be of permanent and frequent help.

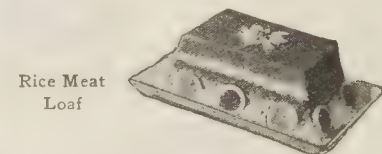
Many a housewife has enough discarded tools on the top shelf of her pantry or cupboards, just collecting dust, to buy a pressure cooker or a fireless cooker, or

One package of
**Knox Gelatine will make
four different salads or
desserts each enough
for a family of six**

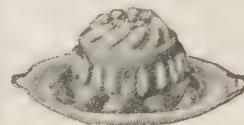


Spanish Cream

A "company" dessert which will insure the success of the meal.

Rice Meat
Loaf

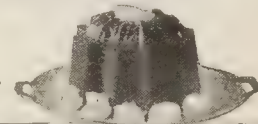
Using the "leftovers" in a way which is not only attractive but extremely nutritious, as well as economical.

A Delicious
Fruit Salad

There are no flavors equal to the real fruit juices, fresh or canned, that go in the Knox recipes

Chocolate Sponge

A favorite
with the
whole family.



Knox Sparkling Gelatine should form a part of the daily menu. Its goodness will please the family, and you will be delighted with the economical effect on your table budget, because each package is sufficient for four meals. Try this recipe. It is easy to make—and so delicious.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine	½ cup of sugar
¼ cup cold water	¼ cup of sugar
¼ cup boiling water	3 eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla	Few grains salt
2 squares chocolate or 6 tablespoonfuls cocoa	

Directions: Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks gradually, to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve plain or with milk, whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

FREE—Additional recipes for every occasion as well as Mrs. Knox's helpful books will be sent free, on request, if you will mention your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
Dept. K, 180 St. Paul Street, W. Montreal.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.



FRAGRANCE



The rich, fresh bouquet that comes to you from a cup of Salada Tea is just another indication of its superior quality.

From the moment the choice young leaves are picked until they are sealed away in the metal packages you buy over the counter, they are so handled that they come to you with all the original fragrance preserved.

"SALADA"

H567



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these Better Soups Yourself

Send for the Borden Recipe Book—it's free—and treat your folks to the appetizing soups made with St. Charles Milk. Their creamy richness will be relished and they are so easily prepared you will serve them often, particularly when a nourishing dish must be served on short notice. The Borden Co. Limited, Montreal.

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Heavy Cream Twilled Linen Sheeting by the yard. Any length cut. Extra quality for good hard wear.

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Can also be supplied in plain cream.

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Extra heavy unbleached all-Linen Damask by the yard. Will give endless wear. Ideal for every-day use.

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BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND

A FRENCH CHEF

—makes the best coffee in the world. But if you cannot always have your coffee made by a chef, why not get

CAMP

COFFEE and make it yourself. Only hot water is necessary.

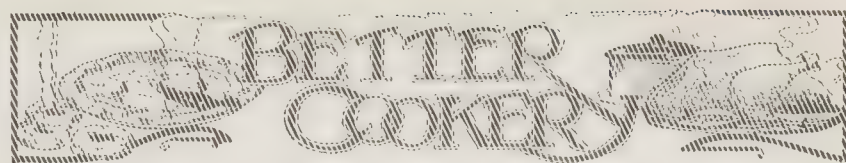
B. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.

Goddard's Plate Powder

For polishing Silver



SIX GOLD MEDALS
Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents. in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.



The Right Equipment

Continued from page 37

something else calling for quite an outlay which she has always wanted, but never quite felt she could afford.

If kitchen table and sink are of the right height, it will be a great help in weariness saved, not only in dish washing, but in cooking and baking. Many ranges are too low. These can be raised by setting them on blocks, or one can be purchased of the desired height in the first place.

Cupboards and drawers which catch in the opening, should have prompt attention. Sometimes a little floor wax rubbed on the edge of a door which binds will help it; or, again, the handy man of the house may need to take a plane and shave off a little extra wood at some point.

Catches can be oiled. If the spring is weakened from long use, the catch can be replaced as a rule, for the outlay of a few cents and a few minutes of time.

Kitchen windows often stick because of the swelling of the wood on account of the steam or seasonable conditions. Kitchen windows should be adjusted to run up and down almost at the touch of a finger.

A screen will be found of greatest convenience in the kitchen when hinged and fastened with a hook on the inside. This permits it to be swung open at will. Kitchen screens should cover the whole window, for often we find it necessary to open a window at the top and bottom at the same time, and kitchen odors attract flies, quite naturally.

It is amazing how people will get along

with tools which are out of order for months or even years. A kitchen was visited the other day where the wooden handle had been burned from the aluminum tea kettle through the carelessness of kitchen help placing that handle next the stove pipes or where the gas flame burned and charred it so that it broke away. In handling the teakettle, a holder had to be hunted up every time, for it was rarely on its hook, and yet it was a simple matter to order a new handle and to have it put on at a near-by hardware store.

It is not the expense of these things which is prohibitive, but people get into the habit of getting along with what they have, or of putting off having repairs made.

A practical policy for the home-maker is to do without a tool or a piece of kitchen equipment until a good article of its kind can be purchased, and one by one, necessary articles should be planned for and installed.

Every piece of equipment should be studied as to its care and use, and then it should be used regularly. Many times women who are not naturally mechanical, or who have not posted themselves on the operation of the electric washer, or the mangle, or the attachments of the vacuum cleaner, do not get the aid from these things which the investment warrants.

Get posted. Keep equipment in repair. Buy only the best. Get rid of what is unsatisfactory. And use labor-saving tools at every point and every time that work can be lightened by so doing.

Reports of Women's Institutes and Homemakers' Clubs—Continued from page 33

ANTELOPE PARK has been carrying on through the winter in spite of bad weather and long distances. They are trying to keep themselves informed about the Dominion Federation of Women's Institutes.

BETHUNE has recently added two new members making the membership now forty-eight. They have been working to provide for a burnt out family.

COLLESTON CLUB is concentrating on the work and study of Health and Child Welfare.

DUBUC keeps up a Rest Room and Library. They have had a demonstration from one of their members on articles that can be made from flour sacks. The Blind Institute is regularly patronized by them and the Red Cross assisted. They have had a course in Millinery and Dressmaking from the University Demonstrator and at the same time arranged for a course for the girls to which the New Canadian girls in the community were invited. A commendable feature of the work of the Club is the giving of demonstrations by the members.

FROBISHER is constantly increasing its membership. During the winter they have their programme in conjunction with the men of the neighborhood and also plan social evenings in conjunction with their meetings. They are planning for a baby clinic and their sick are well looked after. They have provided a community library.

MANTARIO looks well after their sick people, visiting and cheering them with flowers. They have been doing a great deal of relief work. The co-operation of their Council has been secured in fixing up their cemetery—planting a hedge about it, etc. The club members have agreed to keep it in order.

MIDALE is conducting an essay contest for the school children.

MONET CLUB, Hughton, are contributing prizes for butter and home-cured meats at the Agricultural Fair. They are planning for a short course in Dress-making and Millinery in March.

PLATO is always to the fore in contributing their share, and more than their share, to the causes which we have pledged ourselves to support, such as the Everywoman Fund and the Federation. During the winter months they invite the husbands to their meetings and it makes for splendid co-operation in all things connected with the community.

SUMMERBERRY is fostering a community library. They were addressed at their February meeting by Mrs. S. Bennett, M.L.A., Wolseley, on the financial standing of the Province. Gentlemen were invited to this meeting.

WESSELS CLUB has sent in a large box of clothing for needy families. The box consists of donations of clothing from the members and fifty dollars worth of new clothing contributed by Govan merchants. This is real community co-operation.

WHITE HEATHER CLUB, Govan, had an attendance of forty-one members with thirteen visitors for its February meeting. They are preparing for a debate: "Resolved that the Medical Profession in all its branches should be under State control."

MOTHER

A wonderful thing, a mother. Other folks can love you, but only your mother understands. She works for you, looks after you, loves you, forgives you anything you may do, understands you, and then the only bad thing she ever does to you is to die and leave you.

—Baroness Von Hutton



McClary's Bonny Blue

THE NEW KITCHEN WARE

AS Mother Nature, in her wisdom, has given man a protective coating on his teeth to beautify and preserve them, so McClary's, taking this hint from Nature, protect their kitchen ware.

Bonny Blue—the new kitchen ware—gives enduring service, bringing also rare beauty into the heart of the home—the kitchen.

The lure of Bonny Blue has proven irresistible to thousands of women—as fascinating and lovely as spring itself. And the reason is its splendid utility and good looks.

Bonny Blue is durable. Its surface is hard porcelain, easily cleaned, which does not retain impurities and resists the action of fruit acids.

Ask your dealer about Bonny Blue to-day.

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Rich in Bouquet
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SUPERIOR
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3 KINDS
 BLACK, GREEN
 & MIXED

Sold in Air-tight Packages



Soap and Water may be hurting your skin

Every time you wash your face and hands, your skin loses a little of the "Precious Moisture" that nature supplies to keep it smooth and fresh. Without this natural "Precious Moisture" the skin soon becomes dry and hard and scaly.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion supplies the skin with the same elements as its natural "Precious Moisture." Whenever you wash your face or hands, apply Frostilla Fragrant Lotion afterwards. Then you can be sure of keeping a clear, smooth complexion always.



Frostilla
 Fragrant Lotion

For sale everywhere. Regular Price 35c. The Frostilla Co., Toronto, Ontario. Established in 1873. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10-18 McCaul Street, Toronto.

Look for the name

on every package
and every piece

Only genuine Maple Buds are marked with the name "COWAN." Look for it whenever you buy.

Substitutes look like Cowan's Maple Buds; some have names that sound like Maple Buds.

But only in Cowan's can you get the Maple Bud taste and purity.

COWAN'S
CHOCOLATE
MAPLE BUDS

Particularly wholesome for children and enjoyed by older people because of the flavour of the delicious, nourishing chocolate.

Cowan's Maple Buds are a dainty milk chocolate confection, sold everywhere in 5 and 10 cent packages; in pound and half-pound boxes; and in bulk.

*If They're not COWAN'S
 They're Not MAPLE BUDS*

You'll like COWAN'S LUNCH CRISP, a delicious new Chocolate Bar



Salads and Salad Dressings

Pear Salad

On beds of lettuce arrange slices of canned pears. On top put a spoonful of cooked salad dressing in which has been mixed finely chopped celery, green pepper and four stuffed olives.

Potato Balls

Cut potato balls with a French potato cutter, and cook till tender but not broken. Chill. Roll each ball in salad dressing, then in chopped parsley and arrange in individual nests of lettuce.

Cucumber Potato Salad

Use half as much diced cucumber as diced potato. Season with a little very finely chopped onion, salt and pepper, and moisten with cooked dressing.

Jellied Vegetables

Gelatin, 2 tb. Salt, 1 t.
 Cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sugar, 3 tb.
 Vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Chopped onion, 1
 Boiling water, 2 c. Celery rings, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
 Pimento, chopped, 1
 Shredded cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
 Chopped olives, 1 tb.

Soak gelatin in cold water ten minutes. Dissolve in hot water, and add vinegar, salt, and sugar. Arrange the remaining ingredients in a mould and when the gelatin mixture has cooled slightly, pour over vegetables. Turn out on crisp lettuce leaves.

Thousand Island Salad Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. Olive Oil Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon
 Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ Orange 1 t. Grated Onion
 8 Sliced Olives 8 Cooked Chestnuts
 $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Paprika
 1 tb. Chopped Parsley
 1 t. Worcestershire Sauce
 $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Mustard

Remove shells from chestnuts, and cook in boiling salted water until soft; then cool, and cut in thin slices. Put all the ingredients in a pint glass jar; cover, and shake until smooth and slightly thickened. Serve on Southern lettuce, cut in quarters, carefully washed and drained.

Golden Salad Dressing

$\frac{1}{4}$ c. Orange Juice $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Pineapple Juice
 2 tb. Lemon Juice $\frac{1}{8}$ t. Salt
 2 Egg Yolks $\frac{1}{8}$ c. Sugar
 2 Egg Whites

Mix pineapple juice, orange and lemon juice, and salt, and heat in a double boiler. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored, gradually adding one-half the sugar; then, while beating constantly, add hot fruit juices; return to double boiler, and cook, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Beat whites of eggs until stiff; add remaining sugar, and combine with first mixture just before removing from fire.

Honey Salad Dressing

3 Egg Yolks $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Strained Honey
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Paprika
 1 tb. Lemon Juice 1 c. Heavy Cream



Jellied Vegetables

Marshmallow Salad

2 Oranges 8 Marshmallows
 Chopped Parsley $\frac{1}{2}$ c. White Grapes
 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Nut Meats Pimiento
 Golden Salad Dressing Lettuce
 1 slice Canned Pineapple

Cut oranges in two; remove pulp carefully; then pull out all membrane, leaving orange cups. Cut pineapple, marshmallows and nuts in small pieces; skin and seed the grapes before measuring, and mix all with orange pulp and a little dressing. Fill orange cups; cover with dressing, and cross two strips of pimiento on the dressing. Place one-half a grape on centre of salad and a bit of chopped parsley between the strips of pimiento.

Cream Mayonnaise Dressing

To Mayonnaise Dressing add, just before serving, one-fourth cup heavy cream, beaten stiff.

Russian Salad Dressing

2 tb. Olive Oil 1 tb. Lemon Juice
 3 tb. Mayonnaise Dressing
 1 tb. Tomato Catsup
 1 t. Chopped Green Pepper
 2 drops Tabasco Sauce

Add ingredients, very slowly, to mayonnaise dressing, stirring constantly.

Heat the strained honey to the boiling point; then pour slowly, while beating constantly, onto well-beaten egg yolks. Cook one minute, stirring constantly; remove from fire, and stir occasionally, until cool. Add salt, paprika and lemon juice; and just before using, add cream, beaten until stiff.

Orange Jelly, without Gelatine

Wash six oranges and three lemons; cut in very thin slices; measure; add three times the measure of water; boil hard for one hour; strain through double cheese-cloth, and let stand twenty-four hours. Pour off all the clear liquid; to it, add an equal quantity of sugar; boil until it drips like jelly from a spoon. Put into sterile glasses, and when firm, cover with melted paraffin.

Birch Island Steamed Pudding

2 slices Bread 1 tb. Butter
 1 c. Scalded Milk 1 tb. Sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Salt 2 Eggs
 5 tb. Orange Marmalade

Cut two slices of bread one-half inch thick; remove crusts; cut each slice into four triangular-shaped pieces; spread with butter, then with orange marmalade, and line buttered melon mold with pieces. Beat eggs; add sugar, salt, and scalded milk, slowly, while stirring constantly, then pour mixture over the bread. Steam three hours, and serve hot with cream.



Rainy Day Luncheons

By Barbara Brooks

DARK days are apt to depress the spirits of even the most strenuous children, and it is well known that they affect the appetites of adults. William Lyon Phelps raises the question of climate as one important cause of the difference in temperament between Englishmen and Americans. It may be that lack of sunshine means less stimulation and therefore less spontaneity.

One wise mother of our acquaintance says that she always tries to have a more interesting luncheon for her children on rainy days than on sunny ones. She plans dishes they specially like and that are good for them.

Cocoa is universally popular with children and for variety a marshmallow may be put into each cup when it is served. A recipe for cocoa which will give it body and make it taste like chocolate is as follows:

- 1/4 cup cocoa
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup water
- 4 cups milk

Mix the cocoa, sugar and flour. Add the water and boil until smooth and thick—add the milk. Heat, beat well and serve. One teaspoon of vanilla may be added if desired.

Most children like muffins and bran muffins with dates are delicious. Wheat bran is second richest in iron of any food we have. Egg yolk comes first and molasses third—so if all of these and dates are put into the recipe, we have something really valuable which will keep the blood red and healthy.

For the muffins, cream together two tablespoons of shortening and three of

sugar. Add one egg and two tablespoons of molasses, then one cup of all-bran. Next add one cup of flour sifted with one-half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt; then one cup of sour milk and one-half cup of dates, cut in pieces. Bake the muffins in small tins in a moderate oven (380 degrees F.) for about twenty minutes.

A one dish meal is suitable for this luncheon. American Chop Suey will bring plenty of vegetables into it and it has a delicious flavor.

American Chop Suey

- 1/2 pound pork steak
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 1 sliced onion
- 1 shredded green pepper
- 1 cup shredded celery
- 1/2 cup sliced mushrooms
- 1/4 cup rice
- 3 cups stock
- 1 teaspoon salt

Cut the pork into small pieces. Brown the onion slightly in the fat, add the meat, pepper, celery and mushrooms and cook three minutes. Add the other ingredients and boil slowly until the vegetables and rice are tender. This will take about twenty minutes.

No dessert is needed with this meal, but if any is served, it should be fruit.

Spiced apples are prepared by removing the skin from the top half of the apples. Stick each apple with six cloves then place them in a pan with one cup sugar and enough water to make about one inch of water in the pan. Add a few pieces of stick cinnamon. Cover and cook gently until the apples are tender. Serve hot or cold, with or without cream.

Home Efficiency Around the Kitchen

By Emma Gary Wallace

KEEP a pair of clean, sharp shears hanging on a convenient hook in the kitchen. You will find them the greatest possible convenience for many unexpected purposes. They are much better than a knife for trimming off the rind of bacon. They are especially desirable when snipping up marshmallows for a salad, and often save getting out a chopping knife and bowl when only a few pieces of green pepper or other garnish is to be cut in strips or small pieces. The shears should always be wiped and hung up where steam will not strike them to cause rust.

If you wish to separate a head of lettuce, so that it will be attractive rather than torn apart, try this plan. Take a sharp knife and trim out the little hard stalk from the stem end of the head. This will leave a cup-shaped cavity. Put the head under the cold water faucet, and let the water run. The water will separate the leaves without the least effort on your part, and the lettuce will be clean and cool at the same time. Dry with a fresh towel and Presto! The work is all done in a minute.

When preparing asparagus for the table, a part at least of the lower end of the stalk may be used, if pared and cooked. It is the outside which is tough and fibrous. This method frequently makes a bunch of the succulent vegetable go a good deal farther than if the lower part were discarded.

If you wish to try something new and delicious for lunch as a main dish or as a side dish for dinner, try the following: Mix together equal quantities of hot, freshly boiled rice and spaghetti broken in small pieces. To each pint of the mixture allow one tablespoonful of chopped India relish, one teaspoonful of chopped green pepper, and one teaspoonful of minced sweet pimento.

Moisten with just enough of the following dressing to season, but do not use enough so that any of the dressing can be seen. Take one-third of a cup of vinegar, two-thirds of a cup of water,

one rounding tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Heat boiling hot, and turn over the rice mixture. Serve the dish hot. This is known as India Salad.

When there is a small quantity of canned salmon or crab meat left from a meal, a delicious luncheon dish may be made from it in the following manner: Take a cupful of medium thick white sauce made with two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of scalded milk, and salt and pepper to taste.

Free the remaining salmon from skin and bone and separate into flakes. Have ready two or three chopped hard boiled eggs. Add salmon and eggs to the white sauce and season with a little paprika and onion salt. Serve upon half slices of buttered toast. Garnish with a half a slice of lemon, and a little minced sweet pimento and green pepper. The dish is delightful to look at and delicious to eat.

Removing Indelible Ink

IT is sometimes desirable to remove indelible ink, as when there is an ugly blur in the marking, or some of the dark substances is spilled. Again, a lady who inherited a large amount of linen, from a relative, desired to re-mark it to conform with the rest of her laundry marks. This was the successful method used:

First she touched each stain with tincture of iodine, and after letting stand a few minutes, wet each one with household ammonia; then washed the spot in a solution of the same. The stain disappeared. She was afterwards informed that she could have produced the same result by soaking the stain in a strong solution of salt water, and then washing with ammonia water—not using soap. In this case the silver nitrate of the indelible ink is changed by the salt to silver chloride, and the silver chloride is dissolved and removed by the ammonia water.

81% of 2,800



New England Doctors

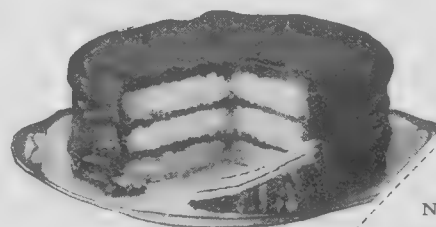
replying to the question, "Which type of baking powder do you consider most healthful?" stated, "Cream of tartar." What a tribute to the principal ingredient of Royal Baking Powder!

Royal is made with cream of tartar derived from grapes



— pure, healthful cream of tartar yielded up by millions of luscious, ripe grapes. That is why Royal's purity guarantees such absolute wholesomeness, while its accurate composition insures delicate, delicious, digestible foods which retain their freshness.

You cannot appreciate the improvement which a baking powder can make in the flavor, texture, healthfulness and keeping qualities of baked foods until you have used Royal.



Mail this coupon today!

Royal Baking Powder Company,
11 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal.
Gentlemen:
I should like a copy of the Royal Cook Book of practical, tested recipes. Kindly send me one without charge.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SUGGESTIONS IN PREPARING THE SUMMER WARDROBE

THE modes at present prevailing cover two silhouettes. One entirely of straight lines, the other combining the straight effect and the flare. In the straight line class we have all straight line one-piece styles, and many of the two-piece models. The flared silhouette has some variety, there is the flared front with a flat back, the flared sides with flat front and back, and the all around flare. One may produce the flare by set-in godets or by applied or added sections, set on and cut in straight or circular effect, or gathered or plaited.

Tunics in various forms are in vogue.

Skirts are shorter, the length is regulated by the proportions of the individual figure, and the style of the garment.

As to sleeves, they need not appear at all, or, they may be short or long as one desires. Some sleeves are wide or flared at the wrist. Many others are cut on peasant lines.

High collars are in vogue, as are also cravats tied around the neck in high collar effect. All sorts of neck lines are being exploited, the pointed outline being the one most popular.

For daytime and evening wear, the coat type or ensemble is most popular. It consists of a dress with contrasting under dress.

Printed chiffons self-trimmed are suitable for all occasions.

The two-piece dress, consisting of a hip length blouse and separate skirt is very popular. Many of the new dresses show surplised closings.

One sees boleros and bolero effects on youthful dresses.

Jabots and jabot trimmings are very popular. They appear on waists, skirts and sleeves. New and popular finishings are scallops and sawtooth edges.

In coats the two silhouettes are defined, the straight coats on one hand and the flared styles on the other. The newest coat is the severely tailored model with mannish sleeves, notched or shawl collar and double breasted fronts. Fur is used on many of the spring models, for wide hem bands and small collars.

Pleatings, especially of the box type are in good style.

Belts are shown, especially the wide leather belt, and leather trimmings are extensively used.

White dresses for graduation and dancing, though clinging to the straight line effect, show much lace and a great deal of knotted narrow ribbon, or big wide satin sash bows.

Coats for girls are straight and trimmed with many buttons. Hats to match are in vogue. This matching mode extends into all dress occasions.

Ginghams, linens and prints are favored for every day dresses for little girls. The trimmings are usually applique or collar and cuffs of white or a contrasting solid color.

The jumper or sleeveless dress is very popular, and is bringing out many pretty blouses.

Godet effects are shown in endless variety. Frequently the godet is of contrasting material. Some godets are straight, while others are cut circular. They may be set in at slashes in the skirt or dress, or be set on. They may be plain, tucked or plaited.

When one desires a strong note of contrast in a straight line dress, one could use the contrasting material in the form of bands lengthwise or crosswise.

New dresses are shown, copied from European peasant styles, and consisting of a plain waist semi-fitted and joined to a skirt of figured material.

Linen dresses with trimming of hand drawn-work are in vogue.

Tunic blouses have copied the flare idea so popular this season.

Kasha, flannel and heavy cottons are used for sports dresses. Small close-fitting collars and long sleeves are interesting details.



4736



5064



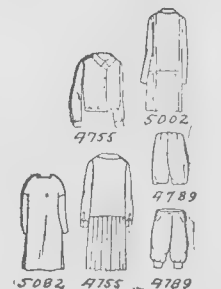
4787



5065



5088



5082 4755 4789



5084 5075 5075 5083



5079



5079 5079 5088

5074—Printed and plain silk are combined in this model. One could have this in crepe or linen with suitable contrasting material, or two colors of one material. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size if made of one material requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40 inches wide. If made as illustrated it will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of figured material. The width of the skirt at the foot with plaits extended is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4716—Beltless straight line dresses are much in vogue. The style here portrayed may be worn with any blouse or shirt waist. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the dress for a 38-inch size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The guimpe will require 2 yards. The width at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5076—White broadcloth with embroidery in black floss and facings of black satin is here shown. One could make this in cotton rep, or in unbleached muslin, with any desired color or trimming in contrast. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of

32-inch material. The width at the foot is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5090—Printed voile and plain voile are here combined. This style is also pleasing in batiste, chambray and cretonne. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain material and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of figured material 36 inches wide if made as illustrated. If made of one material $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5079—Figured percale, with rick-rack braid for trimming, is here portrayed. This is a good model for unbleached muslin or gingham. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5088—This model has waist and body portions joined together with a band that may be of jean, or drill to give firmness for buttons. The straps from the shoulder are to reinforce the garment and also to hold buttons. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 6-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5065—Green and white printed voile with trimming of white lawn is here depicted. This model is also attractive in chambray, linen, pongee and gingham. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make the frock as illustrated for a 4-year size will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch figured material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain material. One may have either pocket, the "chick" or the kitten. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5064—Brown or blue linen with cross stitching in colored mercerized thread would be very attractive for this model. It is also good for pongee, poplin and chambray, as well as crepe and repp. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 2-year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 32-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4878—One could use crepe, repp or gingham for the dress, and lawn or batiste for the guimpe which is separate from the dress. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material 32 inches wide for the guimpe, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the dress. If made of one material dress and guimpe will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



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Virol contains bone marrow, malt extract, eggs and lemon syrup, with the salts of lime and iron. It not only enriches the milk, but supplies those vital principles essential to growth and development, and is a wonderful aid in weaning.

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5075—Figured and plain voile are here combined. The model is attractive for other combinations. Faille and satin, plaid and plain flannel, or gingham and voile would be attractive. The peasant sleeve may be omitted. The width at the foot is 56 inches. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the style as illustrated for a 38-inch size in the large view, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch figured material and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain material. With long sleeves $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain material is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5083—Plaid gingham, flannel or linen could be used for this model. The collar and facing may be rolled as in the small view, or closed to the collar edge. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



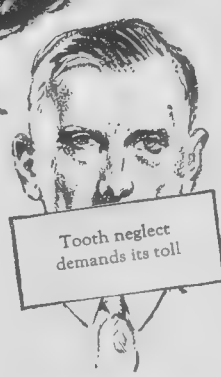
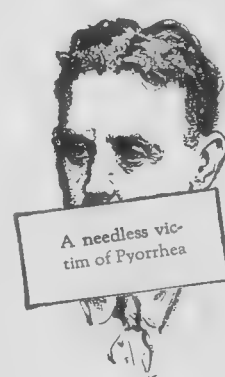
4755—Accepted styles for girls include sleeveless effects in over blouse or jumper style. The model here portrayed is made with a separate guimpe, and the jumper is attached to the skirt. This could be reversed, and the jumper finished separately. The guimpe may be of broadcloth, linen or batiste and the dress of crepe, gingham, pongee or alpaca. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch material for the guimpe and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for the dress. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5002-4789—Two popular styles are here combined. Jacket 5002 and knickers 4789. The knickers may be finished without the cuffs. Tweed, flannel, sports materials and linen could be used for this suit. The jacket is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The knickers in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure, with corresponding hip measure, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches. To make the suit for a medium size requires 5 yards of 54-inch material. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

5062-5010—Charmeen was used for this design, with checked silk for trimming. The blouse pattern 5062 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt 5010 is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33,

35 and 37 inches waist measure, with corresponding hip measure, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards. To make this costume for a medium size will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. To face plait, pockets and cuffs as illustrated will require $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40-inch material. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

5084—Printed percale or voile would be pleasing for this design. The model has graceful lines and is very comfortable. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. If made as illustrated for a 6-year size $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of figured material, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain material 36 inches wide will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



4 out of 5

Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of dreaded Pyorrhea. Will you escape?

Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums—not the teeth

That's one outstanding fact everybody should know. And if everybody did know it, the number of Pyorrhea's victims would soon be greatly reduced.

You may take splendid care of your teeth—brush them several times a day—and still get Pyorrhea. Once Pyorrhea secures a firm hold, pus pockets form, gums become weak and flabby, the teeth loosen and fall out no matter how white and sound they may be.

Forhan's means healthy gums

It contains the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent, as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea. Forhan's protects and preserves the gums, keeping them in a firm, pink, healthy condition; cleans and whitens the teeth, and keeps the mouth sweet, fresh and wholesome. If you don't care to discontinue the tooth paste you are now using, at least brush your teeth and gums once a day with Forhan's.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

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Forhan's Limited, Montreal

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

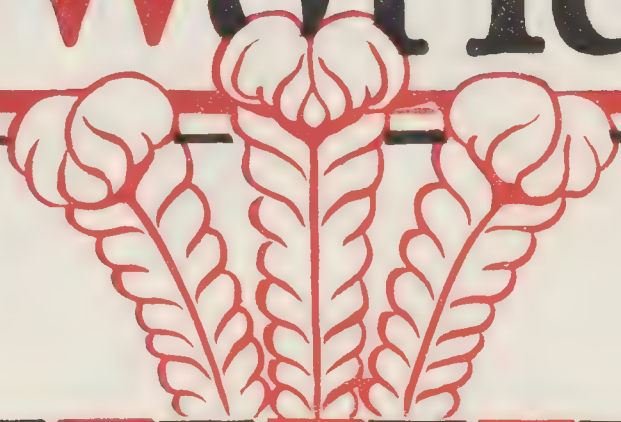
More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea



Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do your teeth under the gum-line



The World's most



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Popular Traveller



IN the past five years the Prince of Wales has travelled 75,000 miles. And maintained a steadfast courtesy and unfailing charm of manner.

Noblesse oblige? It's partly that, but something more fundamental besides. It's sportsmanship.

The enormous popularity of the Prince in all the lands where he has been, is not alone a tribute to his royal blood or even wholly to his personal charm. It is a tribute to a man who asks no odds of life and "plays the game."

Of course, wherever the Heir to the British Throne travels, those responsible for the arrangements provide facilities that ensure comfort and safety, but even so the constant strain of being "on parade" is a severe test of good nature.

On his recent tour of Canada and the United States, the Prince travelled in a superbly appointed special train of the Canadian National Railways in which all equipment was of the finest.

The train crew were picked men, from the engineman to the porters, and as long as they live they will recall with pleasure the consideration showed them by their royal guest and his appreciation of their services.

Goethe said, "Nobody is a hero to his valet," but Goethe lived before the Prince of Wales.

Thousands of signboards passed by motorists touring through the country towns, bear a message which may well be quoted as Canada's au revoir to this Prince of Good Sportsmen—

"Goodby—Call Again!"



The Canadian National train on which the Prince of Wales toured America was finished throughout with Sherwin-Williams Paint and Varnishes.



PAINTS & VARNISHES





Reefs of Debt

THE man or woman who plunges into thoughtless spending, making no provision for the future, faces financial shipwreck on the relentless reefs of debt.

Men in debt no longer control their time or their careers. Others control them. To remain in debt is to have to do without, in bitterness of spirit.

The habit of saving part of every dollar you earn will help to keep you clear of debt, and will enable you to enjoy comfort and contentment in the days that are to come.

Our Budget Book will suggest a savings plan to fit your income. Ask our Manager for a copy.

The Royal Bank of Canada

S439

Crop Reports

Total Assets
in Excess of
\$700,000,000

AS in previous years, the Bank of Montreal will publish during the season frequent reports on the progress of the crops.

These crop reports are telegraphed to various centres, from which they will be mailed free to all who require them.

Application to be put on the mailing list may be made in person or in writing at any Branch of the Bank.

Head Office: Montreal



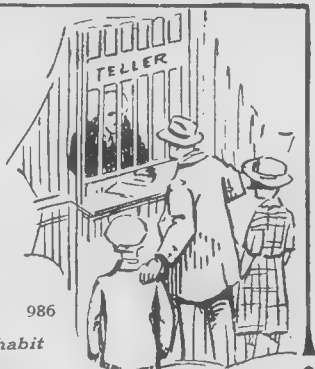
Bank of Montreal

Established Over 100 Years

A Lesson in Success

Teach your children to save. Open a Union Bank Savings Account for each of them. Let them be friends with the Bank Teller and take their own deposits to him.

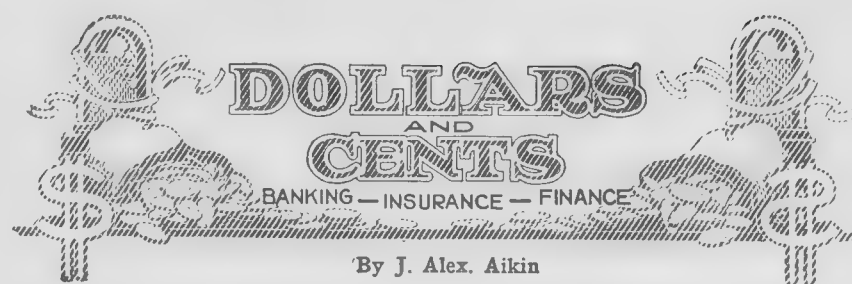
The easiest road to success is the savings habit



986

UNION BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG



By J. Alex. Aikin

Greater Winnipeg in the Making

HON. John Bracken has caught the vision of a greater Winnipeg, not of something in the dim and distant future, but of the city that now is and which requires practical treatment, such as is provided for in "The Winnipeg Municipal Board Act." This city of a quarter million people, 200,000 in Winnipeg proper and 50,000 in the suburban municipalities, assumed a burden some years ago of a waterworks system capable of supplying half a million people, thus realizing in advance on the value of co-operation. Splendid water and cheap power are the two principal assets which will contribute to the growth of the city. The power question is in the way of settlement, but waits on the day when the consumers will urge their public representatives to action. courage is an essential for the public man quite as much as discretion.

During the past seven years the going has been heavy for most of the municipalities around Winnipeg. When things were at full speed ahead 12 to 15 years back, they made plans based upon the notion that the progress then present was to stay. Meantime the taxpayers have been holding on, but in some cases the municipality has been overcome by obligations and is in need of help. This help may not be a cash advance or assumption of liabilities, as some of the Winnipeg aldermen have hastily concluded. What is wanted, as Premier Bracken has rightly seen, is a steady influence which will possess authority to take action as required, to guarantee where advisable and generally to administer affairs in a manner which will restore confidence in the tried municipalities.

There is nothing exceptional in this situation. Montreal is passing through an experience which in some respects proves leadership to Winnipeg. In 1919 the finances of Montreal and the administration generally became so bad that it was deemed necessary by the Premier, Sir Lomer Gouin, to take over the municipal authority and place it under a commission, the chairman of which was M. Decary, now a director of the C.N.R. In three years it was possible to turn over the city's affairs to an executive and council elected under a new charter. What Montreal needed in 1919 was a larger vision of duty and responsibility, which was given. It is quite evident Winnipeg is in need of the same kind of vision to lift it out of its depression and give it new faith and new conceptions of duty and responsibility.

There is a Metropolitan Commission at work on Montreal Island, for support of which Montreal budget makes provision of \$350,000 annually. This is for the purpose of extending help as may be required to the suburban municipalities and steadying them up in their difficulties. The situation is again under control; there have been no hurried annexations nor are likely to be. They will all come in with time, but for a while the thing to do is to assure them of such co-operation as will keep the situation well in hand. That is just what is wanted in Winnipeg, nothing more.

The power problem makes slow, if steady progress toward adjustment. The session of the Legislative Assembly just closed ratified writing off the loss estimated by the Sullivan Commission on the Provincial Hydro system, and the way is again open for plans or negotiations looking to distribution of cheap power over a wider area of the province. The capital expenditure on the system was \$1,938,825, which has been revalued at \$1,380,073, apart from annual deficits. It is a strange fact that while power is so cheap in the City of Winnipeg it is very high in all towns outside the limits of Greater Winnipeg. There is a snarl in

the plans for adjustment of the power question for the suburban municipalities but that should be untangled without much difficulty.

The rates paid for power in the towns of the province make it advisable and desirable that the provincial system be extended, either as a government utility or as a private enterprise, so that the towns and rural residents may enjoy the advantage of power and light at rates which are moderate and in fair relation to the Winnipeg situation.

As an indication of how the towns have to pay for power and light it may be stated that rates per kilowatt hour in the towns are somewhat as follows: Portage la Prairie, 12 cents; Carman, 15 cents; Killarney, 17 cents; Boisseguin, 20 cents; Carberry, 22 cents. If a satisfactory deal could be made with a private corporation which would take over the line at present valuation and undertake to extend the lines as may be agreed on with the provincial government, and for sale of light and power for rates to be stated, the province would be relieved of an unprofitable utility and secure all that is wanted without any capital investments. The other alternative is to negotiate for purchase of power delivered, extend the system so as to secure enough customers to carry the overhead and sell power at fair rates to consumers.

Municipal Councils Show Capacity

REPORTS of the western provinces for 1924 indicate improvement in the financial position of municipalities, due mainly to more comprehensive grasp of affairs by councils, economy in administration and discontinuance of capital expenditures except where necessary.

In Manitoba the municipal levy for all municipalities in 1922 amounted to \$19,302,894, and for 1923 \$17,954,489, a reduction quite substantial. In the same way the Municipal Commissioners levy for the three years shows steady reduction. For 1922 it was \$1,645,787; for 1923 it was \$1,434,672, while for 1924 it was \$1,345,312, a steady movement downward.

For the City of Winnipeg the Municipal Commissioners levy for the same three years was \$639,030 for 1922; \$643,993 in 1923 and \$605,466 in 1924.

In Saskatchewan there has been reduction in taxation in villages and towns in 1922 and 1923 as compared with 1921. In cities, while taxation for municipal purposes has steadily decreased, school taxes have slightly increased. The net result, however, for cities has been a gradual decrease in total taxation, the report of the municipal commissioner states. Total arrears of taxes in rurals and cities show a decrease, an increase in towns and villages. However, on this point it is gratifying to be able to record that debenture liabilities of rurals, villages and cities have decreased, while the amount of debenture principal outstanding in towns has actually decreased by over \$5,000,000.

In Alberta where during 1924 the operation of the Tax Recovery Act caused so much anxiety and in some instances loss of holdings, it was found that not only the municipal commissioner's office but all municipalities were able to report higher returns for the year. The Calgary tax rate was 5.8 mills lower than for 1923 and Edmonton was able to make some slight improvement in position all round.

In British Columbia total municipal liabilities were reduced by \$3,500,000 and debenture liabilities by \$2,500,000. Local improvement liabilities also show a betterment of \$5,500,000 since 1917. The sinking funds of municipalities were brought into better condition in 1923, the gross amount of sinking fund

Continued on page 47

Keep Churning

By Emily F. Murphy "Janey Canuck"

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IN Great Britain, France and other of the European countries, the people do not insure their lives as readily as we do in America but, having once put their signatures to the dotted line, they usually keep it there. They do not let their policies lapse lightly.

The foreign attitude to life assurance as compared with ours, reminds one of the two frogs that hopped into a pan of milk. One gave up in despair and drowned. The other kept on swimming round and round, contracting and expanding his legs after the manner of frogs until he churned a lump of butter. On this he crawled out and saved his life.

Upon enquiry into the matter of lapsation, several causes make themselves plainly evident.

One is just that some folk, like frogs, do not make an effort to meet the requirements of the situation. They have the brains to take out a policy but not the spine to continue it. In these days of bargains and attractive show windows, it is so much easier to spend than to save. Everyone knows this. It takes "spine" to save money—to cut out the luxuries of life and hold ourselves to the necessities. To a certain degree, we have all this spending mania. The national sin is wastefulness.

We must take cognizance of our tendencies in this direction if we would keep our policies from laxation. Having done this, the best preventative is to institute a "Life Assurance Saving Account" in a chartered bank, into which account we make a proportional deposit on a certain day of each week or month.

Farmers, contractors, mechanics and others who receive their money with irregularity should, nevertheless, provide for their life assurance premium the same as they provide for taxes, advertisements, or other expenses incidental to business. That is to say, the sum should be placed aside before it is actually needed—whether in a belt, a bank

or the proverbial "stocking"—and not left for the chance or hap of the moment.

Once the habit is acquired, it becomes easier to pay the assurance premium. In a sense, the amount becomes an indebtedness to us—as it actually is—and leaves us less amenable to the lure of "fine feathers," or those "amusements" and "recreations" that neither amuse or create.

Another reason for the lapsation of assurance lies in the fact that the members of the family are not educated as to the necessity of the husband or father carrying a policy on his life. They have not been taught that they are partners in the enterprise. If they were shown that they are the beneficiaries for whom the sacrifice is being made, they would be less likely to make it harder for him through unwarranted demands upon his purse.

In the United States and Germany, they are putting on courses of lectures in the high schools and universities in order to give a knowledge of life assurance to the students. The students are instructed as to its meaning in relation to old age, sickness, accidents, and death. We think a like procedure might be inaugurated with advantage in Canada.

Yes, our young people should be taught what life assurance really is:

"Ease for the aged and self-respect,
Success-making habits for all;
The thing that is right for every man
The answer to duty's call.

Builder of character in ways of thrift,
Conservator of human worth:

A torch shining bright on the mountains of hope,
For the fear-driven children of earth."

Emily F. Murphy.

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 46

shortage being reported at \$3,562,904 as compared with \$5,633,713 at the end of 1922.

Arrears of taxes in British Columbia also show an improvement, there being \$5,553,282 outstanding at the end of 1923 as compared with \$6,058,031 a year before. The gross amount of taxes levied in 1923 by municipalities in the province was \$14,458,471 as compared with \$14,324,665 in 1922.

On any such survey of the field it may be seen that the situation is well in hand, that the demands for economy have been heeded to some extent and that the taxpayers are somewhat more concerned in public affairs and holdings their representatives to account for their stewardship.

Expansion is the healthy test for such potential commonwealths as these four western provinces; they cannot stand still for that would mean going back. Economy in administration, joined with good judgment and expediency, are essential at this time when all signs indicate an era of development which should be watched and encouraged by every available worthy means.

Progress in Debt Settlement

PROGRESS is being made not only in the effort at providing security for all Europe but also in the settlement of war debts. The word is abroad that France and Italy, indeed all the Allied states on the continent, will be permitted to settle their debts with Great Britain by a small annual payment which will, with the payments from Germany, together amount to the £32,000,000 a year which Great

Britain undertook to pay and has been paying the United States.

The general arrangement is understood to be that France will pay Britain five million pounds annually, plus seven percent of the receipts from Germany, which will be 52 percent of the Dawes settlement. Britain is entitled to receive 22 percent of the Dawes payments from Germany.

An important feature of the plan is that Great Britain will not require a guarantee from her debtors that Germany will pay, but will free them to the extent of German liability. This settlement so favourable to France will no doubt have a moderating effect on the United States when negotiations are opened for funding the debt.

France will endeavour to balance the national budget for the coming year, according to estimates being passed upon by Parliament. The Senate of France imposed economies of 900,000,000 francs upon the budget as passed along from the Chamber of Deputies, which will enable a balance to be effected for the year and should aid in the recovery of the franc in world exchange.

Major Muggs, ex-Indian Army, was playing his usual eighteen holes before lunch, but was a long way below his usual standard, making many bad shots.

In consequence of this his temper, never one of the best, became somewhat ruffled, and his anger increased when he noticed that a laborer was following from hole to hole. At last the Major could stand it no longer.

"What the — are you looking at?" he burst out.

"Looking, sir?" replied the laborer. "I ain't looking, I'm listening."

"Made-to-Order For Men Like Me"

"It wasn't until I heard about the North American Life 'Paid Up At 65' Policy that I became insured," states Henry Anderson. "This is the ideal insurance policy for me because at sixty-five years of age—when my earning power will be less than it is to-day—the policy will be paid up. My old age will be free from the worry of premium payments."

"Another advantage is that the premiums are almost as low as for Whole Life insurance."

The North American Life "Paid Up At 65" Policy is a low cost form of insurance. Perhaps it is the policy that fills your requirements. Let us send full information. Write to-day.

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Head Office—Toronto, Canada.

Please send me full information about the
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Women

Many women have lost heavily when investing funds bequeathed to them, by taking the advice of unprincipled speculators. The best protection a woman can secure is to place her estate under the management of a strong trust company such as this Corporation.

Let our financial resources and financial
experience protect your inheritance. We
would welcome an interview with you.

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Vanishing "Typically Western" Things

AMONG the spectacles at the British Empire Exhibition, or "Wembley," to use the name by which it has become common in England to refer to it, was a Stampede, with cowboys, bucking horses, an Indian village and all the other usual accessories. There was a very considerable outburst of protest in the London papers against the cattle-roping and other features as cruel, and modifications were made in the performances. No doubt many people in the immense number of visitors to the great Exhibition which has been so notable a world event this year believed that the Stampede was a living picture of life in Western Canada as it is. The Stampede is a symbol of the West that was. Speaking of the last Stampede at Edmonton, the Edmonton Bulletin said: "Few of the horses seen at the Stampede are of the same class seen at the Alberta Stampedes twenty years ago. There were some 'bad' ones, but most of those classed as 'bad' had been more or less made so. There were some good riders at the opening performance, but the work of others showed lack of experience. But this was no fault of their own. The last West is practically gone, and the conditions which created the cowboy who still figures in fiction have passed away." There may be some who think that there is exaggeration in the words which have just been quoted from the Edmonton Bulletin, but the fact remains that driving an automobile over trails will not produce the cowboy of fiction, with his bright-colored trappings and leather chaps and his romantic picturesqueness. No longer is the sight of Indians hanging around the Hudson's Bay Company's stores, as we still see them in the movies, typical of Western Canada. The West has changed, and before very many old years only the Old Timers will remember things which in novels and the movies are still "typically Western."

Canada, Great Britain and The States

THERE has come to The Philosopher's desk a newly-published book written by a Canadian, Dr. Robert MacGregor Dawson, in which he says that "the most casual student of Canadian politics cannot help observing the joint influence of Great Britain and the United States on almost every phase of Canadian national life." It is true, of course, that blood and language, literature and history, and laws and institutions are to a large extent common to Canada, Great Britain and the United States. The physical proximity and the many points of similarity in methods of business and ways of everyday life have an undoubted influence in this country. But Dr. Dawson goes so far as to write that "in the actual workings of our system there has been from time a movement towards the spirit and the methods of the United States—a movement not always admitted or consciously recognized, but nevertheless clear to any student of politics who cares to look below the surface." It would be interesting to have Dr. Dawson explain this assertion of his. That there are certain parallels is undeniable. This is a world of causes and effect, and that like conditions lead to like results in different countries is nothing new in history. But political developments in Canada and in the United States go forward in each country independently of the other. It is true that legislation altering economic conditions can make itself felt more or less across the invisible international line, but there has never been any Americanizing of Canadian politics in that way, nor is such a thing conceivable. Anything of that sort is farther from possibility now than ever it was. Canada is Canadian for keeps, and the real bonds between Canada and Great Britain are stronger than ever they were.

The Making of a Canadian Literature

ONCE again there is in the newspapers discussion of the progress which is being made towards the creation of a Canadian literature. The one thing most needful in the creation of a literature in Canada or in any other country is understanding of the fact that literature is a thing of the spirit. It is not a thing which can be promoted by methods which, however well intended, are mercantile methods or materialistic in their character. Every great people in history has given proof of its spirit in a literature of its own. What is it that makes a nation great? The spirit of its people. And a national literature is the most enduring expression of a people's spirit. Their territory may not be of great extent, but literature, like patriotism, has nothing to do with the size of a country. A land may be a small one, like Greece, or Scotland; or large, like Canada. Its national spirit has nothing to do with its dimensions. Material success is good, but only as a preliminary of better things. Merely entertaining books are all right enough in their way. But such books do not make a great literature. The measure of a nation's true success is mainly the amount it has contributed by its literature to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and the consolation of mankind. And it is satisfactory to know that we have Canadian writers who are giving constantly increasing proof that they are intent with heart and soul in making a literature which will do these things.

The Philosopher

The Art of Being Agreeable

TO have it said truly of you that you are agreeable and intelligent is to possess two of the most important factors of success in life. Both qualities are important. At first glance, one may think that intelligence is the more important of the two: but the surest proof that a person is truly intelligent is that he, or she, understands the importance of being agreeable. The chief secret in being agreeable is to put yourself in the other person's place, to try to understand him and get his outlook and to be sympathetic. If you will think out carefully why it is that an overbearing manner, a loud voice, boastfulness, rudeness in any form in another person offends you, you will realize that it is that these things are manifestations of egotism in that person. If a person ignores you, or shows yawning indifference when you speak to him, you are offended. Why? Because he is so self-centred and thinks so little about you that he is not concerned about your feelings at all and cares nothing for what you have to say. In a word, disagreeableness is egotism. It is interesting to prove this by experiment. You can do so any day of your life. Try the effect of not talking about yourself and your own affairs, and of encouraging the other person to talk about himself and his affairs. You will find him giving indications that he considers you a sympathetic and intelligent person. And in like manner you will find, if you will try to stand outside yourself and look into your own mind when you are speaking with a person who is free from egotism that you cannot help liking him and feeling well-disposed towards him, no matter how awkward he may be or deficient in some of the things which make people have a good opinion of themselves.

The Tides of Life and Death

THE word "influenza," which we use as the name of one of the worst of the diseases which at intervals have taken heavy toll of human lives, means nothing but "influence," and so bears testimony to the deep-seated human sense of the mysteriousness of life and death. Another indication of the same source is the age-old belief that a dying person is more likely to go out on his long journey after midnight, "in the darkest hour before the dawn." There is also the belief among people who live by the sea that the dying passes out most often with the outward turn of the tide. What reader of Dickens does not remember Mr. Peggotty's words about this in "David Copperfield"? Said he: "People can't die along the coast except when the tide's pretty nigh out. They can't be born unless it's pretty nigh in." In regard to the idea that most people die after midnight and before dawn, the statistics of deaths in a number of hospitals have been tabulated, with the result of showing that of the deaths recorded in those statistics most occurred between midnight and six o'clock in the morning, and the fewest between noon and two o'clock in the afternoon. But medical science offers no explanation of this. Indeed, it is to be questioned whether the examination of a wider range of statistics would lead to the same conclusions as are shown by the hospital statistics that were tabulated. But it can hardly be doubted that the ancient belief that the hour of midnight has some mystic significance in human affairs will persist in many quarters for some time to come.

The Soviet Rulers and Tolstoy

THE latest demonstration which the Soviet Government of Russia has given of the extreme length to which it is carried in some directions by rigid devotion to the doctrines of Marxian communism is the condemnation of all the books of Tolstoy, whose books will nevertheless be cherished by the world at large as outstanding expressions of Russian genius. Russia has produced no greater writer than Tolstoy, whose life during his later years, like his writings, was a protest against the whole system of life and government in Russia under the autocracy, which would have liked to silence him by immuring him in exile in Siberia, but dared not do so, for fear of the world opinion that would be aroused by any action against Tolstoy or any attempt to curb his freedom of utterance. At the solemn condemnation of his books at Moscow recently, the widow of Lenine declared that they "are poisoned with middle-class sentiment and ideas and morality," and Lunacharski, the Minister of Education, said now that "the dictatorship of the proletariat" is established in Russia, all Tolstoy's ideas should be stamped out. A decree was solemnly passed, ordering that Tolstoy's books should be taken from all public and private libraries and ground into pulp, and the pulp made into paper, to be used for printing the writings of Lenine, Trotsky, Lunacharski and other exponents of Sovietism.

The Annexationists of Seventy-Five Years Ago

THERE is in the Provincial Library at Winnipeg a copy of a pamphlet which is now extremely rare. It is the Manifesto advocating the annexation of the Canada of that time to the United States, which was issued at Montreal in December, 1849. That Manifesto was signed by many of the leading men in business life and in public affairs in the Canada of that time, which consisted only of the present Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The strong annexationist sentiment which had arisen was due partly to political discontent and partly to business depression. It lasted only a few months and withered under the revival of prosperity. That curious and forgotten chapter in Canadian history has been brought to attention again by the publication in The Canadian Historical Review of a number of letters and other documents which were left among his papers by Hon. Edward Goff Penny, a member of the Senate, on his death in 1881. They were filed away and lost sight of by his son and namesake, who was formerly one of the members of Parliament for Montreal. Recently they were found by his grandson, Arthur G. Penner, managing editor of The Quebec Chronicle. These letters show that a remarkably large number of prominent men in Upper Canada, which is now Ontario, were active participants in that annexation movement. It is remarkable how all the members of that movement in both Lower and Upper Canada became wholly converted from their annexationist sentiments. Among the signers of the Manifesto were John J. C. Albert, who afterwards became a Sir, and Premier of Canada; John Rose, who became a Sir and Minister of Finance; A. A. Dorion, who likewise became a Sir and Minister of Justice; D. L. Macpherson, later Sir David, and Speaker of the Senate; Mr. Penny himself, Luther H. Holton, who was a Dominion Minister later on, and not a few others who took prominent parts in the work of forming confederation and building up the Dominion. Annexation sentiment is so far from the thought and feeling of all Canadians now that it is hard to realize today that the Manifesto of 1849 was ever issued.

Static

A FEW years ago not one person in five hundred, if asked to tell what static electricity was, would be able to do so. He would look blank, and say he had never heard of it. Now that the miracle of radio has become a thing of everyday familiarity, "static" may be said to be a household word. One evening last month when The Philosopher was at the house of a friend who is a radio enthusiast, the "static" was interfering so much with the working of the receiving set that it was left idle for a while, and the conversation turned to the small beginnings from which the wonderful developments which we have today in the telegraph, the telephone, wireless and transmission have grown. The father of the family told how Benjamin Franklin drew down the electricity from the sky on the string of a kite. As the story is usually told, he drew down the lightning. The small son of the family asked his father why the lightning did not kill Franklin. The answer to that question is, of course, that Franklin did not draw down the lightning. He did not make that experiment when there was an electric storm in progress. What he drew down was simply some of the static electricity from the clouds—some of the "static" that bothers radio enthusiasts occasionally. Neither Franklin nor anybody else at that time, or for long afterward, foresaw the modern electrical developments, much less the developments of wireless transmission. It seems impossible that the world a century from now will be as much ahead of the world today in these things as the world today is ahead of the world a century ago. But who can tell?

The Power of Shaping Ourselves

EVERYBODY wants to succeed. But nobody knows in advance what success means. To many who are beginning their active lives success means the acquisition of wealth. To others, power. To some, the mastery of a profession, or craft or art. But when the years have brought the wisdom that comes from knowledge of the meaning of life, the only real success is seen to be the development of character, which brings serenity and courage and happiness. A person's real success consists of what that person is, not of what he has. It depends upon what he has made of himself. This is to say, it depends upon his habits of mind and body. And it is possible for us to shape our habits. Nothing could be truer than a man's real creed is his habits. Our mental habits, the thoughts we think, mold our characters. In the long run, it is not the things we do or say deliberately on special occasions that create our personalities and impress those about us; it is what we think and feel habitually. That is to say, what we are. Few of us realize as early in life as we might, the power we have of shaping our mental and bodily habits and so of shaping ourselves.

Wastrels

By Fred Scott Shepard

A BUSINESS man accosted a young man with the query of "What are you doing?" only to be told in a nonchalant manner, "Just killing time!" "Killing time!" the man exclaimed; "that is the worst of all crimes; that is murder in the first degree, for time is the most precious thing in all the world." "But," says another, "killing time is not murder; it is suicide; it is self-destruction." An equally criminal offence.

A cleverly drawn cartoon depicts a young man throwing broadcast bills, resembling bank notes, which are labeled, "Days and Hours," and underneath is written: "The greatest of all spend-thrifts is he who wastes time." Wastrels of time! That which has untold, intrinsic value and that which once allowed to pass by can never be recalled.

A military company hears the officer command, "Mark time!" and there they are—a hundred, five hundred, a thousand men, moving in perfect unison as they obey the order, but making no progress, getting nowhere, because they are simply marking time. How like this are those who go through a certain routine of action but who are accomplishing nothing worth while in so doing. Investing precious time in that which profiteth nothing. Spendthrifts—wastrels!

In what direct contrast is the word of admonition used by the Apostle Paul when he says, "Redeeming the time," or as the revised version renders it, "Buying up the opportunities," viz., making the most of the moments and the opportunities as they come; paying the price of watchfulness, alertness and earnest endeavor so that they may be made to produce the very greatest returns and none of them be allowed to slip by unobserved or unimproved.

The ancients pictured Opportunity as a fleet runner, the back of whose head was bald, indicating thereby that when once he had passed by there was no chance for catching hold of him to retain him or retard his flight, thus giving rise to the expression, "Taking time by the forelock." In the olden times, when the grist-mill was operated by a water-wheel, the same idea was emphasized by the saying that the mill could never grind the flour with the water that was past. How important to learn this lesson and learn it well, lest otherwise we become foolish wastrels—spendthrifts of the valuable gifts of time and opportunity.

"I have just a little minute,
Only sixty seconds in it;
Forced upon me, can't refuse it;
Didn't seek it, didn't choose it;
But it's up to me to use it;
I must smart, if I abuse it;
Just a tiny little minute,
But eternity is in it."

Jack Miner and His Canadian Bird Sanctuary

Continued from page 12

those vicinities. Kingsville has got a good start in the same direction

A newspaper recently made a survey of the town and found that practically ninety per cent. of the summer resorters who had built homes in Kingsville and vicinity had been first attracted there by the ducks and geese on the well-known sanctuary. Several citizens of the village, on being interviewed said that Jack Miner and his Bird Sanctuary were so well-known that whenever they left the town and said they were from Kingsville, they would first be asked if they knew Jack Miner and, vice versa, when any visitors came to the town, they wanted to see the bird farm.

While the Miner property is all private, during the week Jack Miner himself usually escorts parties around. On Sunday, however, his property is strictly private. When asked why this was, he said: "Sunday is the Lord's day—not a day for visiting Jack Miner and his Bird Sanctuary."

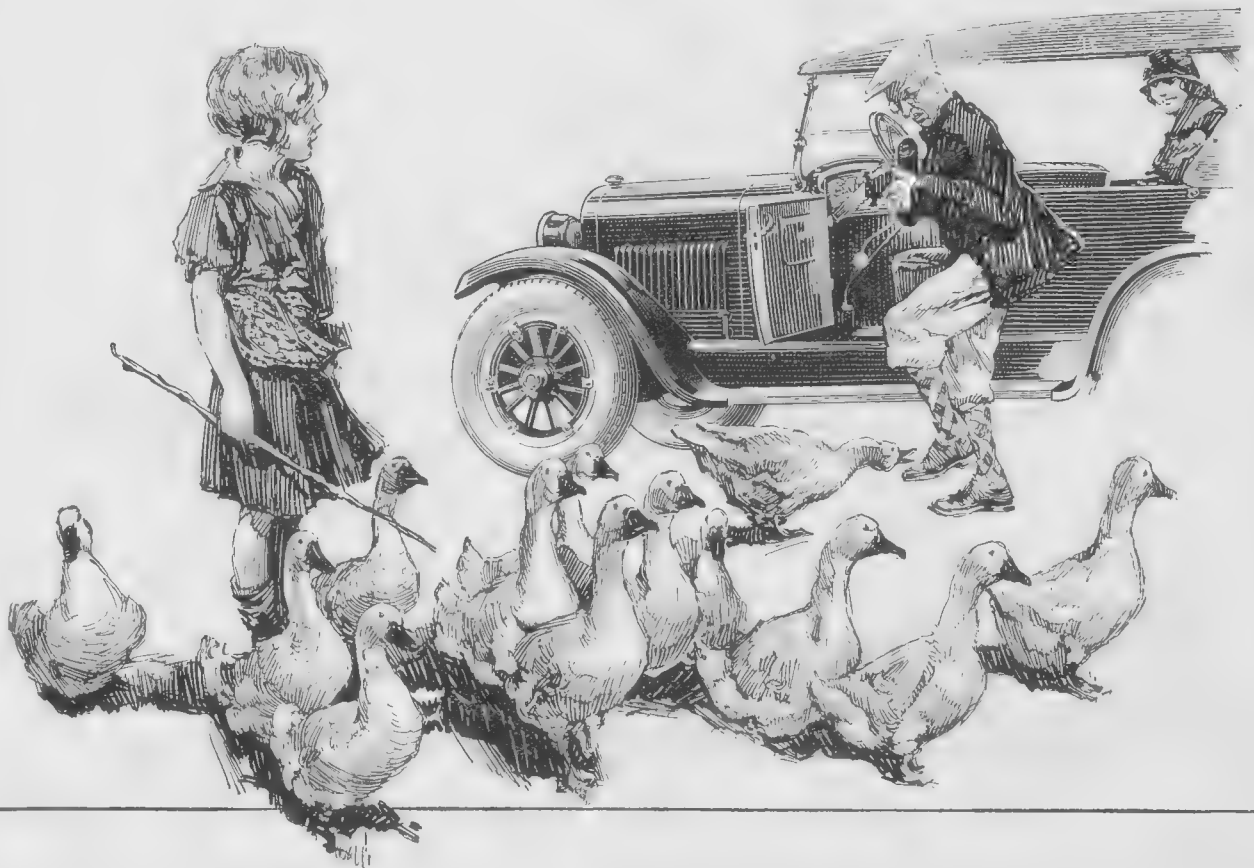
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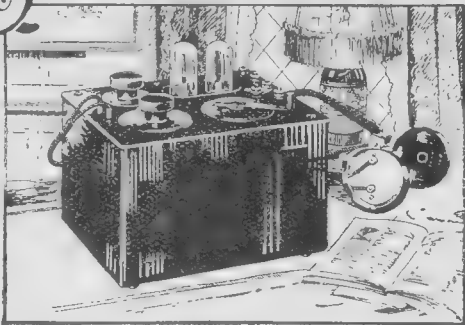
Our Classified Columns

offer a wonderful means whereby our readers can convert into ready cash anything at all of a marketable nature and many thrifty housewives, through the judicious use of the classified page are earning a steady income. Take a glance at the little advertisements appearing in this issue and then consider whether you too have not something to offer the 50,000 readers of the Western Home Monthly. On receipt of a post card we shall be glad to send you full particulars and also co-operate with you in every possible way in order to make your little venture a success.

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

Radiola III

Two Tube Set



A COMPACT two-tube receiver. Under favorable conditions, local stations may be heard on a loud speaker. With head 'phones, broadcasting from stations a thousand miles away can easily be "tuned in". An exceptional selective circuit can be instantly switched on when local interference is present.

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The famous UV-199 Radiotron, which has heretofore been used only on more expensive models, is now installed on Radiola Models III and III-A, built by C.G.E. This tube is the most economical and efficient dry cell tube made. It uses from 30 to 35% less battery power than other dry cell tubes.

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Slogans of the Various Broadcasting Stations

Canadian Stations

CKY—Winnipeg—"The Gateway to the West."
CFCA—Toronto—"Canada's Finest Covers All."
CFCH—Iroquois Falls, Ont.—"The Call of the North."
CFCL—Victoria, B.C.—"Where Religion Cheers."
CFCN—Calgary, Alta.—"Voice of the Prairies."
CFQC—Saskatoon, Sask.—"The Hub City of the West." "Where No. 1 Northern Hard Wheat Grows."
CHCE—Victoria, B.C.—"The Voice of the Island."
CJCA—Edmonton, Alta.—"The Sunniest Spot in Sunny Alberta."
CJCM—Mont Joli, P.Q.—"Three Weeks Below Quebec, Where Civilization Nearly Ends."
CKCK—Regina, Sask.—"The Queen City of the West."
CKOC—Hamilton, Ont.—"In the Garden of Canada."

Mexican Stations:

CYX—Mexico City—"The Land of the Aztecs."

United States Stations:

KDKA—Pittsburgh—"Pioneer Broadcasting Station."
KDPT—San Diego—"At the End of the Trail."
KDZR—Bellingham, Wash.—"Tulip Town."
KFAU—Boise, Idaho—"Follow the Oregon Trail to Boise."
KFBK—Sacramento—"Gateway to California."
KFHA—Gunnison, Colo.—"Where the Sun Shines Every Day."
KFHR—Seattle, Wash.—"The Voice of the Charmed Land."
KFI—Los Angeles—"The Radio Central Station."
KFJC—Seattle, Wash.—"In the Charmed Land."
KFKB—Milford, Kas.—"The Home of Gland Transplantation."
KFLR—Albuquerque, N.M.—"The Sunshine Centre of America."
KFLU—San Benito, Tex.—"Heart of the Magic Valley."
KFLZ—Atlantic, Iowa—"The Garden Spot of Iowa."
KFNF—Shenandoah, Iowa—"Friendly Station in a Friendly Town."
KFNO—Paso Robles, Calif.—"The Home of the Nut."
KFON—Long Beach, Calif.—"Where Your Ship Comes In."
KFOY—St. Paul, Minn.—"The Beacon of Progress."
KFPV—San Francisco—"Ain't We Got Fun."
KGB—Tacoma, Wash.—"The Lumber Capital of America and the Gateway to Mt. Tacoma."
KGG—Portland, Ore.—"The Rose City."
KGW—Portland, Ore.—"Keep Growing Wiser."
KHJ—Los Angeles—"Kindness, Happiness, Joy."
KJS—Los Angeles—"King Jesus Saves."
KLX—Oakland, Calif.—"Where Rail and Water Meet."
KMJ—Fresno, Calif.—"Voice of the San Joaquin."
KOB—State College, N.M.—"The Sunshine State of America."
KPO—San Francisco—"The City of the Golden Gate."
KUO—San Francisco—"The Voice of the West."
KYW—Chicago—"The World Crier Station."
WAAW—Omaha—"Where Agriculture Accumulates Wealth."
WABY—Philadelphia—"The Quaker City Sleep Dodgers."
WABZ—New Orleans—"The Station With a Message."
WPAN—Paterson, N.J.—"The Silk City of America."

WBAP—Port Worth—Club—"The Radio Truth League."
WBAV—Columbus—"We Broadcast a Variety."
WBBG—Mattapoisett, Mass.—"The Voice of Cape Cod."
WBT—Charlotte, N.C.—"Queen City of the South."
WCAD—Canton, N.J.—"The Voice of the North Country."
WCAH—Columbus—"The Heart of Ohio."
WCAL—Northfield, Minn.—"The College on the Hill."
WCAR—San Antonio, Tex.—"Royal Order of Prevaricators."
WCBZ—Zion City, Ill.—"Where God Rules, Man Prospers." "Closing salutation, 'Peace Be Unto You.'"
WCBZ—Chicago Heights—"Where the Lincoln and Dixie Highways Meet."
WCBZ—Detroit—"Red Apple Club."
WDAF—Kansas City, Mo.—"Night-hawks' Club."
WDAR—Philadelphia—"Morning Glory Club." "The Quaker City Siren."
WDAY—Fargo, N.D.—"The Biggest Little City in the World."
WDBH—Worcester, Mass.—"The Voice from the Heart of the Commonwealth."
WDBJ—Roanoke, Va.—"The Magic City of the Old Dominion."
WDBU—Skowhegan, Me.—"Only One Skowhegan, the Garden Spot of America."
WEAA—Flint, Mich.—"The Vehicle City."
WEAF—New York—"The Voice of the Millions."
WEAU—Sioux City, Ia.—"The Heart of the Corn Belt."
WEAY—Houston—"Where all the Oceans Meet All the Railroads."
WFAA—Dallas—"Working For All Alike."
WFAN—Hutchinson, Minn.—"Gateway of the Ten Thousand Lakes of Minnesota."
FFAV—Lincoln, Neb.—"The Home of the Cornhuskers."
WFI—Philadelphia—Sign off with chimes.
WGAL—Lancaster—"World's Gardens at Lancaster."
WGI—Medford Hillside, Mass.—"The Voice of the Air."
WGR—Buffalo—"Key City of Industry."
WHAV—Wilmington—"The First Broadcasting Station of the First City of the First State."
WHAZ—Troy, N.Y.—"Transcontinental and International Broadcasting Station at the Oldest College of Engineering."
WHB—Kansas City, Mo.—"Heart of America." Sign-off. "Good night to those on the East Coast; good morning to those on the West Coast."
WHN—New York—"The Voice of the Great White Way."
WIP—Philadelphia—"Watch Its Progress. We interpret Philadelphia."
WJAN—Peoria—"The Grandview City of Illinois."
WJAR—Providence—"The Southern Gateway to New England."
WJAX—Cleveland—"The Wave from Lake Erie."
WKAQ—San Juan, Porto Rico—"The Island of Enchantment."
WLBI—Stevens Point, Wis.—"Wisconsin, Land of Beautiful Lakes."
WMAF—Dartmouth, Mass.—"The Voice from 'Way Down East.'"
WMAH—Lincoln, Neb.—"Lincoln Hoot Owls."
WMAY—St. Louis—"May Every Byway Hear Kings' Highway."
WMC—Memphis—"Down in Dixie."
WMH—Cincinnati—"The Station on the Hill."

Continued on page 78

Genuine
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Colds	Headache
Pain	Neuralgia
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The Home Garden

Conducted by Allan Campbell

The Native Plum—A Reliable Crop

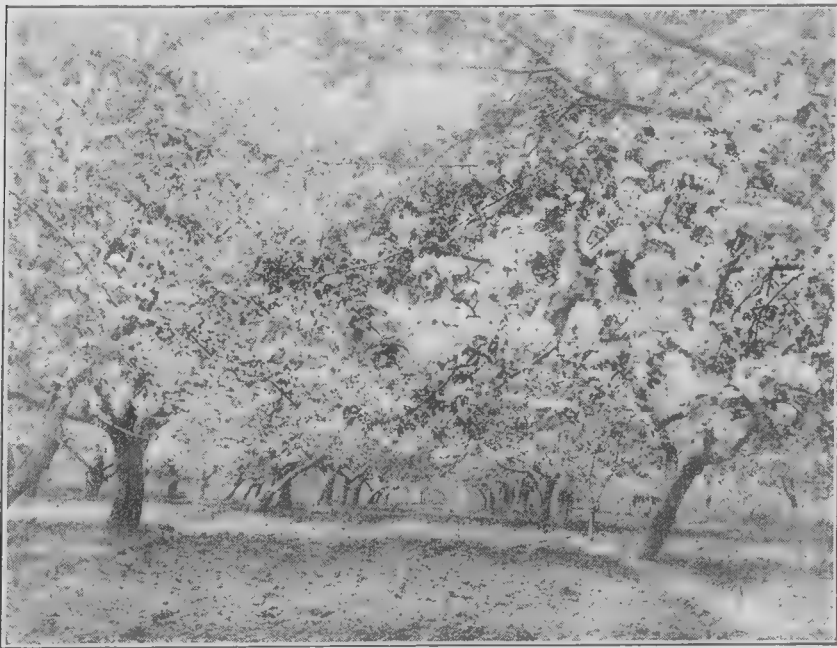
THE Native Plum is a very popular fruit and it should certainly have a more conspicuous place in the home garden. The fruit is very refreshing when eaten raw and it has another good point in that it makes a very desirable preserve. In this country when winter calls a halt on fresh fruit of the native kind, we turn to the sealers in the cellar to give us the necessary change in diet, and a good percentage of these sealers should contain plums from the garden. As a native of Manitoba, the plum is well able to cope with the climate, and it is a very unusual thing for the plum harvest to be a complete failure.

These plums will succeed on many kinds of soil and the trees winter well, and the only setback that may occur is one that every plant is subject to, and that is, a late spring frost and the killing of blossoms. The soil should be well drained. Land that has been well manured for root crops, ploughed in the autumn and spring, and well harrowed, should be in good condition for planting the young trees.

Plum trees should be planted in rows and a good distance apart so as to get the full advantage of sunlight and also to allow for cultivation both ways between the trees. About fifteen feet apart is the distance recommended.

without having to crowd them or double them up. The hole should be about eighteen inches deep and the soil on the bottom loosened without being removed so that the roots will not rest on a hard surface. In digging the hole, the finer surface soil should be thrown to one side apart from the lower and coarser soil. This fine soil should be first thrown in after the tree has been placed in the hole, for the reason that, being fine, it will more readily settle among the fine roots of the tree. To ensure a greater degree of safety in the operation, the tree should be planted an inch deeper than its original depth so as to ensure the roots being thoroughly covered. It is very important to make sure that the roots are properly buried in the soil and that there are no air spaces, otherwise the planting may be wasted labor. After the fine surface soil that was set aside to be used on the lower roots has been exhausted in supply and the hole is about half full, a good tramping should be the next proceeding, then fill the hole up with the coarser soil. The surface around the bottom of the tree trunk should be loose soil to check evaporation.

The varieties recommended for the West are as follows: Cheney, Aitkin, Odegard, Assiniboine, and the best seedlings of the Manitoba Native Plum.



Blossom time in an apple orchard

It is advantageous to have protection on the north and west of the plum orchard in order to check the velocity of the wind, but not entirely to stop it, as a current of air through the orchard is necessary for the checking of insect pests, etc.

The main object of the windbreak is to lessen the force of the wind so that the trees will grow to the best advantage in an upright manner, and to afford such a protection that the ripe fruit will not be blown off the trees in such quantities that go to make the windfalls of a poorly-protected orchard. Then, again, by the latter system the force of the wind will have less of a tendency to dry out the soil. It is recommended that the windbreak be planted no nearer than forty feet from the first row of fruit trees.

In starting the plum orchard, trees one or two years old are the most suitable. The spring is the best time to do the planting, and it should be done as early as possible. Great care should be exercised in planting, as that is the critical period. The trees should be carried to the place where they are to be planted and assembled in small bundles with a wet sack wrapped around the roots. In the process of planting, the roots should not be exposed to the air any longer than is absolutely necessary. The hole should be dug to accommodate the roots

From an ornamental point of view, the plum tree has a distinct claim for adoption. In the early spring, when the whole countryside has the drabness and general lack of color, and after the winter siege, one feels the urge of the outdoor world, the plum blossoms, with their exceptionally pretty blendings of white and delicate pink are beginning to peep through the buds and are among the very first of spring's greetings to mankind on the prairies. Later, there is a general burst of blooms well ahead of any leaves, giving the trees a snow-laden appearance, and when harvest time comes, these same trees become both useful and ornamental inasmuch as they are laden with red fruit. When this is picked and the season of night frosts is in, these sturdy trees will be ready to stand up to the onslaughts of winter and come through unimpaired.

The Need of Good Potatoes.

MANY fields of potatoes and even small patches which have the appearance of normal crops with a clean bill of health, are in reality a collection of diseases unsuspected by the grower. Many an expert in potato diseases has surprised the grower by announcing the fact of the presence of disease in what was considered a healthy crop.

Continued on page 77



It does the work—safely

THERE are just two things you want to know about an antiseptic:

Does it do the work; and

Does it do it safely? Listerine has been trusted for half a century because people *know* it does both.

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Inactive, indoor life, often leads to minor ailments which, unchecked, may become serious. Nature then needs the assistance of ENO in expelling impurities from the system, purifying the blood stream and toning up the liver.

ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
TRADE MARK

The World-Famed Effervescent Saline

MY first must be a word of apology to May Sinclair. You may remember that I narrated a conversation I had with this brilliant woman about her latest novel, "Arnold Waterlow." I told you that there was a "hint of tears" in her eyes when referring to one of the characters, Ellie. Since then I have received a letter from May Sinclair stating that she will "never forgive me," that it was a cold in her head and not a hint of tears. Sorry, May Sinclair! Mine was the more artistic interpretation.

Now I do hope I am not going to get into trouble with Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, but I am too proud of having been his hostess one afternoon last week not to tell you something about him that proves my acquaintanceship. There was no hint of tears in Mr. Sheppard's eyes, but a lot of smoke, for he puffed away at cigarettes unceasingly. Prior to meeting this noted author, I had written to him several times, and on each occasion brought forth a rebuke. Either I had spelt Tresidder with double s and a single d, or kept a p out of Sheppard. But I have it right now. As I told Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, one would expect a grandiloquent, ornate type of novel from a man with such a glorious name to uphold. But these adjectives hardly apply to "Brave Earth" (London, Jonathan Cape) which novel I have just finished reading.

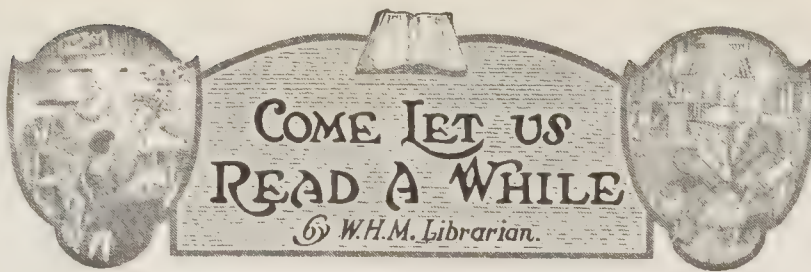
A brave book! A huge canvas cut from the scroll bearing the dates 1529 to 1650. And on this canvas Mr. Sheppard has painted such word pictures that the past is the present and we are no longer seated on a modern Chesterfield listening to Tetrazini by wireless. We are sitting on uncomfortable benches over-eating ourselves at the betrothal festivities given by Roger Arundell, in his Exe Valley Hall, for his son Humphrey. No Persian rugs, nor rose colored shades above electric "standards" here. But new green rushes and old brown rushes, and for light, what faint daylight "drifted through inadequate windows" and joined itself with candle light. No precocious children at this party begging themselves to be excused as they had other "dates" at wayside inns where parents were not admitted. But children who, though old enough to be betrothed and young enough to eat too much pastry, were sent to bed by their elders before whom they knelt for the goodnight benediction.

Far enough are we not from present day customs and yet the boy Humphrey, despite his early betrothal, his manner of dress, his mode of speech and his upbringing, is very much like the boy of today. There is no "period" to human emotions. Hence Mr. Sheppard has been able to seize the imagination and claim the sympathy from the outset. For this is a story of an adolescent boy, a man, a soldier, a lover, a soul at war with itself, a mind groping after truth. What though he lived four hundred years ago in Cornwall? Strip him of his doublet and hose, attune his tongue to Gee and Gosh in lieu of the Saints he prefers to call upon, give him a Ford car in exchange for his horse—and you have the man. I stress this for fear some of you say, "Oh, I cannot read historic novels that throw me into the past." For although "Brave Earth" reminds us of our history books, of King Henry the Eighth, of the New Prayer Book and the fighting that it caused, nevertheless the love story of Humphrey and Jackett; the marriage story of Humphrey and Elizabeth, who at thirteen was a most detestable little girl—these stories run through "Brave Earth" like threads of modern floss worked into a mediaeval tapestry.

To those who love a "period" story when such has been written with consummate skill, after years of patient research, and by one who has a peculiar gift for historical visualisation; to such I say "hasten to read 'Brave Earth.'" It is not merely a fascinating novel. It is a most artistic piece of writing and a scholarly achievement.

From South Africa

LAST week I had a most pleasant surprise wrapped up in brown paper. A volume of poems from the author, Maud Wynne Cole of Wynberg. "Songs from South Africa" (The Specialty Press Ltd., Wynberg) is the title of this well-printed volume and comprises lyric outpourings from one who is obviously a great lover of Nature and who has,



moreover, a thoughtful mind and a lively imagination. Among the war-time lyrics is one that pleased me particularly and also called to mind a poem by another "Dominion" poetess, Katherine Hale. Who will ever forget her "Knitting Needles" of 1914? Mrs. Cole's is equally charming and poignant and is entitled "To a Soldier; a Knitting Song." Bird-lovers will be most interested in a section of this volume devoted to Songs of Birds. One who knows Africa well, tells me that in "The Bulbul," Mrs. Cole has achieved a remarkable word interpretation of the Bulbul's note and song phrase. How children must love to hear the "Tale of Giovanni," a most high-spirited and whimsical performance, which proves that Mrs. Cole, like most poets, is a child at heart. Translations from French and German also have a place in this volume which, by the very variety of its contents, will appeal to a large circle of poetry lovers. The poet's own ambition for her work is summed up in the concluding lyric,

"Where will you go, Songs?—born of my brain—
Children of gladness, children of pain,
Smiling as sunshine, or tearful as rain—
Where will you go?"

Should you have brought one happy thought
To a mind oppressed with care;
Or should you beguile a fleeting smile,



Iberian-American Exposition, Plaza d'America, Seville, Spain

From lips where smiles are rare;
If you should give one hour of rest
To an over-wearied brain—
O, Songs of mine, wherever you go,
Your making and message will both be blest
And I shall know
That I have not sung in vain.

Essays in Color

WHEN Canadian journalists visit London they are sure to fall into the hospitable arms of the writer, Mrs. Eustace Miles. One can't, if one would, escape those arms, so wide are they stretched, and so far-reaching. Forever memorable will be the "teas" she gave last year to overseas journalists. I remember Professor A. E. Johnson, for many years resident in Winnipeg, saying at one of those "teas"—"I've met more interesting people through Mrs. Eustace Miles' kindness than through scores of other channels." It was at one of those delightful affairs that Beatrice Harraden pounced upon me and said "she loved Canadians." Perhaps it is due to Mrs. Eustace Miles' genius for hospitality, that one is inclined to forget that she is a writer. For how can an author spare so much time making other writers happy? Yet she has at least half a dozen books to her credit. One, I have just finished reading. It is

in its third edition—"Life's Colors" (London: The Churchman Publishing Company). This little book comprises a dozen and more essays on colors and their relationship to life. Mrs. Miles has gone to great pains to incorporate appropriate quotations from famous poets and writers bearing upon this subject. She wears rose-hued glasses, does this authoress, and as a result all her reflections, many very wise and helpful, are tinged with a delightful and warming glow.

All Manner of Wives

JEALOUS, flighty, unsympathetic, suspicious, disillusioned wives! Wives of every conceivable type and temperament stare out at one from the pages of Katherine Tynan's collection of stories entitled "Wives" (London Hurst and Blackett). Are wives such a bad lot, you ask? Katherine Tynan doesn't think much of them, but then she has taken rather a special set of circumstances and special environments, both of which are conducive to making ordinary women into bad wives. Hill station life, idleness, childlessness, financial ease—these are conditions that may easily turn quite a decent woman into a very poor specimen of a wife. Thank goodness, one closes the book on a happy note. We know Clodagh Burke is going to make a very good wife for Larry. But then she had proved herself a good wife to Sir Alexander, now dead. She had had this advantage. She had served an apprenticeship to the business of being happily married. Larry would marry no tyro but an artist in marriage craft.

Poultry Farm Story

THE librarian said it was "very good," so I took it. Its title, "The Farm of Melchizedek," the author "Rita," the publisher Hutchinson and Company.

This is the story of a poultry farm, a love affair, and a murder, all ending happily! Except, of course, for the murdered one. Shirley Gayle is the "land girl" who, once in affluent circumstances, is now forced to earn her living. She essays to make her fortune by poultry farming. How far this would have been successful without the kindly assistance of her wealthy and irresponsible young friend, the Hon. Tony Garth, is problematical. Her neighbor, Tarquin Marsyas, of Greek origin and godlike features, shares Shirley's interest with the poultry. The love story is hinted at rather than described, which has its good points. But how Shirley ousts her rival Lady Kit (surely there never were so many of the aristocracy figuring in a poultry farm before?) how she saves Tarquin from the charge of murder by producing in court extracts from her erratic diary; and how eventually the course of true love runs concurrently smoothly with the success of her poultry farm, is told by Rita in a story that is clean and interesting—if not exciting enough to produce insomnia.

Orphan Island

ANOTHER novel borrowed on the strength of the librarian's opinion. Rose Macaulay wrote "Orphan Island," and W. Collins and Sons published it, and I read it.

Seventy years ago some members of a ship's crew were marooned on an island in the Pacific, I think. The story deals with the stranded party being discovered three generations later by the descendants of the very man who had sailed away and left them. The evolution of the community, founded on Victorian piety and Victorian institutions, is interesting enough at first. But the humor becomes strained and the obvious satire on British methods and manners makes one a-weary half through the book.

An Eye for a Tooth

In a certain part of India, says a contributor to the London Morning Post, a doctor acts as understudy to the magistrate. Recently each broke the law by riding a bicycle without a light, and they decided that the majesty of the law would best be vindicated if each appeared before the other.

The magistrate, taking precedence, first tried the doctor and fined him five rupees. The doctor then tried the magistrate and fined him one hundred rupees. The offence, he remarked, as he imposed the heavier one, was becoming far too common.



"They really do love me - - the poor dears."

"*Who loves you?*"

"Why, Tom, Dick and Harry, and Arthur and Jim, and - -"

"*See here, don't forget - - -*"

"I know that they love me - - they sent me COMMUNITY PLATE."

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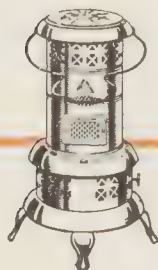
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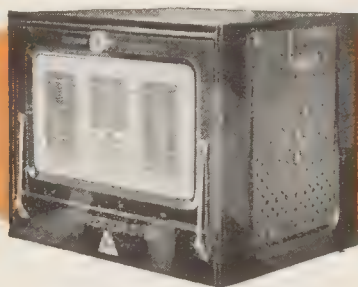
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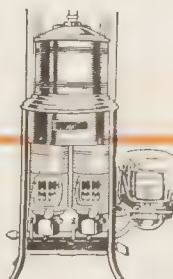
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Co-operative Laundries

As this subject has been discussed by many women's organizations, and information requested by many others, we are publishing the following article, in the belief that it will be of interest to many subscribers who live in rural communities.

IN this day of highly specialized professions and industries, the high cost of cleanliness is one of the biggest problems that face rural women. Year by year, almost we might say day by day, our standards of living are going up. No doubt our grandmothers found washing heavy work, but help was abundant and clothing different from what it is today. Nowadays in the average farm home, besides the heavy laundry, such as work shirts, overalls, smocks and such like, we have also bed linen, table linen, underclothing, gingham dresses and rompers, towels—all the numberless articles which go toward the running of the home. Most students of agricultural conditions contend that for some time to come our farmers will make only a living. But it is a good living and if we can ease up on the "Blue Monday" strain it is a life that will appeal to many women. To find some way out is the object of this investigation and the answer would seem to be, co-operative laundries.

In the east we find the community laundry resolves itself into a running stream where the housewives wash their clothes on the stones, rinse them in the running water, dry them in the sun—and the weekly wash is done. Coming to Europe and more particularly France, where community laundries have been in use for many years, we find different conditions. Here the village is the unit instead of the individual farm—the farmer lives in the village and goes out to work each day. This means a concentrated female population and so a central community laundry works out very well with these women. Each woman has her own time for washing, pays her share for fuel and up-keep and has clean clothes at a minimum cost. In Great Britain these public laundries are very successful and well patronized. The women bring in their clothes and wash and iron them in the laundry, paying so much per hour for the use of the equipment. During 1922 eleven such laundries were in use and were patronized by one million women.

This method has been adopted in some parts of the United States. In Baltimore, Ohio, there are five public laundries. These laundries are municipal ventures, financed by the City in the first place, but now self-supporting. They are patronized by housekeepers, by business girls and very largely by men. The housekeeper brings her basket of dirty clothes and also her children for whom a playroom is provided. Soap, blue and starch may be bought, and two tubs are turned over to the laundress. An ordinary washing and ironing may be completed in four hours at a cost of 28 cents. Apart from the actual work done it is hard to estimate the value of these laundries. The social contacts with other women, the new standards of cleanliness set—these have an effect on the new generation which is hard to determine. The sections which are set apart for the men are very interesting. Suppose John Jones a bachelor who is in a factory down-town, comes in Saturday afternoon to clean up. He is given a garment to wear while washing his clothes which he wore in. While they are being dried he sits about with the other men, has a smoke and a bath, presses his clothes—and then goes out, a clean self-respecting citizen, at a cost to himself of eleven cents.

IN various other parts of the United States there are five co-operative laundries—one in Greenwich Village, New York City, which is frankly losing money, two run by trade labor unions that are still in the experimental stage and two rural laundries owned and operated largely by farmers. These two are situated at Chatfield, Minn., and River Falls, Wis., and they would seem to meet the needs of the Ontario farm women,

who in order to cut down on her work, wishes her dirty clothes taken out of the house, and brought back to her clean—no washing, no boiling, no hanging out or bringing in.

The Chatfield Co-operative Laundry was organized in 1912 at a basket picnic and is run in connection with a creamery, that is to say, the laundry is housed in one wing of the creamery, pays a yearly rental to the creamery of \$750, which sum also pays for the power used by the laundry.

The company was capitalized at \$5,000 and this money was raised by selling shares of \$5.00 par value. There are 200 shareholders and their constitution allows only one vote to each shareholder with a maximum annual dividend of six per cent. The equipment for the laundry cost \$3,000 but it is unnecessary to enumerate it as more modern laundry equipment is now available.



In the Chatfield laundry at present there are seven operatives: a manager, a general utility man and five girls. The manager is a competent laundryman, does the washing, checks in and checks out the bundles, keeps the books and generally manages the plant. He gets a salary of \$30 per week. The girls come at Monday noon and work till Saturday noon. They are paid 22 cents per hour.

There are three classes of patrons, the farmers themselves, the town people and the people of outside towns. During the week of December 3, 1924, 38 bundles came from farms, 45 from the town and 102 from outside towns. The farm laundry is brought in Monday morning with the cream and is ready for delivery on Wednesday. During the winter the cost of an ordinary farm washing is between sixty and seventy cents. During the summer the cost usually runs to one dollar. The rate charged is 6½ cents per pound but the manager thinks this rate is too low since it provides no margin for emergencies apart from the reserve fund. If a patron wishes her ironing done she pays for it by the hour. One farm woman I saw had had her laundry including ironing done for five years and the average cost is two dollars per week. When cream is delivered the cost of the laundry is kept out of the cream cheque.

The town work is gathered on Wednesday and is checked out Saturday morning, since the manager says, "no woman wants a basket of laundry dumped at her door Saturday night." The out-of-town work is washed on Thursday and is also ready for delivery by Saturday.

Twenty-two patrons of the laundry were interviewed, not one of whom had any serious complaint. All were delighted with the color of their clothes.

The River Falls Co-operative Laundry is one of the outstanding co-operatives in the United States. The agricultural history of this continent is littered with wrecks of co-operative concerns, but the River Falls people seem to have found out the essential of co-operation. The company was organized in 1913, after

some of the women had heard of the Chatfield enterprise. A joint meeting of town and farm women was called and the laundry was incorporated with a capital stock of \$5,300. At the first meeting \$1,300 was subscribed and with this subscribed capital the company went ahead. Equipment costing \$3,500 was purchased and live steam was used from the creamery next door, now however, the laundry operates apart from the creamery.

The first week of operation the business amounted to \$31.00; the week of December 3, 1924, the business amounted to \$524. Of this 40 bundles came from farmers, 120 from the town itself and the remainder from outlying towns. Most of the farmers bring in their laundry with their cream. In case they come in after hours an outside chute has been provided, down which the clothes may be put at any time. In Chatfield the management provides baskets for their patrons but the farmers disregard these and bring their laundry in grain sacks which makes extra work and expense for the management in parceling. In River Falls, however, large sacks are used with the name of the farmer stenciled on the outside. The rate in this laundry is somewhat higher being 8½ cents per pound, with all the flat work mangled. For ironing a ten cent rate is charged.

At present the staff of the laundry is as follows: A manager who gets \$40 per week, a dry-cleaning man who gets \$25 per week, three delivery men, one of whom gets \$18 per week, the other two working on commission. There are also twelve girls who get \$10 to \$14 per week. The manager is a competent, experienced laundryman and like the Chatfield manager puts all his energy into his work. The trucks that operate on commission pick up the laundry from outside towns and are always on the look-out for new business. As for the girls the laundry has a waiting list which speaks for itself. The dry-cleaning department was added this year and is paying well, with the equipment already cleared.

The managing board of the laundry is composed of two town people and three farmers so that it is a rural organization although only one-third of the stock is owned by farmers. This organization won a prize of \$300 which was offered by the dean of the Wisconsin University for the co-operative laundry completing its first successful year.

THE advantages of such a venture are obvious but the disadvantages are not so readily perceived. However, it is remarkable that such organizations are not being duplicated throughout the country. One reason for this seems to be that the laundry is a service organization and while the service given is great in proportion to the cost yet it does mean the spending of money. This is borne out by the fact that both laundries find that when cream is scarce the number of farm washings decreases. Then again taking work out of the home that has always been done in the home is contrary to precedent and it will require education to overcome such prejudice.

Each locality should work up its own organization which should be financed and managed within that locality. (The community should bear in mind that an enterprise of this kind is more likely to succeed in a locality where a weekly cheque from milk or cream or eggs is at the disposal of the farmer's wife. Also it must not be overlooked that such an organization requires a highly specialized type of leadership which is rare.

Notwithstanding these apparent difficulties the women in both localities mentioned are enthusiastic about the project and can see no reason why similar laundries in Canada and the United States should not be successful.

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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Getting Ahead

FROM a correspondent, to whom we have sent a direct answer, we have received a very interesting letter that proves that "where there's a will there's a way."

He says in part: "I left school when I was in the eighth grade but since then I have studied every spare moment that I have had. As I live on the farm, all that I have learned since I left school is self-taught."

"I have studied the following subjects: arithmetic, enough algebra to understand and use formulae, and trigonometry. I have also learned to use the slide rule and I took a course in mechanical drafting."

Our correspondent gave further details and wished to know if he was competent to hold a position as a draftsman. We discussed his qualifications with a drafting instructor, who came to the opinion that he was quite prepared to do such work.

It is inspiring to hear of young men who are prepared to spend some of their spare time in planning for advancement.

The Four C's

IN a recent issue of the Wall Street Magazine, reference is made to a formula for the making of loans to customers which English bankers call the Four C's. In the order of their importance, these are Character, Capacity, Capital, Collateral.

"It is not difficult," says the Journal, "to see the reasons for the order in which the English banker puts the indispensable qualifications of a borrower. If character is not good, then nothing is good. The lack is fatal, not merely in banking but in public life. What the banker means by Capacity is, briefly, whether the borrower is able to use the proceeds of the loan successfully in his business. He may be as honest as the day is long and yet his judgment may be unsound."

"Capital comes third, but in front of Collateral. Observe how Collateral comes last. A bank knows well enough that no man of Character and Capacity will damage his own credit by offering bad Collateral."

Speaking in Public

IN the Old Testament it is recorded that Moses, after receiving certain instructions, replied: "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto Thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue."

And the Lord said unto him, "Who hath made man's mouth? or maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord?"

"Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

Men are still being taught what they shall say, and one of the means by which they are taught is through the good books that are coming from the presses of modern publishers. One of the latest of these books is entitled "Public Speaking for Business Men." The author is William G. Hoffman, Associate Professor of Public Speaking, Boston University, College of Business Administration. The publishers are the McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., of 370 Seventh Avenue, New York.

In plain and interesting language this book tells how speakers may choose their subjects, find and select the material that they need, appeal to vital motives, what they should read and how they may use books, magazines and newspapers, how they may improve their vocabularies, pronunciation and enunciation, how grammar is learned and how the voice may be controlled.

One of the valuable features of the book is an extensive list of the authors and titles of books that will prove helpful as supplementary reading. This list includes magazines, books on business, public speaking, fiction, biography, essays, plays and poetry.

The instructions are made clear by the reproduction of selections from great speeches and from the works of great writers. Following each chapter is a list of practice assignments which are given for the purpose of helping the student to apply the suggestions that are made.

Another feature that is very valuable is a specimen outline for the criticism of a talk. By means of this outline, beginners and speakers of little experience are able to listen to speeches of others and to study them definitely as regards weak and strong points.

Some of the criticism questions that are provided in the outline are:

Was the subject one of general interest or was it for a special group?

Was there evidence of a studied plan? Did the introduction win immediate attention?

Was the style conversational, oratorical, or dramatic?

Was the vocabulary meagre, ample, or rich?

Was the utterance deliberate, or rapid, or both?

Was the speaker sincere, or pretentious? natural or artificial? dignified or trivial?

Modern educators agree that the art of speaking is one that should be cultivated more extensively, and Quintilian wrote:

"God, that all-powerful Creator of nature and Architect of the world, has impressed man with no character so proper to distinguish him from other animals, as by the faculty of speech."

For the young man who is interested in the effective use of language, and all young men ought to be, "Public Speaking for Business Men" is a book that should be secured and studied at the first opportunity.

A Short Course in English

ARTICLE No. 6; The Business Letter. The subject of the business letter was introduced in article 5. This month we are discussing a very important part of the letter—the body of the letter—that part which contains the message of the writer.

Next month a model letter will be presented for study, but this month we are presenting a set of rules for the guidance of those who wish to know something of modern standards of letter writing. The subject, of course, is not one that can be reduced entirely to rules, but these rules or suggestions will serve to emphasize some of the important features.

1. Decide what you wish to write before beginning your letter.
2. Avoid stereotyped expressions such as "the writer wishes to state," "beg to be permitted to say."
3. Refer to the date of a letter that is being answered.
4. In the first paragraph, summarize the contents of the letter to which a reply is being written.
5. Make a new paragraph with each change of subject, or when a new treatment of the same subject is introduced.
6. Deal with the items of a letter in their natural order.
7. Avoid repetition except for the sake of emphasis.
8. In a letter that is asking for business, try to write the first sentence so as to attract attention.
9. Do not use foreign expressions if English forms will express the meaning adequately.
10. Give short words the preference, as "very" instead of "exceedingly."
11. Be as brief as possible, but do not condense letters at the expense of clearness.
12. Be courteous under all circumstances.

A correspondent has asked the following question: Please let me know which of these two sentences is correct:

"It is probable that another appointment will be arranged for you" or "It is probable that another appointment may be arranged for you."

Answer: In the second sentence, "may" is similar in meaning to "probable." The first sentence, therefore, is correct.

A good rule for writers: "Whatever does not help, hinders."—Quintilian.

Thoughts on Thrift

1. Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.—Franklin.
2. Economy is half the battle of life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.
3. There are but two ways of paying debt: increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying it out.—Carlyle.
4. The world abhors closeness, and all but admires extravagance: yet a slack hand shows weakness, a tight hand strength.—Buxton.
5. He that, when he should not, spends too much, shall, when he would not, have too little to spend.—Feltham.
6. The prospect of penury in age is so gloomy and terrifying that every man who looks before him must resolve to avoid it; and it must be avoided generally by the science of sparing.—Johnson.
7. He who is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.—Penn.
8. Men live best upon small means. Nature has provided for all, if they only knew how to use her gifts.—Claudianus.
9. Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being one in adversity.—Zimmerman.
10. Be saving, but not at the cost of all liberality. Have the soul of a king and the hand of a wise economist.—Joubert.

Stick to Your Aim

HOW many young men fail to reach the point of efficiency in one line of work before they get discouraged and venture into something else. How easy to see the thorns in one's own profession or vocation, and only the roses in that of another. A young man in business, for instance, seeing a physician

riding about town in his carriage, visiting his patients, imagines that a doctor must have an easy, ideal life, and wonders that he himself should have embarked in an occupation so full of disagreeable drudgery and hardships. He does not know of the years of dry, tedious study which the physician has consumed, the months and perhaps years of waiting for patients, the dry detail of anatomy, the endless names of drugs and technical terms.—Marden.

Honesty

SOME months ago we wrote of the frequency with which men occupying responsible positions were being charged with the misuse of funds entrusted to their care. Unfortunately the past few months have shown no decrease in cases of this kind and the newspapers continue to carry accounts of the arrest of men who seem to be unable to make their accounts balance to the satisfaction of legal authorities.

There is one way to escape trouble of this kind—avoid taking the first dishonest step. If money or property that is not yours is placed with you in trust, see that it does not get mixed with your own resources. Live within your own income and then you will not be tempted to use a part of the income of others.

"Money dishonestly acquired," says J. Petit-Senn, "is never worth its cost, while a good conscience never costs as much as it is worth."

Aladdin

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!
Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose—
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

—James Russell Lowell.

The Lily and the Oak

THE oak has often been the subject of praise and admiration. There is a great thought in the poem that follows, but is it altogether fair to the oak?

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred years,
To fall at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.

Wanderings with Wilhelm

"WANDERINGS with Kaiser Wilhelm" is the title of a book which has just been published in Germany. Its author is Colonel Niemann, one of the suite of Wilhelm Hohenzollern on the spectacular journey he made to Palestine when he was Kaiser. When the pride-swollen "All-Mightiest War Lord" arrived at Jerusalem, he entered the city through an opening specially made in the ancient wall, it will be remembered, in order to appear to be fulfilling an ancient prophecy handed down through the centuries among the Arabs. Colonel Niemann is still devoted to the ex-Kaiser, and hopes to see him "restored to the Imperial throne and sceptre of his House." In the book Colonel Niemann tells of many walks and talks with the ex-Kaiser on his estate at Doorn, in Holland. "I did not desert my country without thought, but only after careful deliberation," Wilhelm explained to the faithful Colonel, on one of those wanderings within his carefully patrolled property at Doorn, where he runs no risk of having anybody take a shot at him. "And thus I did my duty to my beloved Army and my misguided Fatherland." On another day he said, in speaking of the closing days of the war: "I was ready to fight the internal enemy when the revolution broke out, but I found myself deserted by my Army leaders themselves. Many persons have said that I ought to have sought death on the battlefield, but I think that tempting God in that way, or by committing suicide, would have been morally wrong." Does not all the world know how the ex-Kaiser's heart bleeds (to use a memorable expression of his own) at the thought of doing something morally wrong?

How I Became a Writer

By Emily F. Murphy
(Janey Canuck)

I MUST always have been a writer, or at least have had a love for literary expression, because one of my earliest recollections has to do with critics who did not like my style.

This was on an afternoon when we played together on "the blind line" near my father's home.

There were several little girls of us, and we disported ourselves beneath a ponderous elm that grew in what must have been the middle of the road. At any rate, there was a trail on either side of the tree. I can remember this perfectly.

I was describing to the others how a certain game was to be played and, in the process, made use of a most reprehensible expression. Presently, the little girls were whispering by the roadside while I stood alone beneath the tree.

Then, Adeline who lived in the next house to ours told me I was much too "stuck up"; that they wouldn't play with me, and they didn't like the game anyway.

"For example"—those were the words I had used, and anyone who has a grain of sense knows that a maiden of six or seven has no business to roll such an



Mrs. Emily F. Murphy, Judge,
Authoress and Lecturer

expression from under her tongue, no matter where she picked it up, or how unconscious she is of anything like pedantry.

The girls did leave me alone but it is too long ago to recall whether or not I fretted, only I remember that a marvellous thing took place while I lingered there. Suddenly, a team of runaway horses attached to a wagon, turned the corner and made straight for the spot where I stood. Maybe they did not like my style either.

Hurriedly running to the other side of the elm, I huddled closely down to hide from the approaching terror. In a moment, the horses lay dead, the tongue of the wagon having struck the tree with such force that it broke their necks.

This was "copy"—there was no doubt of that—but I have never used it until now, although I frequently visit the tree when I go back home to Ontario.

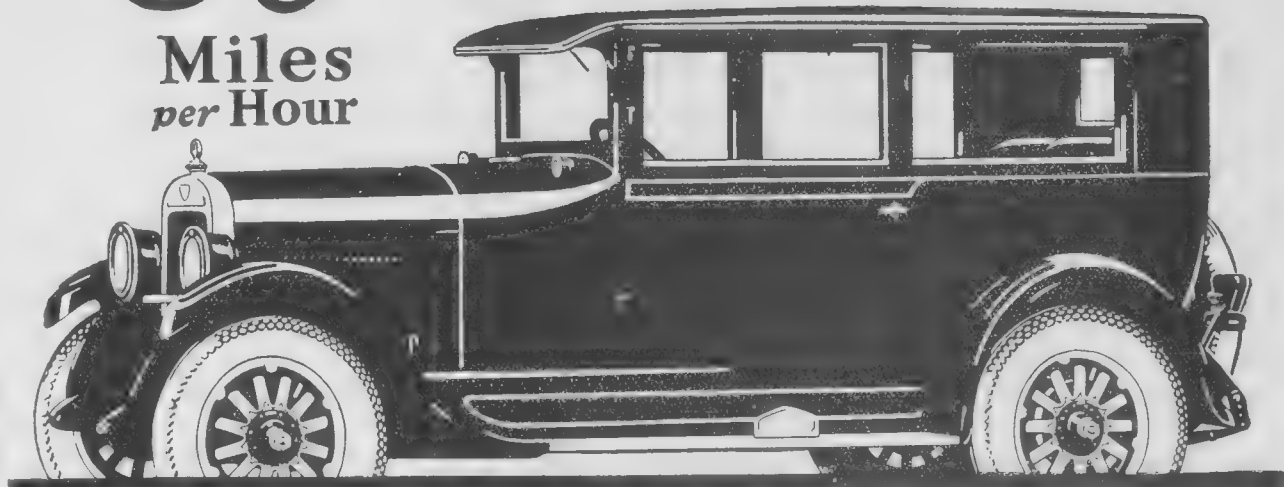
The incident was typical for, in all my lifetime, many adventures have come to my tree, even as they must have come to "the palm tree of Deborah" that grew on Mount Ephraim, and beneath which she sat to judge the people of Israel. After all, Tolstoy's opinion seems to be quite true that adventures always come to the adventurous.

One of my earliest literary inspirations came from a sea-gull that flew far inland, and which was captured by my brothers. Our other pets faded into pale insignificance beside this wonderful

Continued on page 79

58

Miles
per Hour



5^{to} 25
Miles
in 8 Seconds

30
Miles
to the Gallon



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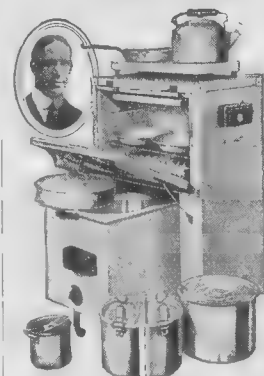
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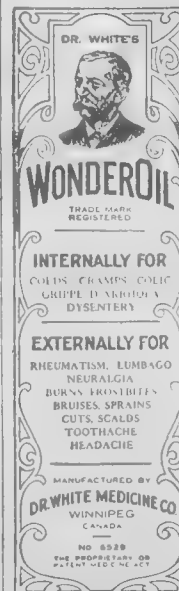
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Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE

New and Lovely Filet Crochet Designs

THESE new and attractive crochet designs may be used for many purposes. Children and grown-ups will love the bunny pattern on their pillow slips or towels. A pretty spread for a child's bed could be made of cotton poplin or some other heavy cotton material with a fancy weave. Across the top on the part that folds back, three medallions or more may be set in, worked from the bunny pattern. A gathered flounce may be set on the sides and bottom, and all edges scalloped and finished with a narrow crocheted edge or heavy lace. Dresser and table scarfs could be made to match.

Numbers 3 and 4, 5 and 6, were designed for use on fine linen guest towels, and should be worked in fine cotton to get the necessary dainty effect. The other designs may be used for towels or pillow slips. The wreath insertion would be pretty set into a fine linen luncheon cloth with plain, hemstitched hem. A solitary medallion made from the wreath pattern is very effective set into a towel or pillow slip, with scalloped or hemstitched edge.

When setting a medallion into material, it should be first basted firmly in place, then the edge worked over and over on to the goods, either with satin stitch or button-hole stitch. The material is then clipped neatly from underneath the medallion.

No. 1—Begin at first row of diagram. Chain 81. Continue to follow the diagram to end. Repeat from first row to end for length desired.

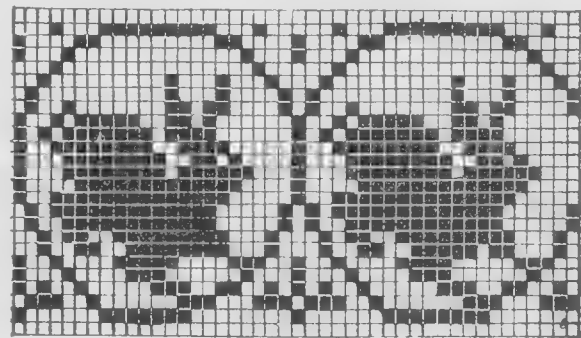


Diagram 1.

No. 2—Begin at first row of diagram. Chain 42. Continue to follow diagram to end. When end is reached, return to first row and repeat from first row to end for length desired.

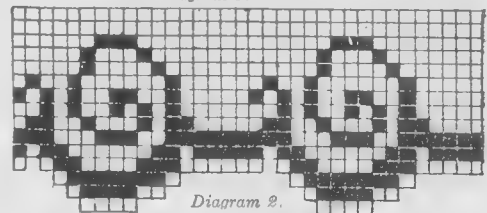
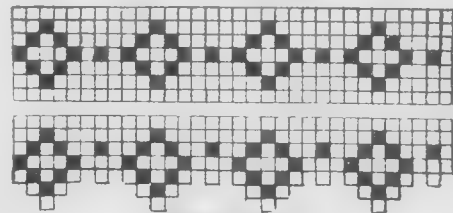


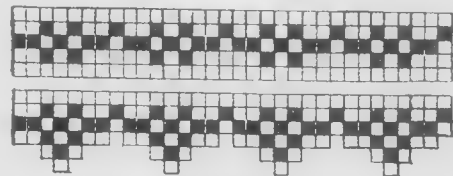
Diagram 2.

No. 3—Begin at first row of diagram. Chain 27. Continue to follow diagram to end. When end is reached, return to first row and repeat from first row to end for length desired.



Diagrams 3 and 4.

No. 4—Begin at first row of diagram. Chain 21. Continue to follow diagram to end. When end is reached, return to first row and repeat from first row to end for length desired.



Diagrams 5 and 6

No. 5—Begin at first row of diagram. Chain 21. Continue to follow diagram to end. When end is reached, return to first row and repeat from first row to end for length desired.

No. 6—Begin at first row of diagram. Chain 18. Continue to follow diagram to end. When end is reached, return to first row and repeat from first row to end for length desired.

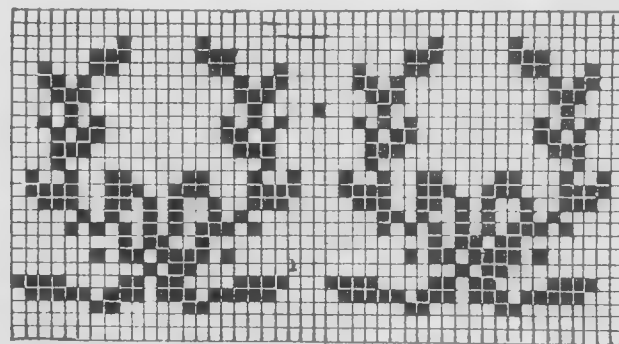


Diagram 7.

No. 7—Begin at first row of diagram. Chain 81. Continue to follow the diagram to the end. When the end is reached, return to first row and repeat from first row to end for length desired.

No. 8—Begin at first row of diagram. Chain 27. Continue to follow diagram to end. When end is reached, return to

first row and repeat from first row to end for length desired.

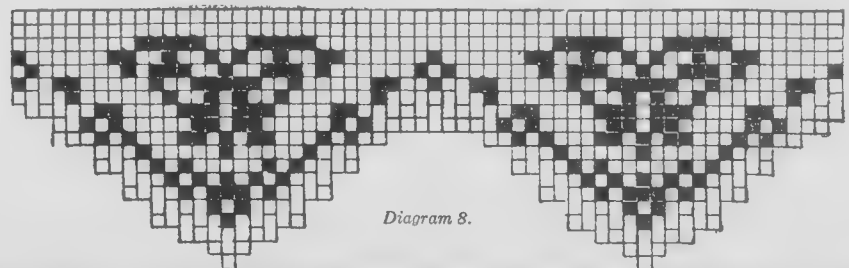


Diagram 8.

Lessons in Home Dressmaking

By Margaret Smith

LESSON III

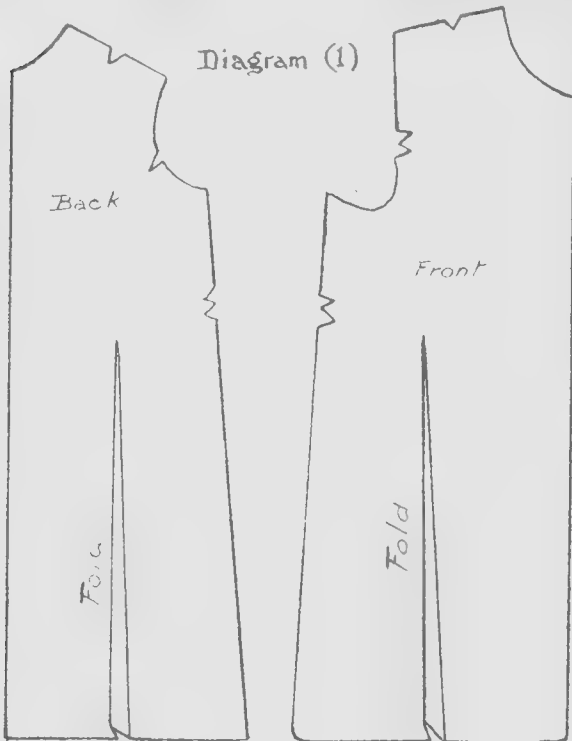
Different Types of Figures

FROM the list given below it will be seen that there are many distinct types of figures, each with its own problems of dress. Every style, color and fabric will not suit every type of figure, and only by knowing what styles and materials are becoming to one's own type and making selections accordingly may one be assured of being becomingly attired at all times.

as at the hip line. Make the tuck in the centre of both back and front of pattern. See diagram 1.

The woman with small bust and large hips will also have to be careful. She is even a more difficult type to suit than figure six. Instead of decreasing, this type of figure will increase the pattern from the waist line to the bottom of the skirt. After fitting the pattern, cut the pattern in the centre of both back and

front, from the bottom of the skirt to one inch above the waist line, and insert a V-shaped piece of paper to make the hip line the required size. Continue the width of the paper the same size to bottom of the skirt from the hip line. See diagram 2. Always measure the width of skirt at the bottom before cutting, as it is not advisable to make a very narrow skirt for this type of figure. The pattern should measure at least 27 inches and seam allowance. This makes the skirt one and a half yards when finished. A very narrow skirt will invariably make the hips look larger, and anything that adds to the apparent size of the hips should be avoided by this type. The kimono dress can be altered in the same way.



Types of Figures

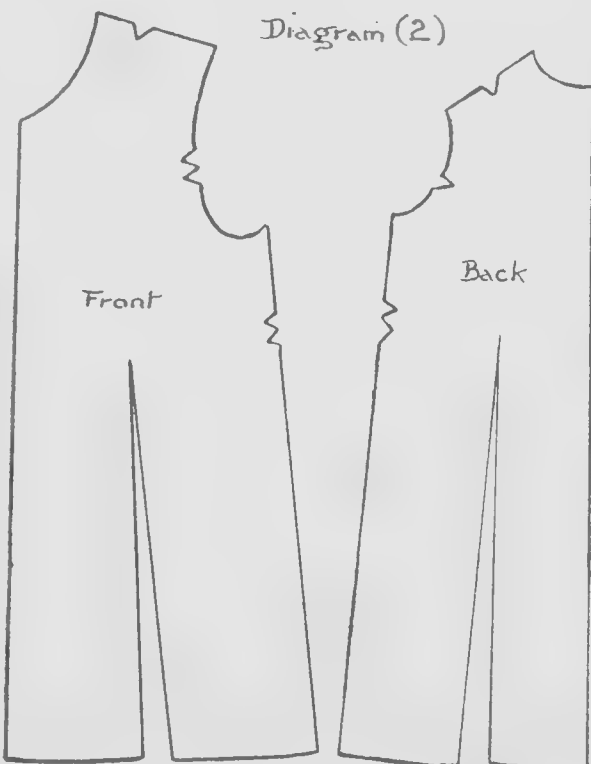
1. The medium, or average figure.
2. The tall, slim figure.
3. The short, slim figure.
4. The tall, stout figure.
5. The short, stout figure.
6. Figure with large bust and small hips.
7. Figure with small bust and large hips.

The first type, the medium or average figure, is the easiest to make clothes for. The commercial patterns are made to fit the normal figure and all that is necessary is to buy the pattern the correct bust size and the pattern will fit without alteration.

The second and fourth type require their patterns lengthened, as they are taller than the average figure.

The third and fifth types require their patterns made shorter. For these four types follow the directions given in the March number on shortening and lengthening patterns.

The sixth and seventh types are the most difficult to fit. The woman with the large bust and small hips will always have to be careful what she wears, especially with the straight-line dresses. She must always buy her patterns the correct bust size and alter the lower part to fit. The best method to use is to fit the pattern on, find out how much it is too large around the hip line, or measure around the hips with the tape line. The first method is the most satisfactory. Then decrease the pattern the amount required, commencing about one inch above the waist line, with a pin tuck, increasing until the tuck is the size required at the hip. Continue the tuck to the bottom of the skirt, the same size



Preparing Goods for Cutting Out

AFTER the pattern is corrected, the next step is to prepare the goods for cutting. Begin by examining the goods. First find out if the goods have to be cut all running one way. That is, goods with a pile or grain, such as broadcloth, velours, velvet, velveteen, patterned materials, plaids, stripes and flowered materials, and twills, must be examined very carefully to find out how the pattern should be placed. It is also necessary to know whether the goods require shrinking before cutting, if the material has a right and wrong side, etc. Next month we will discuss these points and illustrate how to place the pattern on different materials.

Continued on page 70



Hope Hampton, screen star, wearing her Orange Blossom rings

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Absorbine and Absorbine Jr. are made in Canada

Out With the Newfoundland Sealing Fleet

Continued from page 20

their buffeting the heavy seas as to be compelled to put back to port without ever having come within sight of the seal herds.

These same ice floes are the sealer's hunting grounds. From the lookout at some distance away the mature animals can be observed by reason of the sharp contrast their dark coats present against the pure white background, whilst, should the vessel be then able to approach close enough, it is possible to hear the ceaseless, low, plaintive whimper of the young harps, a cry much like that of a puppy dog. Sometimes the ice floes break up badly and the herds become divided into small groups difficult to locate and adding to the ardors of the hunters. An innovation of recent years in the expedition has been the introduction of the aeroplane which acts as scout and reports by wireless to steamers the location of patches of seals. This new feature has proved a decided success and resulted in the work of the fleet being accomplished in a much shorter space of time and to some extent mitigated the rigors of the hunt.

WHEN patches of seals have been located by steamers, or their position wirelessly by the aeroplane, small boats containing the hunters are let down and go out to the floes. In the strict sense of the word there is no actual hunting of the seals, for the animals have no escape and offer not the slightest resistance. The manner of despatch is mere slaughter which proceeds callously until sufficient toll has been taken of the herd on the floe. The carcasses are then collected and the skins and oils removed and either trailed by the hunters across the ice to the small boats or, if the floe be a large one, left in caches, marked, and left to be picked up later. In this latter method the aeroplane has proved invaluable in locating depots at the end of the chase and pointing them out to the collectors.

Whilst the seal hunters are so engaged they are in momentary peril. They are out of touch with, often out of sight of, the parent vessel, on an imperceptibly moving field of ice. The floes are often of tremendous area so that it is impossible for the hunters to know what is happening all over it. Part of the field may break away without their in any way realizing it until they come to make their departure. They may find themselves trapped on a small island of ice helplessly being borne out to sea, unable to aid themselves and with small possibility of succour from outside sources.

The fleet is meanwhile having its own troubles. Vessels cannot anchor but must keep moving constantly to avoid getting into difficulties with the ever shifting ice floes. Manoeuvring is difficult and a ship apt to become caught in a blockade of ice so that it cannot move. Sometimes it has been necessary to abandon vessels caught in such circumstances and, as can be imagined, this is not without its attendant perils. Cruisers caught by backwashes of ice have been wrecked with the loss of all hands save those who have managed to take to the ice. Here again the aeroplane has rendered the most valuable assistance, carrying provisions to vessels so beleaguered and reporting their predicament to others.

When toll has been taken of all the herds spotted the work of collecting the skins at the numerous depots on the various floes is undertaken and the vessels loaded to capacity with skins and oil. Then a return is made to port with the cargo and the hazardous period is over for another year. No matter what the extent of the catch of the expedition a second is never made in the same spring. This is one of the measures of the Newfoundland Government to prevent

the extermination of the seal. Though there has been a serious depletion in the seal herds of Newfoundland coasts there are still thousands of animals available each spring and it is thought that the herds are on the increase again. So many uncertain factors enter into the spring venture, however, that even in recent years great fluctuations are evident in the volume of the catch.

In the first years in which it engaged in sealing, Newfoundland's catches did not exceed three or four thousand pelts a year. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the increased demand for oil had brought more men and vessels to engage exclusively in the industry and the annual catches were in excess of 60,000 skins. There are records of catches of nearly 700,000 skins and of single vessels bringing in bags of 42,000 seals. By 1908 the annual seal catch dropped to 213,864 skins and in the following year jumped to 269,320. In 1910 the seal catch was worth to Newfoundland close on three quarters of a million dollars. In 1916 it was worth over a million dollars. In 1918 it had fallen to just over half a million dollars. In 1923 the fleet brought back to St. Johns 127,000 pelts worth \$200,000, or a value of approximately twenty per cent. greater than in the two previous years.

In 1924 the eight vessels engaged accounted for a total catch of 129,561 seals worth \$241,127, the Neptune being responsible for the largest number, 28,101. In addition, owing to inshore winds which kept the ice floes close to the northern coast, residents were able to secure another 45,000 a very rarely occurring possibility. Altogether 1924 was a pretty good sailing year, netting the fleet \$31,991 more than the previous season.

The seaplane has proved very successful in the seal hunt and it is intended to extend the scope of its utilization. The aeroplane can "spot" for a distance of fifty miles, a much greater distance than men in the rigging of the vessels who did the work before. On one trip of thirty-five minutes last spring the "Baby Avro" plane accompanying the fleet located several patches of seals, one patch containing upwards of fifty thousand, four miles long by eight miles wide. It is now projected that the plane, having located the seals, shall transport the hunters to the ice floe and aid in the despatching of the animals by means of a machine gun. The skins will then be packed in bundles about the base of poles to which flags will be attached. As new herds are "spotted" the plane will transfer the hunters from place to place, the hunting continuing to the end of the season when the ice finally breaks up. At the close of the season the vessels will visit the icebreaks and pick up the bundles, being assisted again in this by the plane locating and signalling.

The use of the aeroplane bids fair to revolutionize the sealing industry and remove a great deal of the peril and hazard from the annual chase. It may likewise eliminate to some extent that element which we are wont to term romance. It is strange to think of these sturdy, robust simple fishermen, sons of generations of men to whom the sea has been a heritage, who down through the pages of history pitted their giant frames and resourcefulness and endurance against its wanton elements, going about their work in modern machines of the air. The expansion of commerce and industry, more than anything else, is bringing the ingenious conveniences of civilization into every phase of American life, tending to erase its aspects picturesque and romantic. It may be that the old seal hunter of Newfoundland as we have known him and gloried and thrilled in his exploits is due to pass. The novelist and scenario writer should lose no time.

Finding an Enchanted City

By N. Tournear

WORK is being systematically carried out at present in uncovering a lost city of the Sahara—a city which will prove to be one of the marvels of the modern world. An ancient Roman city, almost exactly as it was when Rome was mistress of the old world. Pompeii was buried in ashes and volcanic mud and lava, but Leptis Magna of the Romans was mysteriously hidden under desert sands.

There is always some foundation for a tradition, and for centuries the Arabs have had one dealing with a great city that under a spell of enchantment lies hidden in the vast reaches of the Sahara's burning sands—a place of gleaming white marble palaces, sparkling fountains and lovely gardens, all surrounded by green lands, and with a mysterious waterway to the sea. Archaeologists and excavators have located it at Leptis Magna: even to the former waterway, although this once important African city, that lies 100 miles east of Tripoli, is now many scores of miles from the Mediterranean coastline.

This lost city was once a large seaport, and all around it was an agricultural region from which thousands of tons of grain were shipped to Rome, but from time unknown the line of communication with the sea has been choked with sand. Yet the grain warehouses, as now laid bare by the excavation, stand as perfect today as when the wheat was lowered from their floors down to the galleys moored alongside them.

In ancient times Leptis Magna was noted for its magnificence as well as for its marts and merchants. It had its great palaces and temples, its gleaming colonnades, its gardens and fountains and trees, amphitheatres and other pleasure grounds. In every way, it was immensely greater than Pompeii or Herculaneum, being one of the major centres of the Roman Empire, and the birthplace of the Emperor Septimius Severus who often visited it. The splendid palace which he built has already been found, and is being cleared of the sand covering it. In it, and elsewhere among the Saharan depths covering the city, enough has already been retrieved to indicate that here lies one vast treasure house of the past.

The sands have entirely covered the whole site for some sixteen centuries or so, heaping themselves up to a depth of from fifteen to fifty feet above the highest buildings. They, however, have preserved everything infinitely better than the volcanic overflow in Pompeii and Herculaneum; nothing appears to be destroyed; and there are no ruins. The clean fine particles blew through the streets, and filled palace and dwelling-place, temple, shop, garden and boudoir; they covered everything softly and swiftly without doing damage. Today the Italian Government's excavators are laying bare the wall paintings in their freshness and beauty, together with the marbles, the jewels and other ornaments, and even the rich fabrics. Leptis Magna had at the time of its disaster a popu-

lation of some 300,000 folk, and reached for two miles in one direction and almost a mile and three-quarters in another. The drifting sands have preserved a perfect picture of how the Romans lived—even to their kitchen utensils and other minute details of their homes.

Not only have masterpieces of Roman statuary been found but others of the best period of Greek art. Already indications have been got of great treasures of precious metals and jewels and of greater treasures of art, and, most important, of whole collections of MSS and books of rolls which will throw light on the history of the Romans and fill many gaps in history.

Just what happened to Leptis Magna is not known. The city appears not to have been sacked or pillaged. Everything seems to have been left in place. A plague, or a cataclysm of a sand storm—a storm of extraordinary intensity and duration—appears to have caused such desolation that the city was hurriedly abandoned; probably about 400 A.D. when the Western Roman Empire was in throes against the barbarians from Northern and Mid-Europe, and Rome had enough trouble of her own not to bother.

The discovery of Leptis Magna is a romance of archaeology and exploration.

Eighty years ago, after a sand-storm, comparable with that which most possibly destroyed Leptis Magna, (there is another lost town, Leptis Minor, near the Mediterranean coast) a French explorer was amazed to see columns of fine marble sticking up from what had been to the eye all empty desert, the storm having swept some of the sand away. The site was chartered, and, when the Great War ended, Italy, that had taken over Tripoli previously, laid down a single track railroad from Tripoli to Leptis Magna to carry supplies and the necessary machinery, and put the best brains to the task of laying bare the engulfed city.

Imposing and unspoiled palaces have already been exposed by the digging, with rooms and other chambers full of costly furnishings, and spacious courtyards still paved with the flag-stones of Roman days. Whatever the cause which brought about the flight of the inhabitants, it is very evident they left suddenly, abandoning their belongings behind them.

Loaves are still in the ovens, and grapes in the wine-press, just as abruptly left by human hands some sixteen centuries ago. Many years will be occupied in uncovering the entire city, if means can be devised to prevent the sand-storms from again entombing it. Archaeological experts on the spot are full of the belief that the treasures of art and history waiting to be recovered are so stupendous as to be well worth all the expense and trouble now being put out on bringing Leptis Magna to light again.

In a year or two tourists will be thronging to this ancient North African city—Unless the Sahara again envelopes it with depths of blast-blown sand.



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130 formulae were discarded before we found the right one. And when we did, we changed the whole shaving situation.

Frankly, we didn't dream so great an improvement could be made in a shaving cream—soap experts, as we are. Our toilet soap—Palmolive—is the leader of the world. So we speak as masters of our subject. 60 years of soap study stand behind us.

Find Out, Please

Now in fairness to us both, please mail the coupon. We'll rest our case on what you find. After 10 days of new shaving delight, few men go back to old ways.

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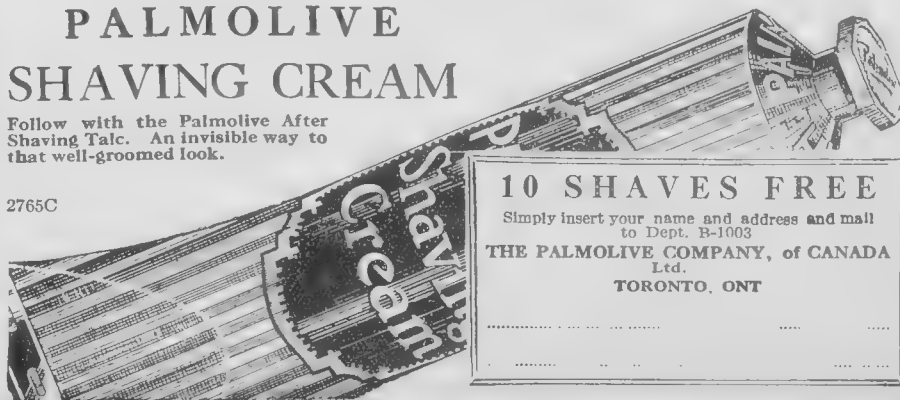
- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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The Coming of the Prairie Anemone

By Margaret L. Bentley

ONCE, in the very long ago days, near the end of March. Winter sat in his tepee out on the prairie. He looked very old, though it was only four or five moons since he had come from his home in the far country to the north, where there was nothing but ice and snow, and where the Fire Spirits danced in the skies at night, and flashed their wonderful light all over the northern world.

He had been young and strong and handsome when he came down and he hoped that this year he should succeed in meeting and winning the beautiful maiden of whom he had caught a glimpse just before he had fallen asleep last year, but who was nowhere to be seen when he awakened and found himself back in his icy home, which he loved better than this flat prairie world, and where he grew young again each year.

He was not feeling happy. This morning when he strode out from his tent, shaking his long locks and waving his cloak of white fur, the snow had whirled in eddies around him, but not so fiercely as he wished, because the Sun-god had been laughing behind a gauzy cloud and the snow began to melt almost as soon as it fell. He felt a strange weakness in all his body, and, when his hair blew across his eyes, he noticed white hairs among the black locks.

He walked slowly back to his teepee. What was happening to him? It was like this every year. He could come and conquer the world and bury it in snow, but, after a time, always he grew old and weary; and then he went to sleep and knew no more till he awakened in his own home in the far north.

He had determined that it should not be so this year. He would not let himself yield to what he felt was magic practised by the maiden whom he had seen but not very clearly. He would watch and wait for her, and, if she were as beautiful as he thought she was, he would capture her and take her back with him to his big teepee in the north. He would make her queen of the land of which he was king, and they would rule over a mighty world of snow, that glimmered like pearls in the moonlight, or twinkled like diamonds in the reflection of the lights from the Fire Spirits.

The flap of his tent moved slightly in the breeze. He turned to see if anything approached. At first all that met his eyes was a glimpse of sky so blue that he thought for a moment he must be back in his beloved northland, and that he was looking at the sky above the peaks of his ice-covered mountains—but only for a moment.

The opening became wider and, standing with her small hand holding back the flap of deer-skin, he saw the maiden of his dreams.

She was far more beautiful even than he had imagined. Her dark eyes were soft and loving, yet they sparkled with youth and joy and happiness. Her black hair fell to her knees. Her cheeks were flushed with the rose of health. Her robe was of the softest tenderest green with little flashes of color here and there, white and blue and gold. Her tiny feet were bare, and, though she stood where a moment before the ground had been covered thickly with snow, the place where they rested was now covered with young green grass.

She looked at Winter as if to ask who he might be, and a strange weak feeling came over him.

He arose and came towards her and said: "I am Winter. When I walk forth snow falls. When I speak the rivers stand still. They clothe themselves in

pearls and diamonds and cease singing. I shall take you to my home where the world is all white. The Fire Spirits shall dance in honor of our marriage, and you shall be queen of the world of ice and snow."

But his voice had become as the voice of an old man, and, when he ceased speaking, he was glad to seat himself again on the pile of furs from which he had arisen.

The beautiful maiden shook her head, and when her hair waved, fragrance filled the air.

"I am Spring," she said. "When I walk forth the grass springs fresh and green on the prairie. The trees bud and the flowers bloom. When I call, the rivers fling away their icy garments and run after me, singing. When I wave my robes the birds come back from the south. I do not know your land of cold and frost. I could never be happy there."

She dropped the tent flap and ran off lightly over the open plain.

Wherever she stepped the snow melted and ran in little streams and the grass sprang up fresh and green.

She waved her arms and a warm wind came from the south, and, picking up the tent of Winter, carried it off to be a little white cloud in the sky.

Clear and sweet came the call of the meadow lark, and Winter laid himself softly down to sleep, his long and now snow-white hair covering his old, tired face, and the Great Manitou made a mist and wrapped him in it and carried him back to his northern home, where he would become once more young and handsome, and brave, ready to come south again and rule over the prairie land and cover it with its blanket of soft white snow.

All that was left was a small pile of furs and one long lock of white hair, and when Spring came back to where the tent had been, she gathered these things in her warm little hands and made a Spring magic and changed them into the softest, loveliest material you ever saw.

It was silvery white like Winter's hair and tenderest green like her own robe, and it felt and looked like little baby goslings' feathers.

She tossed it into the air, where it floated away like thistle-down, and then sank to the ground in tiny tufts all over the prairie.

Then the little baby flowers that were hurrying out of the dark earth in answer to the call of the birds—all the little white and blue and pink and yellow ones—came up, and, seeing this lovely soft stuff, and, feeling a little chilly after getting out of their warm beds, where they had been sleeping all winter, wrapped themselves in it, and snuggled up warmly in their new feathery coats, so that, when the little cloud which had been Winter's tent, moved in the wind and scattered all its remaining snow-flakes over the prairie, they did not feel the least bit cold, but kept themselves covered till the snow melted, and then peeped out at the Sun, who was laughing down at them.

But, when they had spread out their silken skirts to dry, they found that instead of being white and blue and pink and yellow, all the little flowers that had succeeded in getting coats of the magic feathers had turned the loveliest palest purple in memory of Winter who, though he was fierce and cold, had left them such a wonderful gift. And that is the color they are to this day, and when, in the spring, boys and girls gather the little blossoms, which they generally call "crocuses," they are really gathering the Prairie Anemone in its magic mantle.



"Family Trees"

By Dan McCowan

AMONGST the Indian tribes native to the North Pacific Coast of Canada the carving of totem poles was a high art. There were three forms of totem pole—outside house poles, interior house poles and memorial poles. The outside house poles, massive shafts of imposing appearance, were carved from solid cedar trees of great girth and height. These were transported on rollers and skids to the water's edge and thence floated to their destination. For more convenient handling in carving the giant logs were frequently hollowed on the back. Interior house poles were, of course, comparatively small in size and as a rule were to be found in the houses of the more wealthy Indians. Grave posts varied considerably both in size and form and, strange to say, were not always erected at the place of interment. Designs and figures carved and painted on memorial shafts were invariably crests belonging to the family of the deceased; those on inside house poles often took the form of crests, although it was not unusual to have such posts carved to illustrate outstanding events in the history of the owner's family. The great columns of cedar which stood before the entrance to the houses were mainly symbolic and bore images of the animal or bird which was most feared or most adored or which, abundant in that particular region, served to sustain the people. Thus the clans or tribes were not infrequently designated by the name of the creature adopted as guardian spirit.

The Haida, a people inhabiting part of the Queen Charlotte Islands, were grouped into two clans—the Eagle and the Raven. These Indians were by far the best designers and carvers of totem poles. At Nootka Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, the natives were daring enough to hunt whales from canoes. Thus their totem poles bore carvings depicting the great sea mammal. Poles on the mainland carried graphic delineation of the grizzly bear. A tribe living on the banks of the Skeena river erected heraldic totem poles which were much more slender than those found on the islands of this coast.

THE dwelling houses of these early Pacific coast peoples were built from massive logs and beams of cedar wood, and outside totem carvings were originally executed on the house timbers. Alexander Henry, the famous fur trader who wrote a wonderful journal of his travels in Western Canada, measured one of these houses. It was evidently a communal dwelling, being over seventy feet long and twenty-five feet wide. The entrance, in the gable end facing the sea, was cut through a single plank almost six feet wide. On the outer side of this great hewn timber were symbolic carvings and designs. When Captain Cook the celebrated navigator explored the North West Coast of America in 1778 he noted the totem poles standing in the native villages and in his journal made particular reference to the inside house poles. He wrote:

"Many of the houses are decorated with images. These are nothing more than the trunks of very large trees, four or five feet high, set up singly or by pairs, at the upper end of the apartment, with the front carved into a human face, the arms and hands cut out upon the sides, and variously painted, so that the whole

is a truly monstrous figure. The general name of these images is Klumna; and the names of two particular ones, which stood abreast of each other, three or four feet asunder, in one of the houses, were Natchkoa and Matseeta. A mat, by way of a curtain, hung before them. This the natives were not willing at all times to remove and when they did unveil them, they seemed to speak of them in a very mysterious manner.

It was natural, from these circumstances, for us to think that they were representatives of their gods, and yet we had proofs of the little real estimation they were in; for, with a small quantity of iron or brass, I could have purchased all the gods in the place, and I actually got two or three of the smallest sort."

IN ancient days, when the ownership of a real "family tree" denoted high social standing, there were in existence guilds or unions of wood carvers, the members skilled craftsmen who demanded, and received, high wages for their work. From two to three years might be occupied in the carving and painting of a large totem pole, the cost being equivalent to several thousands of dollars. The outstanding event of the year amongst the Indians of the "Nor'-West Coast" was the "potlach," or feast of giving. At these festivals children were tattooed, named, and if of rank, were initiated into the secret societies of the clan or tribe; too, great distributions of personal property took place and finally, amid much singing, dancing and feasting, the newly carved poles were upraised.

The paints used in the decoration of totem poles consisted of black and red pigments which were obtained by grinding rock containing these colors. Ochres and oxides were also used. These mineral substances were mixed with glue obtained by boiling the hoofs of animals, or from the insides of sturgeon. In applying the paint, brushes made of the hair taken from the leg of the moose were used.

It is interesting to note that several of the tribes native to eastern Canada were in the habit of setting up totem poles, these, however, being but miniatures in comparison with the huge symbolic columns of the Haida.

Poles carved and raised by the Delawares were placed in the several corners of the medicine lodges. The totem poles of the Iroquois were set in the houses of the most important medicine men of the tribe.

That the Indian peoples native to the islands and coasts of British Columbia possessed both genius and ability in designing and carving cannot be gainsaid. Indeed it is unfortunate that their wonderful handiwork has been executed in material so perishable. Had they worked in durable stone instead of soft wood their achievements in architecture and sculpture might well have ranked with those of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

More Effective

One day a woman came to General Booth, says Pearson's Weekly, and complained of the bad conduct of her husband, who, she said, was utterly worthless. General Booth listened patiently to her tale of woe, and when she had finished, asked her solemnly, "Have you ever tried heaping coals of fire upon his head?"

"No," replied the injured wife, "but I've tried 'ot water!"



Totem Pole from Alert Bay, North Pacific Coast



The dainty woman does not KEEP Corns

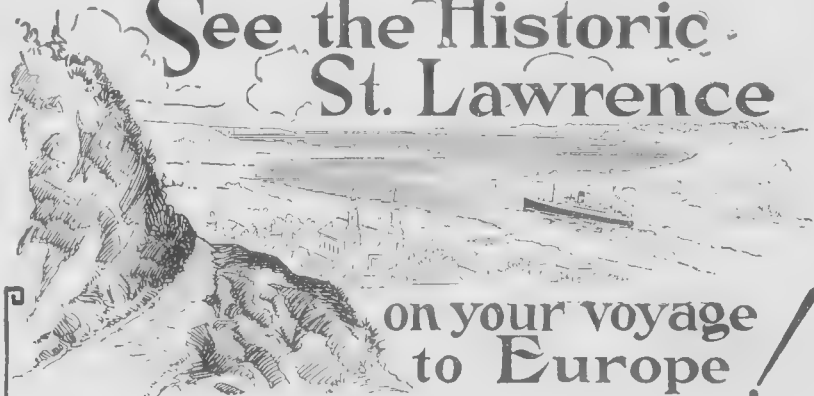
Almost every woman spends hours every week in the care of her face—cold-creaming it, cleansing it, massaging it, to guard against the tiniest blemish . . . But that doesn't prove her daintiness. It may merely indicate pride and vanity. . . . The real proof of perfect daintiness is the care a woman takes of the things that are not seen. . . . A blemish on her foot is as objectionable to her as one on her face. The moment a corn appears, she applies a Blue-jay.

Blue-jay is the delightful way to end a corn. A tiny cushion, cool as velvet, fits over the corn—relieving the pressure. The pain stops at once. Soon the corn goes. Blue-jay leaves nothing to guess-work. You do not have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each downy plaster is a complete standardized treatment with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn.

Blue-jay

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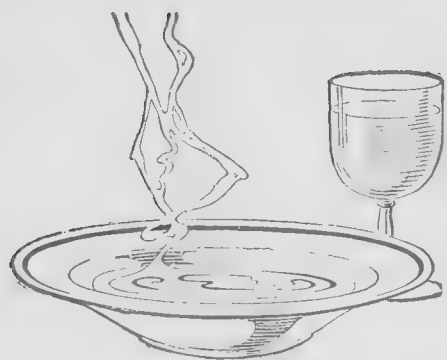
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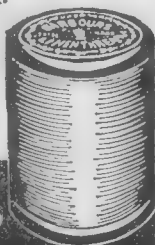
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The arrival of the "bride," her enthusiasms over married life and a general viewing of Gladys' trousseau filled the evening, and Mrs. DeBrisay and her fancies were forgotten.

IT was a scorching July day, some three weeks later, when Nan Farlington, hurrying downtown to a dentist's appointment, ran across Marjorie Hickson. She stopped for a moment to comment on the great heat, and was appalled to note the whiteness of Marjorie's face—the deep lines under her eyes.

"You're not looking very fit," she said, "is anything the matter?"

Marjorie's eyes filled. "It's Peter," she said. "He has been frightfully ill the last few days—oh, Nan, the doctor is so afraid of typhoid. If it is he will simply have to go to the hospital, the heat these days is simply unbearable in our tiny apartment."

Nan laid a sympathetic hand on the girl's arm.

"I'm awfully sorry, Marg, dear," she said, "Surely it isn't typhoid; I do hope not. Let me know, won't you?—and if there is anything I can possibly do, I'll only be too glad to help."

"Thanks, Nan, I will. I must hurry back to Peter now."

The doctor's fears were realized—Peter had typhoid. For weeks he lay burning up with fever in a city hospital, and through those weeks of terrific summer heat, a brave little wife was constantly by his side. The girls pleaded with her to write her parents—to have them come home from the beach and open the great old house where a cool spot was always to be found even in the hottest of weather. But Marjorie was immovable. She knew they had heard of Peter's illness; knew that they must realize how worried and troubled she was, but still they did not come, and she was not the one to ask them. Pride—the pride inherited from her French ancestors—held too much sway. It was Nan who was with her continually, who cheered her, encouraged her and helped her in a thousand little ways; Nan who gave up two or three summer visits to friends to stay by her side; who slept with her night after night, sometimes at the apartment, or, when the heat was too unbearable, at the Farlington home on the Avenue; Nan who shared with her those terrible nerve racking days when Peter's life hung in the balance—when hope had been abandoned by all save these two who watched by his bedside.

Then came the change, and Peter began to improve—slowly, ever so slowly—bit by bit each day. August was on the wane and the days were growing shorter when Peter was moved from the hospital to the apartment in Eglinton Street. He seemed only a shadow of his former self, the great strong healthy chap whom Marjorie had married less than three months before. But nursing, combined with love, worked wonders, and October found him much more like the Peter of old.

ANY who have been victims of circumstances, and forced to spend some time in a city hospital, will know that only those endowed with much of this world's goods can spend many days there and come out with a financial balance on the right side. When Peter Hickson married Marjorie DeBrisay he had a small bank account, a temporary engagement in research work, and the promise of a good permanent position. The first of July he had begun work with the McLaughlin Company, and everything went well until typhoid laid its hand upon him and brought all his ambitions and dreams of the future crashing to the ground. During his illness Marjorie was too worried, too anxious about him to think of mere money. Possibly she had never realized the value of it. All that she knew in those days was that Peter's life was in danger and that he must have the best, the very best of everything. And so the future was left out of the reckoning. Now, with the coming of the bright crisp October days, and the restoration of strength and vim

It All Depends

Continued from page 14

to Peter Hickson, there came, too, the realization of his crippled bank account. He had a wife to look after, a home to keep up—and no prospects. The McLaughlin Chemical Company, realizing the seriousness of his illness and the presumed length of absence, had used necessity as an excuse and appointed another in his place. It was a "low-down trick," everybody agreed, but such is the fortune of war. Men with a B.Sc. degree were plentiful at this time, and jobs extremely rare. Pull, too, had something to do with the ousting of Peter Hickson and the appointment of another in his place.

It was a glorious October day, when Peter and Marjorie, returning from a walk in the nearby park, faced the issue, looking the facts in the face.

"This illness of mine has just about cleaned us out financially dear," he said, sinking into a chair and drawing Marjorie on to his knee. "I really must make a start tomorrow and try and find something to do. It makes me fairly boil to think of the raw deal McLaughlins handed me."

"Don't be silly, dear," said Marjorie, stroking his hair caressingly, "you know perfectly well you are in no condition to work just yet, and if you were—well, positions are not picked off the trees you know, especially those desired by men like you with a B.Sc. degree."

"Funny," said Peter, "how we poor beggars spend years of our lives accumulating knowledge, and then when we have it at our finger tips—" he broke off suddenly and shrugged his shoulders.

Marjorie sat silent a moment, then she turned toward him, taking hold of his hands.

"Peter boy," she said, "I have a plan; will you listen to it?"

"Surely," said Peter, "let's have it!"

"Not unless you promise to be serious," she said, "I'm terribly serious."

"I promise, under seal," he agreed, and kissed her.

It took a great deal of persuasion, argument and pleading on Marjorie's part before Peter would even give consideration to the plan. Manlike, he balked at the idea of his wife even helping to support them. But as the days went by and he realized that the aftermath of his illness was such that he was none too strong, even should an opportunity arise in the way of earning a living, he yielded, little by little, and Marjorie put her plan into practice.

NO one knew what it cost her to do it—how it humbled her pride—but her love for Peter, the love that had made her give up a home life of luxury, break her family ties, and proudly refuse to ask assistance during Peter's illness, strengthened her now, so filled her that she was ready to do anything for Peter's sake.

The tiny apartment was given up and another, tiny also, substituted. It was a dull unattractive place, one of shabby respectability, but its one asset was the bright kitchen, and here Marjorie contemplated spending most of her time. Brought up in a home of luxury, unskilled along any particular line, it was hard to know which way to turn in such a crisis, but since childhood the art of cooking had always fascinated her. Many an hour she had spent in the great kitchen at home, making dainties of one kind or another, much to the cook's disgust; and this training, if such it might be called, was going to be put to practical use now. She knew that people were ever eager for homemade delicacies, and if other girls could make money this way, why couldn't she? Criticised, she was, of course; scorned by those whose outlook on life is cramped by convention and stifled; talked about even by a few of the club members. "I told you so," they said. Most of the girls, however, were sympathetic, admired her pluck and the way she handled the situation. Nan was her champion. Since those days of Peter's illness when she and Marjorie had shared in common the depths of anxiety and fear, she had come to know the true character of the girl. When

Grace made some remark about her at a Bridge, Nan announced in a voice that all near at hand could hear, "Marjorie Hickson is a girl who has enough true stuff in her to be able to descend from the heights, where her sphere is, to the very depths and still wear a smile on her face. You know, most people never rise high enough to be able to descend!" Then turning to Grace she said in a low voice:

"I hear that Mrs. DeB. is quite overcome. She feels that they are completely disgraced now."

ROME was not built in a day—and

Marjorie had many discouragements, met many snags along the road, yet she kept on unflinchingly. Gradually her goods became known, and as the weeks flew by her trade increased in alarming proportions. Anyone who sampled her wares wanted more, and before she knew it, her delicacies had become the rage for bridges, teas and dances. Limousine after limousine drew up each day before the drab apartment house, and chauffeurs were sent up to "No. 5" for the dainty confections. Sometimes when orders became too numerous she would phone Nan, and that young lady would rush over, don a huge apron, and lend a hand. Club meetings she rarely missed; they were her one source of entertainment: the link that held her to the past. The girls marvelled at her enthusiasm, the keen interest she took in her work. She seemed to be bubbling over with happiness. How interesting it was to hear about the cakes and candies and other dainties for Mrs. Jones' "pink tea," and Mrs. Wilson's "mauve bridge." "Everything must be one color—it seems to be the rage," she said. All through the winter months the "plan" was carried out, while Peter, still without regular employment, did odd research jobs and worked—worked day and night as his health permitted, on a plan of his own—some chemical process about which he was very hopeful.

Then spring came. One rainy afternoon in March, Nan was recalled from the depths of an interesting book by the incessant ringing of the telephone. It was Marjorie, but such an excited Marjorie that her vocal chords seemed unable to function.

"My dear," she finally blurted out, "Peter's done it—he has succeeded and the Newton Company want to patent it!"

"What in the world are you talking about?" said Nan.

"His invention, of course. Oh, how silly of me, you didn't know, did you? It was a secret—but, Nan, think of it, they have offered him twenty-five thousand dollars for it—and a dandy position besides! They say it is one of the most brilliant achievements along its line in recent years. Oh, Nan, do come down and see me. If I don't talk to someone I'll go crazy."

"All right," said Nan, still in a state of bewilderment, "I'll hurry as much as I can."

WHAT strange tricks Fate plays!

Marjorie and Peter Hickson had scarcely moved to a new apartment, a temporary dwelling place, until their new home, then in the process of construction, should be completed, when the next card was laid down by the hand of Fate. The news, once heard, spread like wild-fire—the De Brisays had lost practically everything in some speculation! Mrs. De Brisay had induced her husband against his better judgment to invest a large sum of money in a "wild cat scheme," which promised big returns, but proved an utter failure. The lovely old home had to be given up, and Mr. and Mrs. De Brisay found themselves with very little to come and go on, compared with what they had been accustomed.

At once Dame Gossip got busy, and tongues wagged once more. "Now is Marjorie's chance to show her people up!" they said, "to give them tit for tat." But they did not know the girl they were dealing with. Without a

moment's hesitation she went to them—to her parents whom she hadn't so much as spoken to since her marriage with Peter nine months before—went to the two who had tossed her aside, ignored her, scoffed at her, and offered them her love—invited them to share the small apartment with Peter and herself, until things were righted a bit. To some it seemed a ridiculous thing—to others something rather fine—but to Marjorie the one thing, the logical thing to do. Thus Fate, in strange and unaccountable ways, plays her hand.

A GORGEOUS moonlight night in early June, the scent of roses in the air, the magic month of love. Club night again! Tonight the meeting place was Marjorie Hickson's—a rather gala occasion, it seemed, a housewarming at the dream home that Peter and Marjorie had just moved into. The same little groups of girls—the gay colored bags—the merry babel of voices up the street to the gray stucco house with its leaded windows that reflected the shade of rose-tinted lamps. Nan, hurrying along, met Grace and Mary at the door.

"Isn't it the cutest place you ever saw?" said Grace.

"Yes, but wait until you get inside—Marg. was always so wonderfully artistic and she has had a chance to display her taste now," said Nan, enthusiastically.

And Nan's enthusiasm was fully warranted. From the bedroom, a study in rose-petal and gray, where the girls left their wraps, the tour began, and each room, in fact every nook and corner, was inspected. Such exclamations of delight. "My dear, isn't it wonderful?" . . . "Don't you love that color scheme?" . . . "I'm simply crazy over that Madeira bedspread!" . . . and so on.

The dining room was Nan's favorite spot—had been from the moment she first saw it, before even the furniture was in.

"I can just imagine Marg. and Peter sitting opposite each other," she said, addressing the little group, "lovelight in their eyes, and all that sort of thing, you know—roses on the table—and that darling French blue tea set! Can you imagine anything more wonderful? Reminds me of those lines from 'The Love Nest'—remember?" Nan sang in a gay staccato voice:

"Then a small room, tea set of blue,
Best of all room, dream room for two."

"That's what it is," said Jean Barston, looking around with longing eyes—"just a love nest!"

It was later than usual when the club broke up and the girls started for home, all assuring Marjorie that it was the "best meeting ever." Peter came down from the seclusion of his study, upstairs, to say goodbye. As he and Marjorie stood on the moonlit porch they looked like two children delighted over a new toy.

Jean slipped her arm through Nan's, as they went down the walk together, and turned to wave a last farewell.

"Isn't it wonderful to be happy as they are?" she whispered. "They certainly took an awful chance, but they came out all right in the end, in spite of all our forebodings. It's funny how some people can do that sort of thing and get away with it—and others run on the rocks. I suppose it all depends." She stopped short.

Nan walked in silence for a moment. She was thinking of the time when she and Jack would have a home of their own—thinking that they might "take a chance," too—quite soon.

"Yes, that's just it, Jean," she said—"it all depends—on the girls!"

An Appalling Predicament

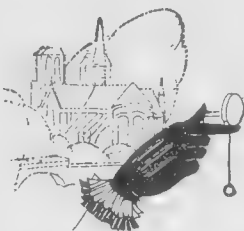
The situation of the young Irishman about whom Answers tells the following anecdote was indeed unusual. He had just informed a friend that his sister had been blessed by the arrival of a new baby.

"Boy or girl?" asked the friend.

"That's just what is bothering me," was the reply. "Bedad, they don't say in the letter, and now I don't know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

The Latest Cable News about SILK GLOVES.

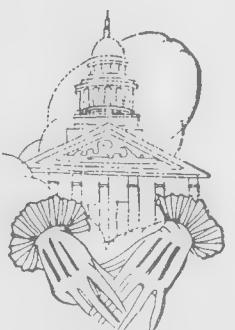
Paris may waver between the silhouette and the flare—but it is unanimous this Spring on Gloves.



Double ruffles give this glove inimitable charm.
Model 665—Price \$2.00



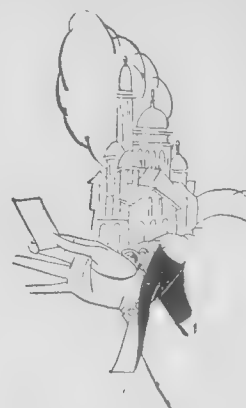
As she sauntered up the Rue Royale these shirred gloves were distinctively smart.
Model 866—Price \$1.75



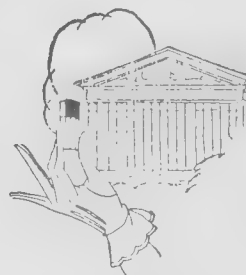
This model, with single ruffle, was worn by a noted American just up from Cannes.
Model 579—Price \$1.50



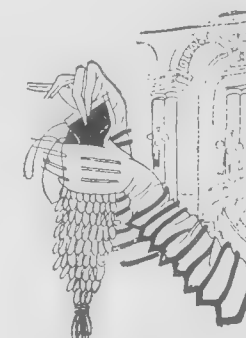
The glove of a distinguished Russian emigrée, with reverse cuff and scalloped edge.
Model 573—Price \$1.50



A new gauntlet model with handkerchief flaps in contrasting colors.
Model 555—Price \$2.00



As she turned out of the Rue St. Honoré, we noted a diplomat's wife, wearing this glove with its scalloped cuff.
Model 602—Price \$1.50



Originally sketched in the foyer of the Opéra, following a smart concert.
Model 1534—Price \$3.00

Paris Decrees The Ornamented Cuff

Up to Paris came the news! On the Riviera—at Cannes, Nice, Monaco—over at Biarritz, the ungloved hand is *passé*.

All because someone created the vogue of decorated cuffs—now gloves are lovelier than ever before, the final complement of a smart Spring costume.

Paris heard the news. *Voilà!* By cable we received style notes sketched by our representatives.

And now, *Madame* and *Mademoiselle*, the *modes de rigueur* of the Rue de la Paix are to be found in your own favorite shops here in Canada.

Speed? Yes. It is our pleasure to transmit the mode from *les Parisiennes* to *les Canadiennes* with dispatch.

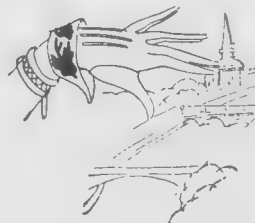
Just as if you had shopped in Paris you, too, may wear the smart gloves now seen on the Bois, at tea at the Ritz or before dinner at the Crillon.

Kaiser observers in Paris keep us posted. So look to Kaiser, as other wise women do, for all that is *chic* in gloves.

Note some of the latest models sketched here—they come in different shades in the proper silk-weights for Spring. And the prices—such as would delight the smart but thrifty *Parisienne*.

Kaiser

GLOVES - UNDERWEAR - HOSIERY
ALL MADE IN CANADA



Appropriately enough, we noted this flower embroidered reverse cuff as the wearer emerged from a lovely garden.
Model 584—Price \$2.50



Très chic, this model with embroidered reverse cuff and scalloped edge.
Model 594—Price \$2.00

3

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The following extracts from recent letters are convincing—

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- "I will not be bothered with Packs after trying 'Mentholatum Steam'."
- "Surpasses any Cold Cream or Mud Pack."
- "Creates a youthful feeling, skin soft as silk."
- "Why spend money on expensive cosmetics when health and a lovely complexion can be had in a small tube of Metholatum?"

You Make This Test

Soak a towel in hot water and wring it out. Apply it to face for about one minute, to open pores—then massage face with Mentholatum for two or three minutes—then repeat hot towel process twice and finish with a cold towel.

Will you write us

When you try a Mentholatum Steam drop us a line and tell us frankly what you think of it, truly we are anxious to know. Mentholatum is for sale at all Drug Stores, 1 oz. size, 30c.; 3 oz. size, 60c.



Send 10c (to cover postage, etc.) to the Mentholatum Company, Bridgeburg, Ont. for generous trial package.

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They Pay Their Doctor's Bills in Bulk

By Aubrey Fullerton

"**C**ALL in the doctor, but don't pay him," is the rule in some parts of Alberta. It doesn't mean that the doctor will not be paid: in fact, he is surer of his pay and freer from the nightmare of bad debts than most of his fellow practitioners in other parts of Canada. But he does not bill his patient, nor collect a fee from him, nor even wonder whether he is good for it. And the patient does not worry about it, either. Except for the inconvenience and sundry doses of medicine, it is almost pleasant to be sick in those Out-West places.

For Alberta municipalities have taken over their doctors as going concerns and have engaged them under contract to care for the public health on full-time salaries paid from the public treasury. This system of municipalized doctoring is, perhaps, the nearest approach in Canada to nationalizing medical services. It is said to be working out in each of the four cases very satisfactorily.

The municipal district of King, near Medicine Hat, has a one-year contract with Dr. J. G. Ross, which has been three times renewed. The flu epidemic of 1918 was really responsible for the inauguration of the system, but it has since been changed to fit the general conditions of normal times. Dr. Ross has his duties as municipal physician defined for him as follows:

"To act as the municipal health officer, inspector of public school pupils, and 'look-out' for tuberculosis and venereal diseases; to attend promptly office and home patients, rendering medical, surgical, or obstetrical services as required; to make an annual health survey of the municipality; to select and recommend to the council patients for hospitalization; to enforce sanitary regulations and quarantine restrictions; and to attend to all other matters pertaining to the public health interests of the community; finally, to present an annual report to the council."

To meet the cost of the service, the municipality levies a tax of \$1.56 per quarter-section of land. This is collected with the other taxes, and it does away with the necessity of charging medical fees. Patients pay for medicine and dressings, with a nominal mileage rate when the physician uses his own conveyance.

Lockerbie municipal district has a woman doctor on a three-year contract and pays her a yearly salary of \$2,000 in advance quarterly instalments. Dr. Mary Ferguson holds herself responsible under this contract for the general doctoring work of the municipality. She visits any point within her area, when called upon, and keeps her office hours, for consulta-

tion purposes, on two days of each week. Twice a year she inspects the twenty-two schools in the municipality, and the minor dental troubles of the children are attended to free of charge.

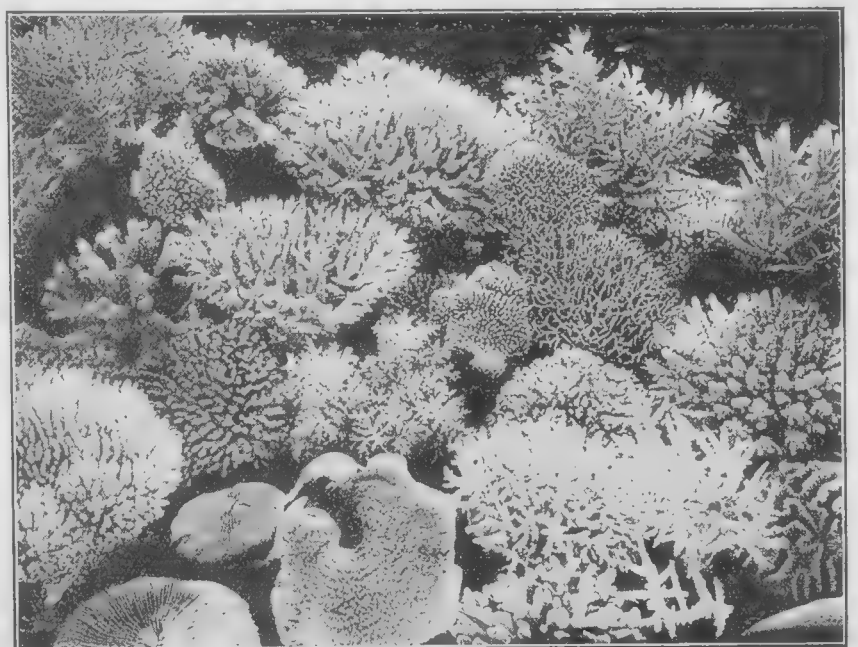
Under the Lockerbie plan all charges and collections are made from the offices of the municipality, the doctor handling no money but her own salary and the cost of the necessary drugs. Flat rates are charged by the municipality for all services rendered, and out of the general revenue thus raised it pays the doctor.

Still another plan is being followed in the district of which Chinook is the centre. Two hundred families living within a radius of twenty-five miles have assessed themselves at the rate of \$15 each per year, which makes up a doctor's salary. In return, all these families get free doctoring, except for the livery charges to the country subscribers and a nominal rate of fifty cents per visit to subscribers in town, which has been found just large enough to keep people from calling in the doctor for only trifling ailments.

The engagement with the Chinook doctor gives him the privilege of collecting ordinary fees from non-members of the scheme, but the number of these is decreasing as the success of the community doctoring plan becomes more fully established. When all the people of the district have joined up, the yearly tax rate, presumably, will be lowered accordingly.

At Gainford, near Edmonton, there is another municipalized doctor who maintains a small hospital and whose services are at the disposal of the public in consideration of a straight salary from the public funds. For his visits and services the municipality charges and collects prescribed fees.

These several schemes have each their advocates and seem to be giving general satisfaction. The effect in all four cases is to provide the local public with as nearly free medical services as probably is possible in a social order where things have to be paid for somehow, by taxing or pooling if not by fees. The doctors, too, are evidently very well satisfied with the way their municipalization is working out. It saves them a lot of worry and book-keeping, makes their income sure and regular, and gives them a sense of being really public servants, even if they are not yet fully nationalized. Several other communities in Alberta are reported to be moving toward some such schemes, along the lines of one or the other of those already in operation. For the idea of being able to call in a doctor and paying him only in bulk is a taking one with the people out West.



Varieties of Coral found on the Grand Barrier Reef, North Queensland, Australia

Prize Essays

In the Canadian Bureau for the Advancement of Music's Essay Competition on "The Advantages of Investments to Make Possible the Cultural Enjoyment of Music in the Home, as Compared with Investments That Offer Chiefly Pleasure."

Final Adjudicators

Sir Arthur W. Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.,
Principal and Vice-Chancellor, McGill
University, Montreal.

E. W. Beatty, K.C., Pres. Canadian
Pacific Railway Co., Montreal.

Vincent Massey, Pres. Massey-Harris Co.,
Limited, Toronto.

First Prize Essay—"A" Class

"The Advantages of Music in the House"
By G. Antonio Beaudoin

College de Sainte Anne de la Pocatiere,
Kamouraska, Que.

"Music cannot fail to strike fire from
the spirit of man."—Beethoven.

MUSIC is a universal language. A multitude of the most dissimilar people will thrill in unison, listening to national hymns, to harmonies happy or sad. Music speaks to the heart of each one of us. We know the legend of Orpheus, who charmed even wild beasts with his melodious sounds. Everyone knows that in India snake-charmers are numerous.

Since music is so much enjoyed, it must become better known, and have a preponderant place in the home. Music should be queen of the hearth. To those who are looking for some diversion to break the monotony of their evenings, to make them forget the cares of the day, music, with all its beauties, offers itself as a source of inexhaustible pleasure.

Good, wholesome music, produced by singing or musical instrument, will be far superior to any other diversion that can be introduced into the home. Anything else is, in fact, ephemeral, costly, tiresome, is quickly exhausted, loses its novelty, and its beauty, is valued only by the few initiated ones, and is soon forgotten.

Music, because of its divine quality, has none of these drawbacks. Advantages of all kinds are associated with singing and instrumental music. Those who study singing become accustomed to breathing regularly, and healthy activity of their lungs is assured. Singing is like sunshine in our lives. Songs tell our joys and soothe our griefs.

A musical instrument has the qualities of permanence and stability. The very sight of one has always some quality of newness, and its beauty and richness of tone often increase with the years. Favorable conditions make the purchase of one easy. It is, therefore, a wise economy to seek after music as a diversion. The cinema is represented at the end of the year by a considerable sum expended with the least amount of profit. The memory of moving pictures fades very quickly.

Music promotes happiness in the home. Other diversions often cause trouble in the home, bring about disputes, disturb the family peace. Music brings together the members of a family, ensures harmony, produces peace. Music entertains while it instructs, associates the family in the same thought, the same joy, and the same task. Music begets good humour, drives away tiresome people, and makes families happy.

Happy families make prosperous communities. Music softens the manners, elevates the tastes, and refines the intelligence of a people. Canadians are recognized as possessing a very pronounced musical temperament. By a more earnest fostering of music in our homes, our country will produce famous artists through whom Canada will win wider appreciation.

Let us cultivate music. It is a harmonious language, a fugitive art, that charms the ear, and stirs the mind to interest, "a science with its numbers and its formulas," the superiority of which over all other species of diversion is indisputable. He who loves music finds

in it the source of the highest and purest delights. He does not merit Shakespeare's perhaps exaggerated reproach,

"The man that hath not music in himself,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds.

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

First Prize Essay—"B" Class

"The Advantages of Music in the Home"

By Richard Whittaker Reville

(Age 12 years)

3 Church St., Jr. IV Grade, Victoria
School, Brantford.

FROM my earliest youth I have been reared in a musical atmosphere, as my elders have always been firm believers in the expenditure of money for a musical education for every member of the family. In our home we all sing and play on one or more instruments, in addition to having a good phonograph, which enables us to hear all the best artists at a trifling cost.

All children should be taught to play on some instrument, whether they show marked ability or not, as a knowledge of music develops the faculties of sight, touch, hearing, and improves the memory, thereby developing the brain and sense of rhythm.

Money expended on a musical education is well spent, often bringing in large returns in after years. Students have been known to earn in a few years far more than was expended on their tuition, playing in orchestras, teaching, piano tuning, being organists and choir leaders.

Money invested in a good piano, phonograph or radio will often do more to keep a family united than any other medium. For those who cannot play themselves and who prefer piano music, the new electric piano player is proving a great source of pleasure. One can hear the compositions of all the great modern composers played perfectly, as well as the old masterpieces.

For a large family, I cannot think of anything nicer than for each member to study a different instrument, thereby enabling them to get splendid effects, and when they have become sufficiently accomplished they could play in public for remuneration, as small orchestras are in constant demand.

Many families who have not invested any money in musical instruments for the house, or in educating themselves in music, often regret exceedingly the time and money wasted in movies, theatres and amusements which give but temporary pleasure, and leave no lasting benefits. As a prominent man remarked to me when he heard I was writing this essay, "I wish I had invested the money I have spent on my motor car and its upkeep in musical instruments for my house. I would now have something to show for my money."

It seems to be an open question today whether we people in Canada could not be better if we spent more time and energy in developing our taste for good music, instead of tearing madly from one frivolous amusement to another.

In regard to the value of music in the home, a great author aptly says, "We cannot gain experience by being brought into contact with the experiences of others, nor can we know music by reading about it. Only by taking it into our hearts and homes, by admitting it to our intimate companionship, can we approach a knowledge of the art that has enriched so many lives."

Continued on page 68

Mothers!

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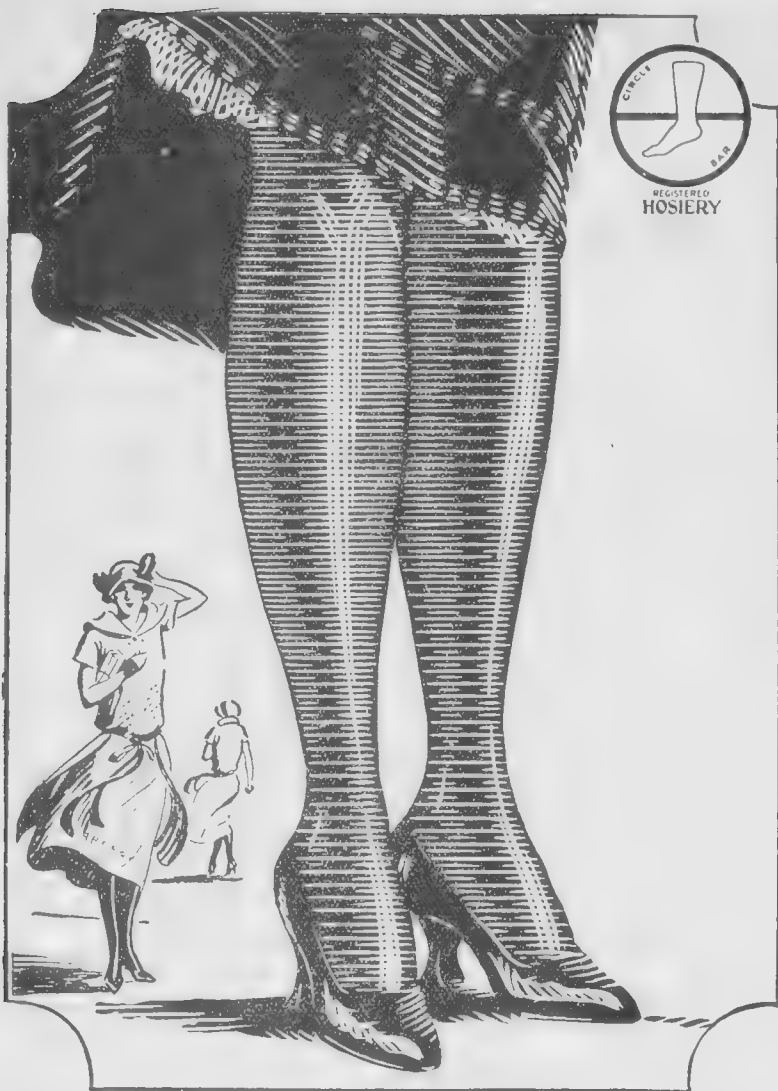
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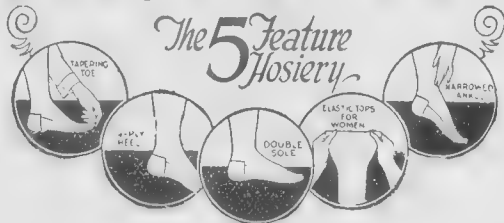
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Prize Essays

Continued from page 67

Special Prize (\$25.00) Over 500 Words
"The Advantage of Music in the Home"
By Isabel Allen (Age 17 years)
St. Michael's Academy, Chatham, N. B.

THE investments to make possible cultural enjoyment of music in the home as compared with investments that offer chiefly pleasure, must be gauged by their relation to the well-being of man from the threefold standpoint of body, mind and soul.

Man is an embodied mystery. Fashioned of earth, endowed with great possibilities, made in the image of a Divine Artificer, he is always an enigma to himself. Concerning him, scientists and theologians have thought and written and taught, and while intrinsic knowledge has been attained thereby, yet the fact remains, that it is not known where one part of man's nature ends and another part begins. It is, however, a universal fact that man possesses a three-sided nature and that one or other predominates, according as that individual is cultivated. Which side, then shall predominate? The sensitive, intellectual or moral? This question is answered by the home; for on the early family life of an individual depends his or her whole future life.

If in future the boys and girls forget the old home, it is because they have been given no reason to love it. Music, the sweet balm which heals and soothes, was excluded, and therefore the wrong side of life was cultivated, or perhaps the right side cultivated the wrong way.

Music, someone has said, is the fourth need of man—food, clothing, shelter, then music. At first hearing that may seem much beyond the truth. "Non-sense," says the intensely practical man. "I have lived fifty years and built up a fortune, yet I don't suppose I've given six hours to music in all my life." But his attitude proves nothing. He has progressed without music, but that is no evidence that he has not needed it, that his life would not have been far richer and better if its influence had been admitted.

"The man that hath not music in himself

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,"

wrote Shakespeare, and while it must be admitted that he exaggerated, and that many an excellent person has no love for music, it is nevertheless true that music should be a very real part in every life.

The greater part of the time of most people is given up necessarily to material things, to the struggle for a comfortable livelihood, perhaps even to a grinding fight against poverty, while those elements are sadly neglected which can inspire, which can lift the mind above sordid things and make clear the possibilities of a larger life. This inspiration, this pleasure, freed from all taint of worldliness, nothing can give more perfectly than good music. But unless the taste for good music is cultivated in the home, it will never be cultivated.

The great masses of Canadian people are what might be termed economical, but economical in a sense which is going to do more harm than good.

The necessity of amusement is admitted

on all sides, and yet these saving people shut their eyes to the fact and try to exclude from their homes all forms of amusement that call for a little extra money. Children brought up in such an atmosphere, and forced to seek enjoyment elsewhere than under the supervision of the parents, are left in a very dangerous position. Who is to tell where those children are, or what forms of pleasure they are drinking in, what tastes and habits they are fostering—wasting both time and money in worthless amusement. They may derive pleasure from these amusements, but it may be strange animal pleasure, that degrades the soul instead of elevating it. But if the love of music has been instilled into the young heart things are very different, for music is the cause of a just sense of elevation of character; it clears and strengthens the spirit, it gives higher reaches of thought, it widens our benevolence and makes the current of our individual affections swift and deep. Instead of indulging in harmful or useless amusements children will be safe at home making both their own and the parents' lives happier and brighter with music.

Is it then really economical to exclude music from the home, for if it cannot be obtained at home it will be sought elsewhere, at theatres, cabarets, dance halls, etc., not only wearing out the pocket-book, but even the minds and bodies of the people thus forced to seek enjoyment? Then when doctors' bills begin pouring in, or when it becomes necessary to resort to rouge and powder to supply a lost complexion, where does the economy come in? Wouldn't it be far cheaper to provide the home with musical instruments, to give the children music lessons, than to provide them with pocket money for the endless entertainments that come their way, and to pay the doctors' bills, occasioned by sleepless nights and worn-out constitutions. The musical instruments and lessons remain, the other amusements are only transient visitors that leave behind them, discontent and regret, and in a very short time the money they call for amounts to a greater sum than it would take to keep up music in the home for many years.

Busy fathers and mothers will tell you that they want their sons and daughters to become something great, and to that end they are using all the money they can spare. Let these people but look into the lives of great people and they will find that high attainments are preceded by high ideals, but they are reached by humble processes. It requires a mountain to express a mountain, a character to express a character, but a noble manhood must be preceded by a high ideal. Now, where are they to get this high ideal? Certainly not after they leave the home; and they won't get it in the home if they are not provided with the material to create it.

Governments now are waking up to the fact that the morals of the people are becoming very degenerate, and there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage. So if they are too soon removed from the cottage, the nation must necessarily suffer.

The Gate to Yesterday

Continued from page 4

I used to look into his eyes, to see if I could see to the bottom; they were so deep. But I never could," she laughed.

"Such a sadly-sweet smile he gave me, when he opened the gate and said: 'If you came over to play with me, would you be glad?'"

"Oh yes I'd be glad," I answered eagerly, afraid if I didn't respond at once, that the angels would take him back. After that, the little gate was hardly ever closed. And Francesca's voice fell away into silence, and her eyes grew bright.

"He helped Mrs. Reid in the garden?" inquired the Doctor, anxious that he should hear all the story from her own lips.

WITH a little sigh, Francesca came back to earth. "Once I heard Uncle Edward say that when he and Aunt Lucy went to the Orphan Home to select a boy, they intended to get one big enough to help in the garden. But when Aunt Lucy saw little Larry with his wistful, white face, and his luminous eyes, grey, like the dawn, she wouldn't allow Uncle Edward even to look at any of the others. And in spite of a protesting husband she brought Larry home. She loved him, and mothered him as long as she lived," Francesca added tenderly.

"You were always friends, Francesca?"

"Friends! Yes, we were always friends. 'Pals,' the young people say these times.

Every nook and corner of these old gardens are full of memories of our companionship.

"With our baskets of lunch we used to wander off to the woods, and down to the water's edge. We knew where the buttercups grew their yellowest, and the orioles built their nests. We could tell where the trout leapt highest in the stream, and the places where the voice lunged back its brightest echoes.

"Then came the school days. We started together, each with a new book and slate in a shiny black bag, and a rosy apple tucked away in a pocket for recess.

"We did our home-work—drew our maps, and wrote our compositions, from opposite sides of the table.

"But there were times," and there was a very tender expression in her face, "when Larry would suddenly look up from his composition, his grey eyes glowing, and whisper: 'Let's play make-believe in the enchanted castle,' as we mysteriously called the summer-house. 'You be a princess, doomed to a life of loneliness in a tower.'

"Yes, I can be it as easy as anything," I always replied, closing my books at once. 'I'll wear the Persian table cover, with a long piece trailing behind.'

"Even now," she said after a pause, "after all these years, when I go out to the summer-house with my books or sewing, and the little breezes come rustling through the rose leaves just as they used to do—suddenly—before I know it happens, the years vanish. And once again I am a lonely princess, weeping and fainting with the greatest alacrity.

"Then Larry's voice comes back to me so plainly: 'Be not unhappy, fair Princess, for lo! I am the song that the winds sing. When thou art lonely, listen, and I shall tell thee secrets of foamy white-caps on blue water. I shall tell thee why the wind can never keep up in its race with the long grass. And why I sob when I come through the pine trees.'

"BUT we soon outgrew our childish nonsense, and we were giving parties to our friends. Waltzing through these big rooms to the music of violins. It was then that Larry whispered in my ear that I was the prettiest girl in Burnside. It was then that I noticed that Larry was taller and straighter than the other boys, with a little turn of manner that they didn't have.

"Aunt Lucy's death was a terrible blow in Larry's life. She had almost worshipped him, and he was always planning about the things he would do to repay her. He little dreamed of the happiness he had brought into her life, and the comfort he had been to her after Uncle Edward's death.

"There was money left Larry, but he was anxious to make his own way. He took a position in the newspaper office. And then through his success there, came the offer of a better position in a distant town.

"Oh, Doctor Ernest!" she cried, suddenly tremulous, "the night he came to me, brimming over with his news, the wistaria was in bloom, and the moon had just come up behind the tree-tops. I can still feel the velvety air upon my face. We were so proud of the letter he held in his hand, as we read it over and over in the moonlight. Then—the meaning of it came home. Neither of us spoke, but we both knew. Knew that our childhood had gone. We felt it slip away and vanish, never more to return, except in memory. For a moment we both stood dumb. Then a new light shone in Larry's luminous eyes. 'Oh little playmate,' he whispered, 'I cannot go without you. I can't live without you. Won't you come too?'

"And before I knew where I was, Doctor Ernest, we had pledged our love to each other. Childhood had gone, but it had left love. And we stood breathless with the wonder of it.

"Then, boyishly proud, Larry took from his pocket a little ring. 'Won't you wear this?' he said. 'It is the only article on earth that I feel I really possess, and I love it.'

"I turned it about, overjoyed. It was a beautiful amethyst, in a setting of silver filigree. Not valuable perhaps, as rings go. But as I remember now, it was of exquisite design, and excellent workmanship. And from its tiny circle, like

Continued on page 70



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The Gate to Yesterday

Continued from page 69

the fragrance from dead violets, came the breath of romance of other years.

"Then Larry told me what he knew of the ring. It had been left with him when he was consigned, a tiny infant, to the Orphan Home. There had been a letter of explanation with it. But the records of the Home, together with the letter, had been destroyed by fire. So that there were no means left by which he could ever know his name. But he had loved the ring, and had woven little dream stories about it. He felt it as a pledge of the love of his parents, whom he longed so unutterably to know. Then, as he gently placed it on my finger, with a mist in his grey eyes, he kissed the violet stone.

TREMULOUS with joy, we went into the house to find Mother. She must be the first one to hear our wonderful news. Doctor, you knew my mother; but you would never believe that she could be so hard, so relentless as she was that night. I was dumfounded. At first I scarcely heard her as she spoke pointedly of my aristocratic family, and my fine name. But I glanced at Larry, and suddenly I awoke from my happy dream. All the youth had died out of his face. Despair seemed frozen in his eyes, and on his sensitive lips. "What do I care for my family, or my name," I flashed out angrily. "I love Larry, and I am going to marry him."

"I was wilful, and Mother knew it. So she turned to Larry as though she expected more reason from him, and said quite calmly: 'You must see that such a marriage would be impossible, Larry.' She added, after a moment's hesitation: 'You don't know who you are.'

"That is true," he whispered. "I don't." And he shrank back as though from a blow. Artfully, Mother made him promise then and there, that he would not see me again. Would not 'bother me,' as she put it, 'with letters.'

"Then, a little disturbed at the boy's white face as he turned to go, she said: 'You are a dear boy, Larry. And I appreciate your manliness. When you are older, you will see that this marriage would have been a mistake.' 'Oh Mother, how can you say such a thing?' I sobbed. "Mother repented of this before she died," Francesca added softly. "But it was too late then.

"I went back to the gate with Larry, the little gate where we had stood so often. And there I gave him back the ring. Doctor, that was many years ago, but the return of the wistaria season never finds the memory of it less poignant. The old garden in its perfumed loveliness seemed to mock us as we clung to each other, helplessly, vowing that we would never forget. Then, with one last embrace, Larry was gone through the gate—and I was alone.

"Larry died a few years later," she said, after a pause.

"He died!" "Yes. I never heard that he did, but I knew it. I had always felt hopeful that something would bring us together again. But one day—my heart grew suddenly like lead. Then I knew that Larry was gone.

"You know the rest. You remember my marriage with Judge Holmes. He knew that I didn't love him. But he was always good and kind. He was so many years older than I, that we couldn't be as companionable as we should have been. You know of the years of travel we had, and of my husband's death in Italy. I have never forgotten your kindness, Doctor Ernest, when I came back, lonely, to the old home.

"My years have been very lonely ones," she continued sadly. "If it hadn't been for my reading I couldn't have borne the loneliness.

"But, Doctor, if I could only go back," and she flung out her hands in a little gesture of despair, "back through the Gate to Yesterday, nothing—not a mother's protests, not the lack of name or family, nor anything in Heaven or earth, would separate me from the man I loved."

"Thank you, Francesca," the doctor said quietly, as with a sigh the little lady

leaned back in her chair. "I am glad that you have told me this," while "how shall I tell her?" kept singing in his mind.

"But Doctor Ernest!" she exclaimed, with a sudden effort at brightness, "I wanted so much to hear about your trip. The sights you saw, and the people you met. You know how we Burnside folks love a little news."

"The people I have met! Why, my dear," and he tried to respond in her own light mood, "I have a surprise for you—real news."

Francesca looked up with a smile of inquiry, and the doctor said slowly: "The most interesting person I met was your much admired John Parker."

"John Parker! The author! Oh not really?"

"Yes, really," he nodded emphatically. "Oh, please begin at once," she said eagerly, leaning forward, her little, ring-fingers tightly clasped. "Tell me about him."

"MY meeting with him came about in this way," and the doctor narrowed his eyes, as with precision he fitted the finger-tips of one hand with those of the other, his accustomed attitude when he was about to say something of importance: "I was visiting in a delightful suburb of Montreal with Doctor Roberts and his wife, very old friends of mine. Roberts had a patient to whom he was much devoted, a man who has been a cripple for many years. The doctor used to wander over to see this man (he lived just across the street), whenever he could snatch a moment. I used to hear Mrs. Roberts teasingly remark that she didn't know which one got the greater good from the visit. Her husband always came home so stimulated in soul, that she wondered if he were the one who had been receiving the tonic.

"My friend insisted that I come across and meet his patient, assuring me that I would be the better for having spent a half-hour in his presence. I went. Roberts was right, Francesca. The man, and his name was John Parker, was a delight to meet."

"He is a cripple?" she asked excitedly.

"In body. But assuredly not in mind. Now there are some eminent specialists treating him, and they have hope, only a little, that he may walk again. He goes about on crutches. In fact, most of the time he spends in the garden. It is there that he writes.

"He has a beautiful garden, Francesca, and he takes such pride in his purple wistaria. Morning and evening he and his son wander about among the flowers. They are great companions, the two of them.

"One day I happened to mention Burnside, and he gave a quick start. After that he wanted me to come over often, and tell him about our little village.

Francesca lifted her flushed face eagerly. "Why was he interested in Burnside, Doctor? Did he ever know anyone here?"

For a moment the doctor looked into the firelight, then back toward his companion, with kindly eyes. "Francesca," he said in a calm, steady voice, "Larry Reid is not dead. John Parker is Larry Reid."

"Alive! Larry not dead!" she gasped, wide-eyed, her face suddenly grown bloodless. "Oh Doctor Ernest!"

For a moment she gazed steadily at the fire, then murmured softly: "So it was Larry who wrote the books. I wonder why I didn't know that before. I see it all so plainly now."

"No wonder you found them so companionable," laughed the doctor. Then as he added: "He was always asking about you, Francesca," he noticed a blush of pleasure that spread over her face.

"He had heard of your marriage, but not of your husband's death. I told him of our friendship, and of how interested you are in his books. Then he opened his heart to me: A few years after he left you, came the unexpected joy of finding his name, through a jeweller who had sold the silver ring to his father. He wanted you to know that he had an

honest name, even though his parents, through ill-health, had died penniless.

"It was when he was coming to you with the news, Francesca, that the awful accident occurred."

"Accident!" Frances said aghast. "Oh, poor Larry!"

"Then he didn't want you to know," resumed the doctor. "He knew it would break your heart."

Mrs. Holmes was dumb, a wan smile on her white face. The doctor observed with surprise how suddenly old, and tired, she looked.

"John Parker's son!" she kept thinking. "And John Parker and Larry are one. Larry's wife! I cannot ask about her. I can't frame the words. I got married, why not Larry?"

"Francesca," the doctor continued, "you have a great right to be proud of the playmate of your youth. Though he has had great sorrows, they have not embittered him, but rather, have transmuted themselves into the qualities that build up character.

"His hair is now turned white, Francesca. But his grey eyes still glow with visions."

"He has sent you something." And the doctor took from his pocket a tiny parcel.

"Sent me something!"

"He couldn't ask you to come to him. He wouldn't, since he is a cripple, with very little hope of ever being better. His address is enclosed," added the doctor, rising. And with an expression of bewilderment on her face Mrs. Holmes took the parcel from his hand.

"It meant his heart once," the doctor went on kindly. "And, Francesca, it means that yet. He said that you would understand that it could never mean anything else."

"But Doctor Ernest," she said confusedly, "I don't understand. Is his wife—?"

"His wife!" exclaimed the doctor almost brusquely. "John Parker never had a wife. He and an adopted son, a boy from the Orphan Home, live alone with an old servant."

The doctor turned towards the door, and with a sob Francesca sank back in her chair.

"The address, if you go," reminded the doctor from the doorway, "or if you send it back. It is yours to decide," he added thoughtfully, and stole softly out.

The moon had come up behind the tree-tops, and flooded the old garden with enchantment. A silvery veil of memory and romance lay on the purple wistaria, and hung caressingly about the little gate at the side of the garden. All was calm and beautiful.

The old doctor paused for a moment and looked about. Then, murmuring softly to himself, "Ah, well, perhaps it was all for the best," he slowly wandered down the gravel path, and out through the gate.

In the old house by the firelight, an amethyst pressed close to her lips, her dark eyes glowing tenderly, the little lady of the house had floated far away on golden-winged dreams to meet the lover of her youth.

"Back through the magic 'Gate to Yesterday,' she whispered dreamily. Then as the gate swung softly open she saw—was it a white-haired man on crutches, or a boy, who stood with hands outstretched, a smile on his lips as he said: "If you came over to play with me, would you be glad?"

"Oh Larry my love!" she exclaimed. Then, with a reassuring glance at the ring on her finger, "And the wistaria should still be in bloom," she added, running upstairs to get Molly started at the packing.

For the east-bound train goes through Burnside early in the morning.

Whoa, Maud!

Old Mose was wrestling with a balky mule when a passer-by shouted: "Why, Mose, where's your will power?"

"Ma will power's all right," came the reply, "but you jest otter come over here and see dis yer animal's won't power."



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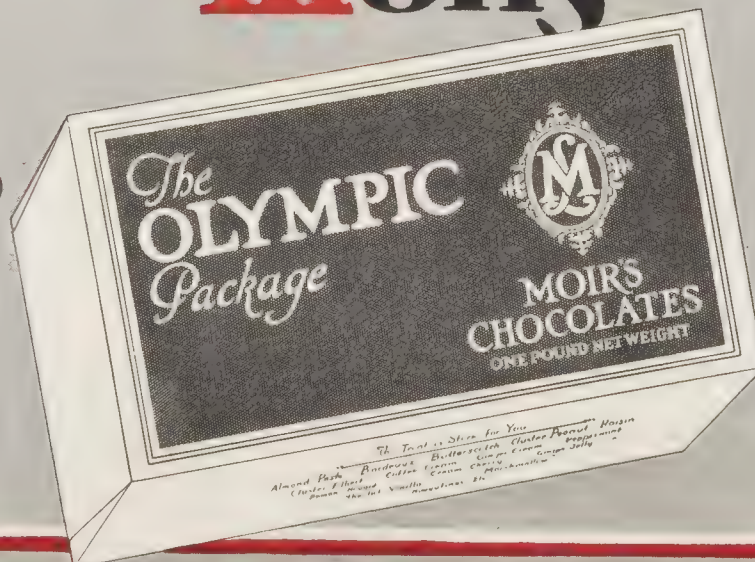


James (Looking at Betty's hand): I think you had better pass.
 Betty: Pass What? Harry: Pass me one of Moir's Chocolates.

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The "Widening Ripple"

Continued from page 11

Bristol, Cardiff, Plymouth, Southampton, Leith, Manchester, Gloucester, Birmingham and Hull.

The new elevator just opened at Vancouver has an outstanding construction record. This gigantic pile of concrete and steel, the largest of its kind on the Pacific Coast, was completed in 45½ days, a building record for the continent. The workhouse, 181 feet on the water-front, is 115 feet deep, and 207 feet high. The storage is 268 feet long by 114 feet wide, by 115 feet high. The entire job contains 28,000 cubic yards of concrete, 2,000 tons of reinforcing steel rods, and 350 tons of structural steel. It is the most flexible and fast handling elevator on the Pacific Coast, with a 1,000 bushels per hour drier. The elevator contains nine 2,500-bushel receiving pits, which means that nine railway cars can be unloaded at the same time, and 200 cars can be handled in ten hours. The elevator is one of four erected at the port of Vancouver in the last 12 years, giving the port a storage capacity of 6,600,000 bushels, and an ability to handle 600 cars a day, or 100,000,000 bushels of wheat in a season, making the port of Vancouver now one of the great grain-shipping centres of the world. This is largely due to shipments of wheat from the Canadian prairies coming westward instead of going eastward as of yore, taking advantage of the short haul via the Panama Canal to Europe. The Oriental trade is also doubling every season. In 1921, grain to the extent of 1,251,070 bushels was handled through the port of Vancouver. In 1924, to the end of August, there were 43,960,232 bushels handled.

BUT important as is the opening of this great elevator from the commercial point of view, it stands for much more than this—as a sign-post and a symbol in the great epic of civilization across the North American continent from East to West; that great epic of the life of a new-sprung nation (the North Americans) whose rapid rise, whose great wealth and growing power in but little more than two centuries is outstanding, in point of time, in the history of the world. The great elevator and all the lesser ones are strikingly symbolic, for through them the wheat is handled—the wheat which has been the chief ally, the mainstay of a people which has created this great and rapidly-completed civilization.

And at this time, as never before, it seems worth while to call attention to the story of that widening ripple of the wheat across the broad face of the continent, and the story of wheat in general, so closely is it linked with the history of the ruling nations of the world. The story of humanity since earliest recorded time and back and far beyond that, is one of drift—drift on drift of ever-increasing millions of men, swarming over the face of the earth in search of ever new and wider food-producing areas. And nearly always has man's trek been westward, from East to West, ever toward the setting sun, have the various races moved, conquering and killing, race against race, the battle to the strongest. And with that first Aryan drift began, too, the trek of the wheat. The epic of man, the individual and the race, has been inseparably linked with this grain all down through the ages of ever-increasing civilization. The races of wheat producers and wheat eaters, the white races in modern times, have slowly predominated, till today those nations growing within their confines the greatest amount of this cereal, are the foremost ones of the earth.

And the wheat? Asia and Europe, birthplaces of the present master races of mankind, proved too small for the flooding tide of humanity, and North America became the object of yet one more drift. And, too, came wheat.

The story of the settlement of North America is a story of wheat. Ninety-five years ago the State of New York was the chief and about the only wheat-producing area in America, giving to Rochester the title of "Flour City." Today, nearly two thousand miles to the westward, Minneapolis has wrested the

title to itself, to be probably robbed in the future because of the ever-westward widening ripple of the onswelling grain. A resistless, flooding tide, moving ever on and on to new fields, calm, immutable, scorning the little tragedies of its puny ally, man, it continues on its way. Nirvanically calm, a colossal power, a perpetually growing thing, expanding till all the far, wide stretches the length and breadth of the North American continent, from New York City to Vancouver, from the San Joaquin Valley to the banks of the majestic Peace River, were engulfed and bound to its service. And now this golden grain seeks a new outlet. In its companion-drift with man it has reached the uttermost outpost of the last west, and now comes to load waiting steamers on the Pacific seaboard, and in them travel back from West to East, completing the cycle begun so long ago.

For thirty-five years the wheat of the Canadian prairies found its only outlet via the eastern rail-haul and Great Lakes route to the Atlantic seaboard. With the ending of the war and the large release of ocean-going bottoms, and the lowering in freight rates, the western way for wheat from the Canadian prairies to Europe via the Canadian port of Vancouver and the Panama Canal began to attract the attention of shippers, particularly so as Government experiments had proved that wheat could be loaded at Vancouver, travel through the warm zone, and again into the cooler zone of the Atlantic without the wheat suffering. Exhaustive tests to prove this so were made, experts travelling on wheat-carrying ships from Vancouver to England. All their tests throughout many voyages proved that wheat, properly loaded, reached England in good condition, despite the varying climates the vessels had to pass through on the Panama route.

This fact established, an examination of lines of trade by land and water, a figuring of railway grades and mileage, east and westward from the Canadian prairies to the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, gave a great many facts which pointed to the moving of the wheat from the prairies westward to Vancouver and thence to Europe via the Panama Canal as a route for grain having great possibilities.

Careful study of all the facts, which are herewith set forth, showed this route to be shorter and cheaper; that an epoch had really been marked in Canadian history by the experiments which proved that wheat could be safely handled through the port of Vancouver to Europe via the Panama Canal.

THE finishing of the Canadian Government's elevator on Burrard Inlet, Vancouver harbor, in 1916, gave the first assistance to the opening of the Vancouver-Panama-European route, as this elevator had a capacity of one and a quarter million bushels. This combined with the fact that the then Canadian Northern Transcontinental (now Canadian National); the Great Northern and the Canadian Pacific transcontinental had their termini on Burrard Inlet, which is part of Vancouver's harbor, still more promised a future for the new grain route, as all these railways tapped large wheat-producing areas. In addition, there was the Pacific Great Eastern Railway projected from Vancouver to Prince George, part of which is now completed. This line it is hoped to connect up with the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway, thus tapping the 3,000,000 fertile acres of the great grain-growing Peace River country, lying partly in Alberta and partly in British Columbia. All the grain from the Peace River area will come out via Vancouver.

But without taking the above-mentioned facts into consideration in this review of the growth of the new grain route across the continent, conditions, as far back as 1916, had reached a point where it was not only a question of the most favorable route to empty the prairies of their wheat, but one of securing all the routes possible to good tide-water outlets, for the produce of the Canadian prairies. The bushel increase of all grain

Continued on page 80

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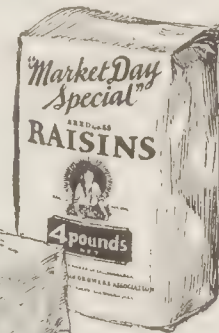
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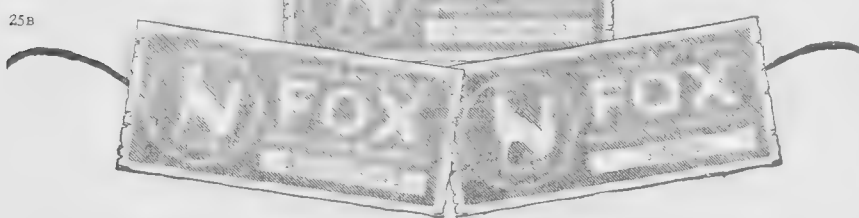
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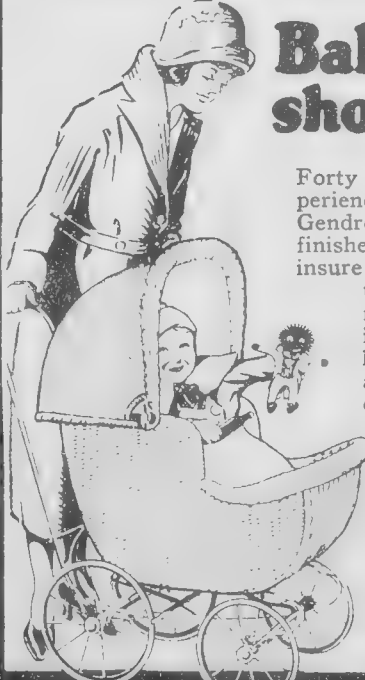
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The Triple Action Spring

The Other Side

Continued from page 8

For one choking instant he heard the roar of an angry flood racing towards the shallows, and saw it lifting like a living mountain, measureless, menacing, its bright crest flashing to heaven. He staggered forward—

WHEN Dalby roused he was lying where he had lain on his dream-day, garlanded with water-weeds on a shore strewn with the wastage of the sea. But this time he was crushed and broken.

From where he lay he could see over the sand-crescent of beach. A shark gaped avidly in the dying sun, and myriads of insensate water creatures were still dripping away their lives, sun-scorching on the sands.

Crisped in a fearsome rigor, a native servant stretched stiffly under a pile of bungalow thatching and weeds from the sea, her withered tongue smitten through. Dalby's instinct told him that it was Halima.

His gaze roved to the opposite side of the bay. There from beneath a litter of wreckage, a white-draped figure was weakly stirring among its rags. Dalby tried to raise himself, to shout a greeting to that living ghost, but pain claimed him. The shore blurred to his vision, and he fell back heavily.

Later—hours later, it seemed, he was roused by gentle fingers on his arm. Grimly alive to his suffering he looked up, as a shred of satin brushed his cheek.

The face that bent above him was shining with adoration; the eyes were no longer clouded with delusion. Dalby's heart gave a great leap.

"Roger! I've found you—oh, are you badly hurt?" The life had returned to her dead voice, perhaps it had come to stay. Dalby waited, and presently the

voice continued. "It's our wedding day, you know, but everything's ruined now—why, there's not a bungalow left standing, Roger!"

His eyes were closed. He liked to have that brisk eager tone mingling with his half-consciousness. Somehow it seemed to lull his physical torment. He was glad when the voice continued, "It seems so long since you went fishing—and yet it was only this morning."

She was tearing away the water-weeds and shore fragments that half buried him. As she raised his head he groaned weakly.

"Why, Roger—your hair! It's quite white!"

Tenaciously he clung to what thought remained to him. Like a curtain of transient sorrow the last two years rolled away into forgetfulness—the soothing hopes that spring from human affliction mercifully blotted them out. Margaret Saltern should never know about those empty years. To her it was as if they had not existed.

"Where's father?" the voice was insisting, "I can't find father anywhere. Oh, Roger, speak—open your eyes and speak."

The man raised his one useful arm, and with gentle touch he fingered the fair streaming masses of hair. She was still pleading, still waiting for his answers.

"Margaret," he whispered brokenly, "your father—I don't think he sprang clear of the boat—I'm afraid not. So he will not come again. But, oh, Margaret! Margaret!" he breathed rapturously. "I'm glad—you've come—I've waited—so long—so long."

And Roger Dalby gripped the thin hand that was smoothing away the worry-wrinkles of the past two years, and raising it slowly he pressed it to his lips.

The Betrothal Ring

Continued from page 9

A few moments later she stepped through the parted portieres of the room below.

A man arose to greet her, but at sight of that tall figure and eager face, Honora paused, the warm color chasing away her pallor. Then she went forward with outstretched hand.

"So you came, too? It was kind," she began. "But"—with a quick glance about the room—"but where is your friend, the baron?"

The young man held her hand close as he looked gravely down into the sweet grey eyes. "I am the baron," he said quietly.

"You!" She started back amazed.

"Yes, I!" he repeated, smiling.

"But you called yourself—"

"Mr. Helfin? It was the mistake of a fellow passenger, and I let it pass. It was more pleasant so to travel, as a plain student. I would have told you—that night we parted, but—I could not."

Honora was regarding him with wide wondering eyes; her thoughts were with her mother. "How strange," she kept repeating, "how very strange!"

"Our meeting? It was the heavenly Providence—is it not so you call it?" said her companion gently.

The girl put her hand to her head. "I can't think in here," she said vaguely. "Come out in the little garden where we can see the hills."

She led the way through a narrow door into the shrubbery and down a long green path. When she turned at last he saw that here eyes were wet.

"Here it is," she said simply, and laid the leather casket in his hand. "It is—I told you—for the maiden whom the baron loves."

The baron took the ruby from its case and looked at it as into a human face.

"Poor drop of frozen heart's blood! you have helped live a most sad story. Will you not throb with one all joyful?"

He turned to Honora. "Have you no smiles for me now?" he said. "Does my friend the baron so frighten you? Those bright eyes were not wet when we journeyed through beautiful Greece."

She tried to smile, and he stepped nearer.

"I am all frightened myself," he went on meekly, "for I have very much in my heart to say to you."

Honora sank upon a low garden seat. "Do you want to tell me about her?" she asked bravely.

"Will you listen to my talk? Will you help me?" he asked eagerly. "She is so beautiful, my maiden, and so true; but I know not at all that she has any room in her heart for me."

"And you have not asked her?" ventured poor Honora with dry eyes.

"Nay, I have not dared. Would you bid me do so?"

"Yes."

She arose suddenly. It was all too cruel. She could not stand his gaze another moment and keep her secret.

But the baron stood in her way.

"Dear lady, I am most obedient," he said. "Will you tell me now—do you love me—only a little?"

The startled girl turned a white face to him. "You are sorry for me," she cried, her face crimson with shame.

And then it was his astonished face that taught her the truth at last.

"I!" he exclaimed. "I who am only sorry for my great lonesome self. You have made summer-time in my heart, and I love thee all the days."

She swayed and he caught her.

"Little child, rest here!" he murmured, and Honora hid her face upon his breast.

"I did not know," she whispered over and over—"I did not know. This is the love my mother meant!"

Then he slipped the old ring over her finger.

"Will you trust it—this unhappy thing?" he asked. "See, you gave it to me yourself."

Honora held up her hand that the gem might flash in the sunlight.

"It is not unhappy," she said. "It never was. It brought to her the deepest joy my mother ever knew—she told me so. Pain—separation even—were not too dear a price for moments like this. She prayed that such a love might come to me, and now—I know!"

She lifted her eyes again to the man she loved. "Oh, I am glad it was you," she whispered.

His arms held her jealously. "But we—we will have no pain," he said, "no parting. It is for us to finish that story they only just began."

"Yes," said Honora simply. "That is why we met, you and I."

The Fire-Warden

Continued from page 6

"I wonder," he went on, lazily, "what that debris is on the land which runs back from the store at Fox Cross-roads. It can't be that anybody was simple enough to go boring for oil?"

She winced; but the smile remained on her face, and she met his eyes quite calmly.

"That pile of debris," she said, "is, I fancy, the wreck of the house of Elliott. My father did bore for oil and found it—about a pint, I believe."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," cried Burleson, red as a pippin.

"I am not a bit sensitive," she said. Her mouth, the white, heavy lids of her eyes, contradicted her.

"THERE was a very dreadful smash-up of the house of Elliott, Mr. Burleson. If you feel a bit friendly towards that house, you will advise me how I may sell 'The Witch.' I don't mind telling you why. My father has simply got to go to some place where rheumatism can be helped—be made bearable. I know that I could easily dispose of the mare if I were in a civilized region; even Grier offered half her value. If you know of any people who care for that sort of horse, I'll be delighted to enter into brisk correspondence with them."

"I know a man," observed Burleson, deliberately, "who would buy that mare in about nine-tenths of a second."

"Oh, I'll concede him the other tenth!" cried the girl, laughing. It was the first clear, care-free laugh he had heard from her—and so fascinating, so delicious, that he sat there silent in entranced surprise.

"About the value of the mare," she suggested, diffidently, "you may tell your friend that she is only worth what father paid for her—"

"Good Lord!" he said, "that's not the way to sell a horse!"

"Why not? Isn't she worth that much?"

"What did your father pay for her?"

The girl named the sum a trifle anxiously. "It's a great deal, I know—"

"It's about a third what she's worth," announced Burleson. "If I were you, I'd add seventy-five per cent., and hold out like—like demon for it."

"But I cannot ask more than we paid."

"Why not?"

"I—don't know. Is it honorable?"

They looked at each other for a moment, then he began to laugh. To her surprise, she felt neither resentment nor chagrin, although he was plainly laughing at her. So presently she laughed, too, a trifle uncertainly, shy eyes avoiding his, yet always returning curiously. She did not know just why; she was scarcely aware that she took pleasure in this leanfaced young horseman's company.

"I have always believed," she began, "that to sell anything for more than its value was something as horrid as—as usury."

"Such a transaction resembles usury as closely as it does the theory of Pythagoras," he explained; and presently their laughter aroused the workmen, who looked up, leaning on spade and pick.

"I cannot understand," she said, "why you make such silly remarks or why I laugh at them. A boy once affected me in the same way—years ago."

SHE sat up straight, a faint smile touching her mouth and eyes. "I think that my work is about ended here, Mr. Burleson. Do you know that my pupils are enjoying a holiday—because you choose to indulge in a forest-fire?"

He strove to look remorseful, but he only grinned.

"I did not suppose you cared," she said, severely, but made no motion to rise.

Presently he mentioned the mare again, asking if she really desired to sell her; and she said that she did.

"Then I'll wire tonight," he rejoined. "There should be a cheque for you day after tomorrow."

"But suppose the man did not wish to buy her?"

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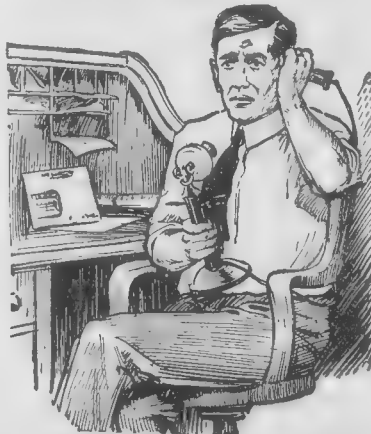
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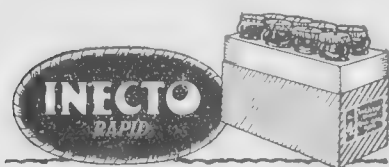
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"No chance of that. If you say so, the mare is sold from this moment."

"I do say so," she answered in a low voice, "and thank you, Mr. Burleson. You do not realize how astonished I am—how fortunate—how deeply happy—"

"I can only realize it by comparison," he said.

What, exactly, did he mean by that? She looked around at him: he was absorbed in scooping a hole in the pine-needles with his riding-crop.

She made up her mind that his speech did not always express his thoughts; that it was very pleasant to listen to, but rather vague than precise.

"It is quite necessary," he mused aloud, "that I meet your father—"

She looked up quickly. "Oh! have you business with him?"

"Not at all," said Burleson.

This time the silence was strained: Miss Elliott remained very still and thoughtful.

"I think," he said, "that this country is only matched in paradise. It is the most beautiful place on earth."

To this astonishing statement she prepared no answer. The forest was attractive, the sun perhaps brighter than usual—or was it only her imagination due to her own happiness in selling The Witch?

"When may I call upon Mr. Elliott?" he asked suddenly. "Tonight?"

"NO:" really he was too abrupt, his conversation flickered from one subject to another without relevance, without logic. She had no time to reflect, to decide what he meant, before, crack! he was off on another trail—and his English no vehicle for the conveyance of his ideas.

"There is something," he continued, "that I wish to ask you. May I?"

She bit her lip, then laughed, her gray eyes searching his. "Ask it, Mr. Burleson, for if I lived a million years I'm perfectly certain I could never guess what you are going to say next."

"It's only this," he said, with a worried look. "I don't know your first name."

"Why should you?" she demanded, amused, yet instinctively resentful. "I don't know yours, either, Mr. Burleson—and I don't even ask you."

"Oh, I'll tell you," he said, "my name is only John William. Now will you tell me yours?"

She remained silent, coping with a candor that she had not met with since she went to parties in a muslin frock. She remembered one boy who had proposed elopement on ten minutes' acquaintance. Burleson, somehow or other, reminded her of that boy.

"My name," she said, carelessly, "is Constance."

"I like that name," said Burleson.

It was pretty nearly the last straw. Never had she been conscious of being so spontaneously, so unreasonably approved of since that wretched boy had suggested flight at her first party. She could not separate the memory of the innocent youth from Burleson; he was intensely like that boy; and she had liked the boy, too—liked him so much that in those ten heavenly minutes' acquaintance she was half persuaded to consent—only there was nowhere to fly to, and before they could decide her nurse arrived.

"If you had not told me your first name," said Burleson, "how could anybody make out a check to your order?"

"Is that why?" she began; and without the slightest reason her heart gave a curious little tremor of disappointment.

"You see," he said, cheerfully, "it was not impertinence—it was only formality."

"I see," she said, approvingly, and began to find him a trifle tiresome.

Meanwhile he had confidently skipped to another subject. "Phosphates and nitrogen are what those people need for their farms. Now if you prepare your soil—do your own mixing, of course—then begin with red clover and plough—"

Her gray eyes were so wide open that

The Fire-Warden

Continued from page 75

were so beautiful that his observation continued until she colored furiously. It was the last straw.

"The fire is out, I think," she said, calmly, rising to her feet; "my duty here is ended, Mr. Burleson."

"Oh—are you going?" he asked, with undisguised disappointment. She regarded him in silence for a moment. How astonishingly like that boy he was—this six foot—

"Of course I am going," she said, and wondered why she had said, "of course" with emphasis. Then she whistled to her mare.

"May I ride with you to the house?" he asked, humbly.

She was going to say several things, all politely refusing. What she did say was, "Not this time."

THEN she was furious with herself, and began to hate him fiercely, until she saw something in his face that startled her. The mare came up; she flung the bridle over hastily, set foot to metal, and seated herself in a flash. Then she looked down at the man beside her, prepared for his next remark.

It came at once. "When may we ride together, Miss Elliott?"

She became strangely indulgent. "You know," she said, as though instructing youth, "that the first proper thing to do is to call upon my father, because he is older than you, and he is physically unable to make the first call."

"Then by Wednesday we may ride?" he inquired, so guilelessly that she broke into a peal of delicious laughter.

"How old are you, Mr. Burleson?"

"I feel younger," he said.

"So do I," she said. "I feel like a little girl in a muslin gown." Two spots of color tinted her cheeks. He had never seen such beauty in human guise, and he came very near saying so. Something in the aromatic mountain air was tempting her to recklessness. Amazed, exhilarated by the temptation, she sat there looking down at him; and her smile was perilously innocent and sweet.

"Once," she said, "I knew a boy—like you—when I wore a muslin frock, and I have never forgotten him. He was extremely silly."

"Do you remember only silly people?"

"I can't forget them; I try."

"Please don't try any more," he said.

She looked at him, still smiling. She gazed off through the forests, where the men were going home, shovels shouldered, the blades of axe and spade blood-red in the sunset light.

How long they stood there she scarcely reckoned, until a clear primrose light crept in among the trees, and the evening mist rose from an unseen pond, floating through the dimmed avenues of pines.

"Good-night," she said, gathered bridle, hesitated, then held out her ungloved hand.

Galloping homeward, the quick pressure of his hand still burning her palm, she swept along in a maze of disordered thought. And being by circumstances, though not by inclination, an orderly young woman, she attempted a mental reorganization. This she completed as she wheeled her mare into the main forest road; and her happy, disordered thoughts rearranged with a layer of cold logic to quiet them, reaction came swiftly; her cheeks burned when she remembered her own attitude of half-accepted intimacy with this stranger. How did he regard her? How cheaply did he already hold her—this young man idling here in the forest for his own pleasure?

BUT she had something more important on hand than the pleasure of remorseful cogitation as she rode up to the store and drew bridle, where in their shirt-sleeves the prominent citizens were gathered. She began to speak immediately. She did not mince matters; she enumerated them by name, dwelt coldly upon the law governing arson, and told them exactly where they stood.

She was, by courtesy of long residence, one of them. She taught their children,

stood by them even when they had the law against them—stood by them loyally and in the very presence of Grier, fencing with him at every move, combating his brutality with deadly intelligence.

They collapsed under her superior knowledge; they trusted her, fawned on her, whined when she rebuked them, carried themselves more decently for a day or two when she dropped a rare word of commendation. They respected her in spite of the latent ruffianly instinct which sneers at women; they feared her as a parish fears its priest; they loved her as they loved one another—which was rather toleration than affection: the toleration of half-starved bob-cats.

And now the school-marm had turned on them—turned on them with undisguised contempt. Never before had she betrayed contempt for them. She spoke of cowardice, too. That bewildered them. Nobody had ever suggested that.

She spoke of the shame of jail; they had heretofore been rather proud of it—all this seated there in the saddle, the light from the store lamp shining full in her face; and they huddled there on the verandah, gaping at her stupefied.

Then she suddenly spoke of Burleson, praising him, endowing him with every quality the nobility of her own mind could compass. She extolled his patience under provocation, bidding them to match it with equal patience. She bade them to be men in the face of this Burleson, who was a man; to display a dignity to compare with his; to meet him squarely, to deal fairly, to make their protests to his face and not whisper crime behind his back.

And that was all; she swung her mare off into the darkness; they listened to the far gallop, uttering never a word. But when the last distant hoof-stroke had ceased, Mr. Burleson's life and forests were safe in the country. How safe his game was they themselves did not exactly know.

That night Burleson walked into the store upon the common-place errand of buying a jack-knife. It was well that he did not send a groom; better still when he explained, "one of the old-fashioned kind—the kind I used as a school-boy."

"To whistle willow whistles," suggested old man Santry. His voice was harsh; it was an effort for him to speak.

"That's the kind," said Burleson, picking out a one-blader.

Santry was coughing; presently Burleson looked around.

"Find swallowing hard?" he asked.

"Swallerin' ain't easy. I ketched cold."

"Let's see," observed Burleson, strolling up to him and deliberately opening the old man's jaws, not only to Santry's astonishment, but to the stupefaction of the community around the unlighted stove.

"Bring a lamp over here," said the young man.

Somebody brought it.

"Tonsillitis," said Burleson, briefly.

"I'll send you something tonight?"

"Be you a doctor?" demanded Santry, hoarsely.

"Was one. I'll fix you up. Go home; and don't kiss your little girl. I'll drop in after breakfast."

Two things were respected in Fox Cross-roads—death and a doctor—neither of which the citizens understood.

But old man Santry, struggling obstinately with his awe of things medical, rasped out, "I ain't goin' to pay no doctor's bills fur a cold!"

"Nobody's payin' me any more," said Burleson, laughing. "I only doctor people to keep my hand in. Go home, Santry; you're sick."

Mr. Santry went, pausing at the door to survey the gathering with vacant astonishment.

Burleson paid for the knife, bought a dozen stamps, tasted the cheese and ordered a whole one, selected three or four barrels of apples, and turned on his heel with a curt good-night.

"Say!" broke out old man Storm as he reached the door; "you wasn't plannin' to hev the law on Abe, was

"About the grass fire?" inquired Burleson, wheeling in his tracks. "Oh no; Abe lost his temper and his belt. Any man's liable to lose both. By-the-way,"—he came back slowly, buttoning his gloves, "about this question of the game—it has occurred to me that it can be adjusted very simply. How many men in this town are hunters?"

Nobody answered at first, inherent suspicion making them coy. However, it finally appeared that in a community of twenty families there were some four of nature's noblemen who "admired to go gunnin' with a smell-dog."

"Four," repeated Burleson. "Now just see how simple it is. The law allows thirty woodcock, thirty partridges, and two deer to every hunter. That makes eight deer and two hundred and forty birds out of preserve, which is very little—if you shoot straight enough to get your limit!" he laughed. "But it being Saturdays, and check off your bag at the gate of the lodge—so that you won't make any mistakes in going over the limit!" He laughed again, and pointed to a lean hound lying under the counter.

"Hounds are barred; only 'smell-dogs' admitted," he said. "And"—he became quietly serious—"I count on each one of you four men to aid my patrol in keeping the game-laws and the fire-laws and every forest law on the statutes. And I count on you to take out enough fox and mink pelts to pay me for my game—and yourselves for your labor; for though it is my game by the law of the land, what is mine is no source of pleasure to me unless I share it. Let us work together to keep the streams and coverts and forests well stocked. Good-night."

About eleven o'clock that evening Abe Storm slunk into the store, and the community rose and fell on him and administered the most terrific beating that a husky young man ever emerged from alive.

Concluded in June Issue

Home Garden

Continued from page 51

A good crop may be in time "built up" by selective practice, that is, the elite seed may be carefully observed while the crop is growing and the most promising hills in the crop should be tagged by means of small stakes so that at harvest time the product of these hills may be harvested alone and carefully hand-picked, laid out to get dried off, and stored in a special bin. By repeating this practice one is enabled to obtain the "cream of the cream" as it were, and thus not only secure potatoes that conform to the ideal in size and shape but start afresh on more prosperous lines with a disease-free crop, and thus be in a position of commanding a far more satisfactory market value for a given area than is the case where tubers of doubtful reputation are just put pell-mell into the soil and luck is about the chief item that enters into the production of the crop.

The Future of the Chicks

AT this time the chicks will be out and daily growing into huskier birds, unless there is something radically wrong with the poultry plant, and it is important that the future of these young birds be carefully planned so that by winter when eggs are at a premium, the young pullets will justify their summer's board bill and the care and management bestowed upon them. Good range and shade, a well balanced ration and comfortable housing will be three items of absolute necessity if the best results are to be expected, provided always, that the young stock originate from birds of good health and vigor with a reputation for production that may be classed at least as "good."

Like all other young things the young pullets need plenty of range, but if they be cramped up at the time when good range is their ambition, a sub-normal egg production may be looked for during the months when their egg-laying abilities are most needed. An orchard makes an ideal place in which the young growing birds may be allowed to have their

Continued on page 78



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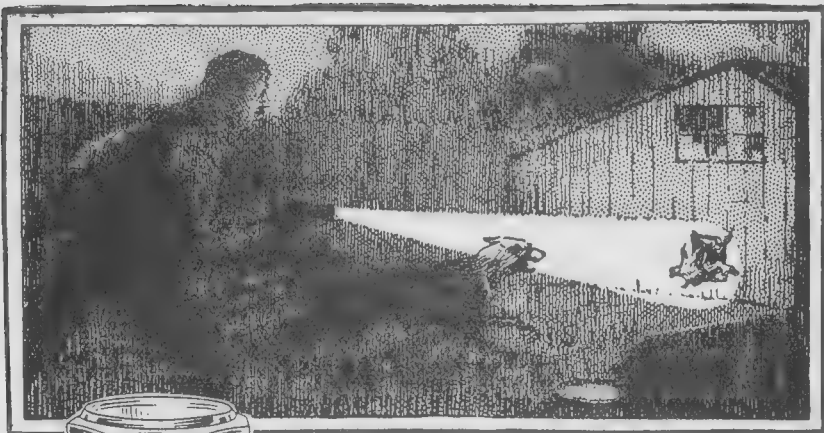
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Home Garden

Continued from page 77

full measure of freedom and grub hunting. Sunshine, though a most valuable cleanser and purifier, is during the months of, say, June and July, too severe on the young birds, therefore it is necessary that shade be provided in the case of where there is no orchard or bluff where they can be located. The poultry keeper who has no plans at the present time for providing shade, would do well to plant a fair-sized area to sunflowers; this will not only provide shade but will also be an assured crop of green feed. If one prefers a different crop to sunflowers, corn may be planted.

If it is at all possible to obtain butter-milk, a supply should be available for them at all times, and a hopper of mixed grain should be considered one of the essentials. Although there may be insects, and growing young plants of an edible nature within easy access it must be noted that growing pullets consume large quantities of food, and this should be of the most nutritive kind, hence it is important to supplement the food they obtain in the natural way with a moist mash of such ingredients as cabbage leaves, alfalfa, mangel tops, corn tops, sunflower tops, etc. It is recommended that this be mixed with a smaller portion of dry mash, the whole being moistened with milk.

The freedom that applies to the range of growing pullets also applies to the arrangement of their roosting quarters. These should be dry, well-ventilated and free from draughts and should never be overcrowded. The houses should be thoroughly disinfected two or three times each season.

General Notes on Garden Management

THE asparagus plants should not be cut too severely.

Thin out the vegetables planted in rows; a crowded row means stunted growth. Prune and stake tomato plants and pick the fruit as soon as mature. Mature fruit left on the vine too long is

liable to split. Do not expect the rhubarb roots to give their best if the stalks are pulled excessively during the growing season; they need a chance to pick up reserve food during the season. Cultivate at a reasonable time after each rain to prevent the soil from baking into a crust. Do not plant corn in cool soil but wait until it warms under the influence of weather conditions. Potatoes may be hastened to maturity by the system of sprouting.

The potatoes selected for the purpose of sprouting may be placed in shallow boxes in a bright, airy, cool place where the temperature is low enough to prevent sprouting. After a few days the potatoes will turn green and the skin becomes much tougher. The potatoes are now given a little more heat, but still kept in a bright, airy place. The potatoes, which should be medium-sized and placed in single layers with the seed end up, will now show two or three strong sprouts. The sprouts should be about two inches in length at the time of planting, the tuber put in the ground whole with the sprout uppermost. It has been found that a gain of ten days is possible by this method.

Keep a good espionage system on the track of destructive insects; it is the advance party of this enemy that should be noted as soon as possible and put out of action. Handy insecticides are Paris Green, Heliole and Pyrethrum Powder, and a supply laid in in advance may prove of more value than a supply purchased after the arrival of the insects as there may be some delay owing to rush business about that time.

The war on weeds should be waged continuously in order that the plant food and moisture may go to a legitimate use instead of having to be shared with a particularly voracious invader.

In a season of drought, try extra cultivation as a substitute for rain, that is, in areas too large for artificial watering.

The Bank of Commerce Party in the Klondyke

Continued from page 27

One lot would have the word "Yukon" in red ink, across each bill; the next would have the word "Dawson" in blue ink and thus each lot was marked. Had any of it been lost or stolen, the bank would at once have stopped that issue and the marking of the bills would at least have curbed to a great extent, opportunity of using them.

There were all classes of men in the Klondyke—"Duke's sons, cook's sons;" many scholars served as dog-drivers and cooks; there were many men of marked musical and dramatic talent. Even the hardest of them would surprise one by a classical allusion of his Oxford manner. With such talent, interesting theatricals were given and thousands of dollars were raised for the local hospital, the miner's library and for the widows and orphans of the Boer war. It was a wondrous sight in that remote Klondyke centre, to hear Kipling's lines of "Pay, pay, pay" and see the hearty miners shower coins upon the stage.

It was the day of the practical joker and printed advertisements read:

Sourdough Hotel

"Guests will be provided with breakfast and dinner but must hustle for their lunch."

"Spiked boots must be removed at night."

"Dogs not allowed in the bunks."

"Towels changed weekly."

"Every known fluid, except water, for sale at the bar."

"Private entrance for ladies by ladder at the rear."

"Insect powder for sale at the bar."

Strange tales of the gold rush linger. Many men fell by the wayside, the victims of the Wild West; many succeeded and are outstanding Canadian citizens today. A miner, on reaching the gold field, first secured a miner's free

license, and could then stake a claim. Each was allowed an equal portion of so many feet; the one who discovered the pay dirt was allowed twice as much as the others. Stakes with the name of the claimant were placed at each corner of the claim and then the rush for the registry office in Dawson City was made to record it. If the prospector failed to make a record, his claim could be "jumped"—that is, another miner could take it.

Lady Luck smiled or frowned, as suited her fancy and many experienced miners failed to find the pay streak while a tenderfoot, or "Choo-Choo-Koo" would stumble on great riches.

In addition to the supplies necessary for going into the country, the first bank party of six men were encumbered with a large box of bank notes. On the passage to Skagway, they heard so much of "Soapy" Smith and his gang that they broke up the box and placed its contents in the kit bags of the officers, with clothing wrapped around the packages.

In the cemetery near Skagway, lies the body of "Soapy" Smith, the famous "boss" of the town, half outlaw, half political heeler. The Sylvester wharf still stands, half a ruin now, marking the place where "Soapy" was shot the day the sober citizens of Skagway determined to reform the town.

When the Bank of Commerce opened in a little galvanized iron building, without any windows, formerly used for storing dog-fish, there was such a rush of business in opening up accounts and exchanging gold dust for bank notes, that the methods of ordinary bank routine, had, for a time, to be abandoned. This, however, was but temporary, for conditions in the Yukon soon improved and system became a part of the day's work.

Mr. Puffer and the Pink Parasol—Continued from page 26

where sky-scrapers create a continuous gale through stone canyons—and his hat blew off. He chased it, intent only on its recovery and quite forgetting his guilty secret. As he placed the hat back on his head the parasol decided that its turn for a getaway had come and it slid out from under. Mr. Puffer walked on with an elaborate air of unconcern. But twenty paces further along a breathless boy caught up with him.

"Yuh dropped this," he panted, shoving the ruffled, mottled, monstrosity into the reluctant arms of Mr. Puffer.

"Some woman must've—" the latter was beginning with a look of surprise well done. But the youth laughed sardonically and said:

"Gwan! Quitcher kiddin'. I seen yuh drop it."

The street was thronged. The most fluffy-headed little stenog. could scarcely be conceived of as carrying a pink parasol to business on a March morning. Mr. Puffer, gingerly clutching the ridiculous thing, walked on wondering bitterly if people would have displayed the same astonishing faculty for promptly returning lost goods had he been dropping fat bill-folds around. As he got into the elevator. Smith, from the floor above, entered too.

"Morning, Puffer!" he sang. "Been to the bargain-sales already?"

Brown got in at the third.

"Hello, Puffer!" he said, exuberantly, "off to Florida?"

Green, in the corridor, wanted to know if he wasn't rushing the season. Two stenographers passed and giggled unrestrainedly. Mr. Puffer strode grimly on.

His 'phone was ringing as he entered his office.

"Dear," said the voice of Mrs. Puffer, "I saw you running down the street with the wrong bumbleshoot, and I called and called from the window, but you didn't hear. Now be sure and bring that parasol back this evening! The children hold it in high esteem. You—" suddenly suspicious—"you haven't done anything with it, I hope?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Puffer, with great self-control.

In the courtyard beneath his rear window he knew there was a row of ash-cans. When he had hung the receiver up he raised this window, and with a vindictive gesture hurled the pink parasol out. He returned to his desk, breathing a satisfied sigh.

Six minutes later there was a thumping knock at the door and Sambo, the janitor, entered.

"Scuse me, Mister Puffer," he began, earnestly, "but dis yere thingummy done fell out yo' window jest now, sah, an' I—"

Mr. Puffer took one look at what Sambo held extended. He emitted a half-strangled yell and reached for his massive paper-weight.

But Sambo was gone, leaving Mr. Puffer to confront a draggled and dusty but undefeated pink silk parasol.

How I Became a Writer—Continued from page 57

migrant from the sea whose wings we had ruthlessly clipped so that she might stay with us.

Here was a strange entity that told of an outside world I had read of, but which seemed to be only a dream. London, the New Jerusalem, and Pompeii were all in the same class—mythical kind of places—but this bird with its challenging eyes, harsh audacious voice, and white wings with the flicker of blades, ah well, it *was real*, and made a tremendous appeal to my imagination.

The bird might have come from hell, or yes, from heaven. It was mysterious. It could tell of things if it would. My thoughts were on fire. I must be up and be away to see the world that I might tell about it—that I might set it down on paper. Since then, I have never been wholly at rest.

Yes, that is the trouble with collecting "copy"—with writing it out. One is always under a sense of guilt when one turns a heedless back upon it. It is like letting the baby cry when you should be soothing its pain, preparing its food or stilling its unrest. You know yourself for a heartless mother to neglect your offspring while you go gadding over the golf links, climbing a mountain side or even reading a book in the sun parlor. Such wilful neglect of one's offspring, whether of body or mind, is not to be contemplated except by the depraved and wholly wicked.

Dressmaking Lessons—Continued from page 59

grain must be cut very carefully. To find out if the material has a pile or grain, find the right side and rub the palm of the hand up and down lengthwise of the material. If it feels smooth one way and rough the other way, the material has a grain. All woollen materials with a grain must be cut with the smooth way running down, so that when the garment is worn the material should rub smooth from top to bottom. If the material is cut the opposite way, when the garment is worn for a short time a rough surface will form, the material will look shabby and will not wear well. If cut the smooth way it rubs smooth when worn, and will wear twice as long and have a much richer appearance.

Velvet, plush and velveteen are cut the opposite way, i.e., the material when worn should rub rough from top to bottom. We do not want velvet or plush to look smooth. The pile should stand out from the weave. This gives a rich dark look to the material. To find the

right way of the velvet, hold out the two cut ends of the length and look down at it. One end will look dark and rich, the other end will have a shiny cast over it. The end of the velvet that looks dark is the top of the piece and when placing the pattern all pieces must be placed with the top of the pattern pointing toward this end.

In cutting material with a grain, care must be taken to have all pieces of pattern running the one way. Plaids have to be planned carefully, so that the plaid matches at the seams. Many of the new plaids must be cut all running one way, as they are not reversible.

Flowered materials often require attention in cutting, especially if the design is a large one or if the flowers are printed all going one way. If the flower design is reversed, so that one row runs up and the next runs down, the pattern can be placed either way. Be careful that the flowers do not meet on the seam as it would spoil the whole effect.

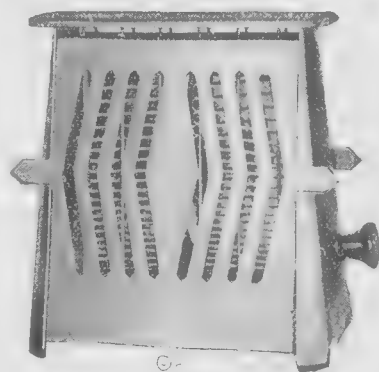


FOR THE BRIDE



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Their attractive appearance and enviable reputation have made them doubly welcome by that fastidious young person—the modern bride.



Hotpoint Percolators, in a variety of styles and sizes, are most acceptable gifts. The one illustrated is known as the P3, and is of six-cup capacity. Hotpoint Percolators are protected by a patented safety switch which operates immediately should the appliance accidentally boil dry.

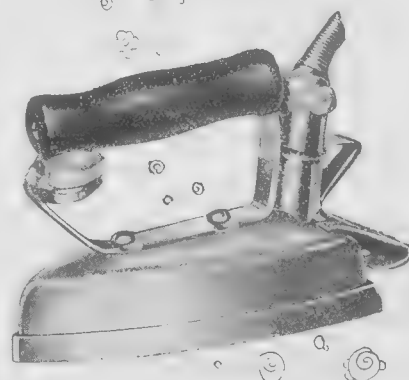
Crisp, golden-brown toast is universally popular for breakfast, but when made by a Hotpoint Reversible Toaster, it is even more desirable. This device turns the toast without handling, and toasts two slices of bread at the same time.

No home could possibly be complete without a Hotpoint Iron. This famous Iron has been the choice of over six million women. Its patented thumb rest, hinged cord plug and celebrated hot point have put it in a class by itself.

The Hotpoint Three-Heat Table Grill is another popular gift. This useful article will cook an entire meal for three people. It will boil, broil, toast or fry—any two operations at the same time.

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H. 21



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be delighted to find
that so excellent a
cigar can be bought
for 10c.



TUCKETT'S
SERENE
CIGARS 10¢

20

Shriners' Hospital

Continued from page 24

in the morning a small rocking-chair (the well-known variety formed of two wooden horses with rockers for feet) had been sent to the hospital as a gift to the children and one of the tiny patients was trying it out. He was a wee lad of about two years, with round, rosy cheeks. One little foot, swathed in bandages, stuck out stiffly before him, the other gracefully draped over the bar in front. He was rocking himself all over the wards, paying no attention to anyone, and had been so amusing himself all morning. If the donor could have seen this absorbed little face, he would have been satisfied that his gift was a huge success.

We next visited the spick and span kitchen and service rooms, and the linen room. Here were shelves upon shelves piled with staples of all kinds. Apart from the sheets and blankets and such heavier articles, the linen was made by the wives, sisters and daughters of the Shriners, who have formed themselves into an auxiliary for this work. There were piles of bibs with edges crocheted in pink and blue, and some had kittens and bunnies worked on them. The pink and blue wrappers were made by these ladies, and the flannelette nightgowns. On the front of each nightie is embroidered in red, the emblem of the Shriners, so that after the children leave the hospital, they will know the emblem when they see it, and remember those who were responsible for relieving them of their deformities. There were even dolls clothes made of the same materials and finished in the same way.

We were introduced to the tall surgeon, whose keen blue eyes and kind manner,

would, we felt sure, inspire the greatest trust in the hearts of his little patients.

Our tour now led us to the Orthopaedic Department. Here we saw all manner of electrical equipment and apparatus for exercising little crooked bodies. While we were there there was a little girl having a violet-ray treatment, which she seemed to be enjoying. The mauve-tinted light is very strengthening and purifying in effect, and helps greatly in healing the wound and building up the vitality of the patient after an operation.

The Shriners' Hospital has a capacity for twenty patients, and although there were only fourteen in when we were there, we believe that the beds are now all filled. The hospital has only been open a few weeks, and many applications have been received. Only children under fourteen are admitted and only those whose parents are unable to afford the expense themselves.

All expense in connection with this most commendable undertaking is borne by the Expense Board of Trustees of the Mystic Shriners, and in this manner, \$2.00 per year is payable with the annual dues. Without payment of the hospital assessment, no shriner can keep in good standing. Winnipeg is the centre for three temples, Waugh Temple, Regina; Azar Temple, Calgary; and Khartum Temple at Winnipeg. Together they have a membership of 2,600. As we left the hospital, with its wonderful presentation of crippled yet happy children, we were impressed with the fact that the Shriners, like the Nazarene, "go about doing good."

The "Widening Ripple"

Continued from page 73

in the last quarter century has averaged 100 per cent. every five years upon the Canadian prairies.

The completion of the Panama Canal made a reduction of the distances from Vancouver to Liverpool from 15,000 to 8,836 miles, a cut of 6,164 miles, or 23 days of average steamer sailing. This changed conditions of mileage, and the before-mentioned railway facilities made the new route a success from natural economic reasons, for the grain could be moved cheaper from Alberta all the time over it, and from Saskatchewan as far east as the city of Moose Jaw for five months when winter closes the lake navigation eastern route to the Atlantic.

The following distances bear out the above-set-forth facts:

Calgary to St. John, N.B. Atlantic seaboard, east routing	2,636
Calgary to Fort William, lake port, east routing	1,260
Calgary to Vancouver, Pacific port, west routing	644
Edmonton to Fort William, east routing	1,451
Edmonton to Vancouver, west routing	735
Moose Jaw to St. John, east routing	2,396
Moose Jaw to Vancouver, west routing	1,095

Another important feature in this western route is that a freight car moves twice the quantity of grain from any position in Alberta to Vancouver, as it can to Fort William.

With an existing grade on the Canadian National Transcontinental of four-tenths of one per cent., and a very low grade on the Canadian Pacific made possible since 1916 by the building of the longest tunnel in the world, and other over these lines westward from the prairies to Pacific tidewater for shipment to ries to Pacific tidewater for shipment to Great Britain via Panama cheaper than eastward by Fort William and the Atlantic route.

The new route indeed soon showed that it brought about not only a large saving in transportation charges, but also in storage as well, as under the conditions established by this western route wheat does not have to wait very long to be moved, whereas when sent via the eastern route considerable of the

wheat of the western provinces often has to remain in storage all winter pending the opening of lake navigation at a price of around five cents per bushel charges. The opening of the western route eliminates such storage charges as the port of Vancouver is open twelve months in the year

AN important assistance to the western grain route in the very beginning was the five great storage elevators of the Dominion Government. Of these, the one at Vancouver, by reason of its location before the route had proved itself, was the smallest. The four others were built in the following cities: Port Arthur, capacity 3,500,000 bushels, completed in 1913; Moose Jaw, capacity 3,500,000 bushels, completed 1914; Saskatoon, 3,500,000 bushels, completed 1916; Vancouver, 1,250,000 bushels, completed in 1916.

In the erection of these elevators, a very distinct aid to the new route was given (though this was not the reason of their construction, which came about before the new route really came into being) as it will be seen that all but one of these elevators are erected within the radius of cheaper shipment of wheat to the Pacific as already explained.

The new route, of course, did not jump into prominence at once. Indeed, its acceptance by shippers was slow, very slow, so slow that the Vancouver government elevator, after standing practically idle for nearly four years after completion, was only galvanized into activity in 1920. In that year less than one-half million bushels of grain went through the elevator. This was increased in 1921 to something slightly over a million. Then in 1922 the exports suddenly jumped to 14,000,000 bushels. This increase is probably as phenomenal as shipping annals can produce. It was accomplished, too, in the face of adverse freight tariffs, general disbelief, and the efforts of established organizations interested in continuing the eastward route.

Naturally, when the success of the route was established, an impetus was given to shipping in Vancouver, and suddenly, almost overnight, a feverish activity was induced in elevator building. The movement started by the building of an

Continued on page 81

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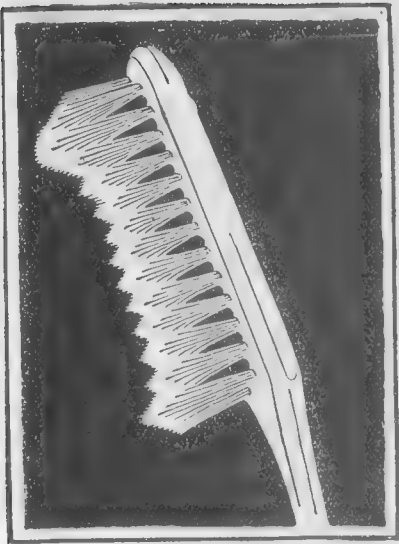
Authorized Capital, \$20,000,000.00

Subscribed Capital, \$4,071,600.00

Established 1913.

To date has paid dividends to shareholders of record at an average of 5.48 per cent. per annum on their paid up shares. No liabilities to the public. A safe, sound investment. All securities of the highest grade. Money to loan. Correspondence from investors or intending borrowers solicited.

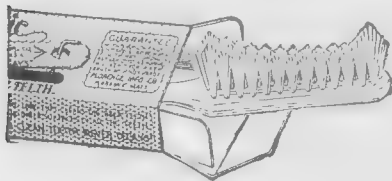
GEORGE W. ARGUE, General Manager.



Five things you should know about your tooth brush

- 1 Is it made of the best bristles the world produces?
- 2 Are the bristles serrated (saw-toothed), and set in a curve to fit against all your teeth, and to reach the crevices between?
- 3 Does it have a large end tuft, and a properly curved handle so that the end tuft can reach and clean back teeth?
- 4 Will it keep germs, tartar, food debris, and other unclean substances off your teeth?
- 5 Is it fully guaranteed?

When your tooth brush is a Pro-phy-lac-tic, you can answer all of those five questions correctly. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush has for more than forty years been the standard, correctly designed tooth brush for keeping teeth clean, white and beautiful.



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Good the
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YOUR SIGNATURE IDENTIFIES YOU.
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The "Widening Ripple"

Continued from page 80

addition to the No. 1 Government elevator, nearly doubling its capacity. A further fillip was given when E. A. Woodward, formerly of Minneapolis, visualizing the possibilities of the new route, started building a small cleaning house for wheat. This in an uncompleted state was later taken over by the Harbor Commissioners, who had also started another elevator, which is now working.

The three elevators now controlled by the Harbor Commission have a capacity of 4,100,000 bushels.

Actuated by the possibilities of the new route, Spiller's of Liverpool came to Canada, as already set forth herein.

So much for the story of the new route, and the underlying romance created by the widening ripple of the wheat. The accompanying chart will perhaps help to bring more clearly home the rapidity with which the new route has won favor.

Another thing which has aided the new route is the remarkable development of the demand for flour and grain in the Orient. So great has this become as to cause actual alarm in England that Canadian wheat to China may hurt the British supply. Great enough was the alarm to cause an editorial recently in the London Times. But there seems little need for such a fear. Canada has still so much valuable grain land untitled that the average hundred per cent. increase in yield every five years, as marked during the last quarter century, may be nearly maintained. At present, putting the wheat yield at a minimum of 343,000,000 bushels, statistics show that this quantity is equivalent to 20,580,000,000 pounds of wheat, or 10,290,000 tons, or 73,500,000 barrels of flour, which could be made into 12,862,500,000 loaves of bread each weighing 24 ounces.

To move the yearly Canadian wheat crop at one time it would require 257,240 forty-ton freight cars, and they would all have to be loaded to capacity. These cars would make up 7,750 trains, and these trains, running at intervals of five minutes apart, would take 252 days to pass a given point. The cars placed end-to-end would make a train 1,946 miles long, or one that would extend from Vancouver to Port Arthur over the Canadian Pacific tracks.

This, in brief, is the story of the widening ripple of the wheat—the wheat which has more than any other thing made the great and rapid civilization of the North American continent possible.

A Blink of Summer

Continued from page 10

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon.
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run

But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along."

But Herrick did not confine himself to that plaintive note—nor need we. He, too, felt the joy of coming summer, and bequeathed to us these verses:

"Get up, get up, for shame. The
blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the God
unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh quilted colors through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree,
Each flower has wept, and bowed
towards the East.

Above an hour since: Yet you not drest—
Nay! not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymn: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in—
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch
in May."

Somebody Fooled. — Casey — "Ye're a
har'd worker, Dooley. How many hods
o' that murther have yez carried up that
ladder th' day?"

Dooley — "Whist, man—I'm foolin' the
boss: I've carried this same hodful up an'
down all day, and he thinks I'm worruk-
in'!" — Cleveland Leader.

The Lovely Skin of a Child

Rosy with health and
beauty—fresh as dew
kissed flowers—that
newly-bathed little
body can be lovely al-
ways.

Remember,—good
looks depend on good
health and almost the whole secret of avoiding sickness is
to keep the skin purified—the hands especially.

Protect the health and beauty of your children. Train them
to purify hands and faces frequently with Lifebuoy. It is a
health soap and its big, creamy lather contains a gentle
antiseptic which removes germs and really purifies the skin.

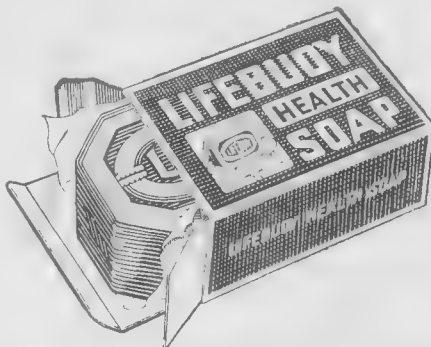


Agrees with the skin.

Lifebuoy is as fine and
pure as soap can be—
soothing to the most
delicate skin. The whole-
some odour quickly van-
ishes, but the Lifebuoy
protection remains.

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whether it be the most modest piece we make, or a
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Insures purity in home baking,
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48

Mary Anne O'Poots, Matchmaker

Continued from page 5

but when I got that scar she broke our engagement. Miss Blount's beautiful voice has taught me to forget, but I'm afraid to love another woman."

Mrs. O'Poots nodded her head vigorously.

"I know, I know; ye're as scary of love now as a woman is of givin' her baby its first bath. Ye're jist scared stiff."

Mrs. O'Poots took a spongeful of soapy water and went round and round the baby's head. He splashed, with chubby fingers outspread on the water, chuckling with delight. His mother caught him up in a towel warmed by the fire and rolled it around him and took him in the tender curve of her arm. When she spoke her voice was warm with feeling.

"Misther Osborne, love is somethin' like a tooth, it hurts comin' and it hurts goin', but life isn't worth much without it. Rale love stands jist about annything. It isn't a coward."

The man groaned, his head bent on his hands.

"But, I'm a coward; I can't tell her! I can't tell her! I've grown to love her and she might look at me in horror. It's a wall between us, a wall of despair."

JIM OSBORNE had a bad cold. His head throbbed and his hands were like ice. The skies outside were gray and gloomy. The sketches that he loved seemed to trouble him beyond endurance and he was getting behind in his ordered work.

He picked up a little gray letter that had come that morning and wondered idly why Francisca never addressed the envelopes and always wrote straight across the page. He read it over again.

Dear Unseen Friend:—

I was so glad to get your letter and to hear that you and Mrs. O'Poots have enjoyed my singing. Your friendship has meant so much to me and I look eagerly for your welcome letters but, dear friend of mine, I can never ask you to come to see me. A wall divides us—one that can never be removed.

Jim Osborne sighed as he laid the letter down. Francisca had trouble too! He looked across at the lovely smiling face and his heart sank at the thought of what it might be. A knock, and Mrs. O'Poots came in armed with her articles of cleaning. A broad smile lifted the corners of her mouth.

"Savin' yer prisince, Misther Osborne, I'll have to clean yer room for two days; I'm goin' to a weddin' in Cornell. I'm goin' tonight. Mike's goin' to look after himself and the children. Perhaps I'll call up the beautiful lady on the phone. Have ye anny message?"

Jim Osborne gave her the little letter of the morning in silence. Tears sprang to her kindly eyes as she read.

"It's a burnin' shame, the poor, poor lady."

"Just tell her I'll always be her friend no matter what happens."

The man got to his feet and went over to the window to hide the misery in his face. Mrs. O'Poots smiled through her tears.

"Dear Misther Osborne, I know ye're as unhappy as a boy wid a clane flannel shirt on Sunday mornin', but don't ye worry, there's better times comin' or me name's not Mary Anne O'Poots."

MRS. O'POOTS, dressed with care in her best silk, a velvet toque on her sunny hair and a hopeful smile on her broad face, stepped inside the vestibule of the big apartment house in Cornell. She read the names over carefully—"Miss Francisca Blount, Apt. E, 2nd floor."

A trim little maid opened the door, and, her heart thumping with nervousness at her temerity, Mrs. O'Poots waited in the sitting room, clutching an old fashioned locket, with a picture in it of Mike and the twins, as a kind of steadier.

The green velvet curtain at the end of the room parted, and there, more beautiful than her picture, stood Jim Osborne's beautiful lady.

"Is there anyone wishes to see me?"

Francisca Blount came forward, her fingers touching softly the different arti-

cles of furniture as she passed. Her beautiful eyes were still. Mary Anne Poots, born a Brannigan, fell back in her chair, her eyes staring, her hand went to her mouth to stifle a cry.

"Mother of God! the beautiful lady was blind! She couldn't see—why, she couldn't even see Jim Osborne's scarred face!"

Mrs. O'Poots got to her feet breathing heavily as if she had run a long way. Her eyes were very pitiful.

"Dear beautiful lady, it's only Mrs. O'Poots."

Soft hands felt for hers and a sweet voice answered quickly.

"Jim Osborne's kind friend; he's told me lots about you. I'm so glad you came to see me. Sit down and tell me all about him."

Mrs. O'Poots looked around the room as if seeking inspiration. She dabbed her hot cheeks with her best handkerchief and swallowed hard.

"I told him a lie about comin' to a weddin'. I wanted to see you to explain things, but now I can't do annything but—but—cry."

Mrs. O'Poots rocked herself to and fro crying till her handkerchief was a sodden mass. Her velvet toque slid sideways over one ear.

"Yer—yer—"

"My eyes gave out from too much study. I was going abroad to learn to be a great singer. A childhood weakness of the eyes grew worse. I've been blind for over a year."

"An' ye wrote—"

"Yes! I have a little frame and write from side to side; it tells me when to stop. My faithful little maid addresses my letters. I sing for the listeners-in. I love to do it. They can't see me, you know."

Courage rose again in Mrs. O'Poots' heart. She gave her eyes a final dab and spoke of Jim Osborne's loneliness and fear of her horror of his scar.

"He loves ye, beautiful lady, an' he's eatin' his heart out for a sight of ye."

"And I was afraid to let him see my eyes, the picture in the radio magazine was taken two years ago and he said he longed to see the woman of the picture; Oh! dear, dear Mrs. O'Poots!"

Mrs. O'Poots grabbed up her bag and her kind eyes glistened with feeling.

"I must catch a train; I promised Mike I wouldn't be long."

"But the wedding; how will you explain that to Jim?"

Mrs. O'Poots took both little hands in her plump big ones.

"Ye'd niver make me out a liar, beautiful lady. Ye'll arrange all thot wid Mr. Osborne. He'll be comin' to ye be fast express I'm thinkin'."

"Oh! may I kiss you, Mrs. O'Poots?"

"Ye can thot, darlin'."

And the janitor's wife took Francisca Blount into a prodigious embrace.

AT his desk Jim Osborne leaned back in his chair and looked at Mrs. O'Poots with an unbelieving stare. She sat on the extreme edge of a fat, padded chair as if the slightest thing would start her off. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement and her velvet toque was again askew. Her story was punctuated with sighs of sorrow and enjoyment.

"An' there I sot like a bump on a log, an' ivery step the beautiful lady took was on me heart. She jist touched the things as she passed thim wid the tips of her dainty fingers."

Jim Osborne touched the scar on his cheek with fingers that were far from steady. Mrs. O'Poots swallowed painfully and her twinkly eyes filled with tears.

"An' she'll niver see ye in God's good world excipt wid the eyes of the heart."

Mrs. O'Poots drew something out of her bag.

"Here's a railway folder, Misther Osborne. It tells whin trains start."

Jim Osborne sprang to his feet, his sketches flew everywhere; he grabbed the janitor's wife around the waist violently.

"Mrs. O'Poots, may I kiss you."

"Ye may, Misther Osborne. Thot's jist what the beautiful lady said," said Mary Anne O'Poots, born a Brannigan.

6 Test
KHAKE
Drill
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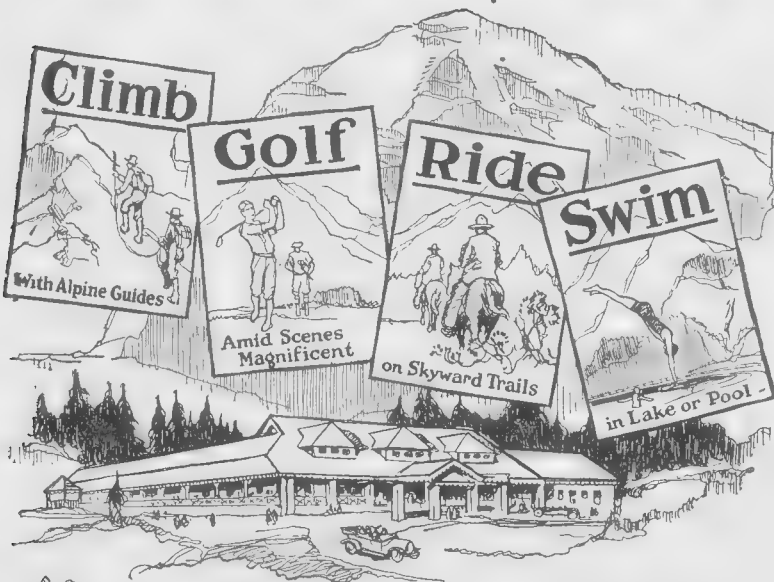
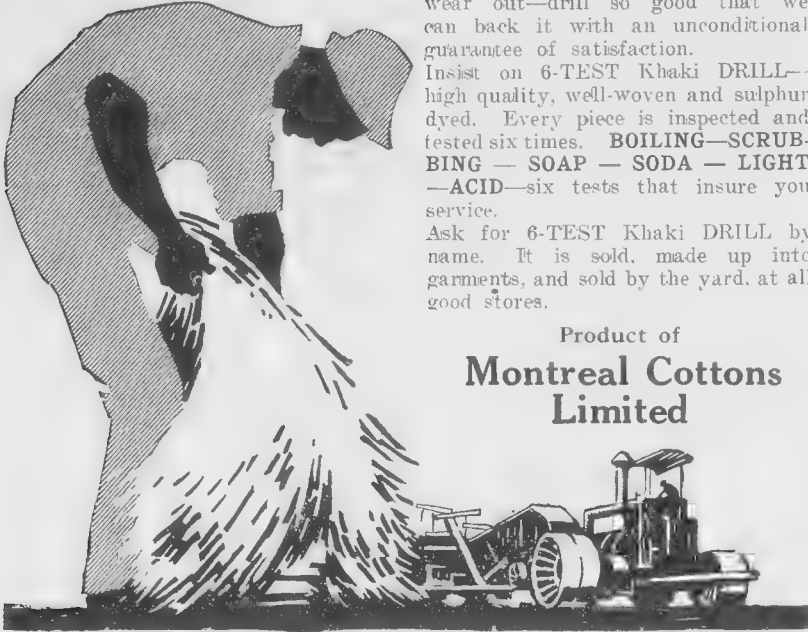
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The Amorous Adventure of Tod Hopper

Continued from page 7

"Well, here's a to do," thought Tod. "Evenin', Tod," panted the little man when he was within hailing distance.

"Evenin', Perellius," answered the other. "Ben a fine day," he continued the formula wiping his bald head with a great red bandana.

"Not bad fer the time o' year," his host went on without giving his words much thought.

He was devoutly praying for the earth to open up and swallow the widow. She had disappeared within the house for a time.

"I've come along to tell ye some rare news," said Perellius, blushing a fiery red to match his beard. "I'm on my way up to Doren's to court the widdy."

He got no further for the smiling face of the lady appeared at the door. "O, Mr. Peters," she simpered, "I'm so glad to make your acquaintance."

Perellius' mouth hung open while he looked first at her and then at the embarrassed and uneasy Tod. His face grew red again, but with anger this time.

"What are ye doin' with my widdy?" he glared at Tod. "What are ye doin' with my futer wife, ye great, blutherin' meddler?" Perellius was obviously saying the worst he could of his friend.

"I thought," said Tod slowly, "I thought she might be my widdy. I writ fer her."

"Your widdy," Perellius shouted. "Your widdy! I'll larn ye." And he advanced on the big man with wildly beating fists.

Up and down, hither and yon went the two, Perellius' arms hitting out so fast that they could hardly be seen, while Tod, warding off the blows now on his head, now under his arms, backed and backed. Around the wood teepee, over the chopping block, now here, now there, Tod dodged and swerved, hoping that Perellius would soon have done. At last, ker-wallop! he fell on his back, tripped up by a snag of wood. In an instant his fiery, sweating opponent was on him, sitting astride his stomach and pounding his chest.

"Is she mine er yourn? Mine er yourn? Mine er yourn?" he demanded as he pommelled.

Tod had had enough. "Bean't much of a fighter, Perellius," he gasped. "Don't be hurting me."

"Well, is she my widdy?" asked the persistent but no longer wrathful little man. "Yes," he answered. "Glad to be shet o' you both."

Perellius got up at once, shook himself, adjusted his disarranged clothing and without another word to his prone friend approached the woman who had all this time been watching the fight.

"If ye will"—It was the first time he had ever addressed her—"we'll go into the town and be hitched."

She assented with surprising alacrity and forthwith they left, going with some haste up the hill for fear of missing the notary. Having procured the license, they went to Jacob Greenbanks, the town's undertaker and Justice of the Peace, and were married.

SOME weeks went by before Perellius again made his way up to see Tod. He found him seated on his doorstep plaiting thongs for a whip lash and lazily sucking at an old clay pipe.

"Evenin', Tod." He offered the greeting with considerable hesitation.

"Evenin', Perellius," Tod responded serenely, without removing the pipe.

"Ben a fine day, Tod."

"Not bad fer the time o' year, Perellius."

A long pause during which Tod gave his whole attention to the plaiting, then:

"What d'ye think o' my looks, Tod?" asked the little man.

Tod raised his eyes and looked—looked in amazement. Perellius was a changed man. No whiskers, no tobacco juice on his chin, no barnyard manure on his boots, clean clothes, clean hands, a tie. He shook his head thoughtfully.

"Well, Perellius, since you ask me," he answered slowly, "since you ask me, I think you look as if you was on your way to order a coffin from the same Jacob what hitched you."

"Wish I might," said the other. "Wish I might. Wish I'd ben in a black box the day I saw that advertisement. Why be

Continued on page 84



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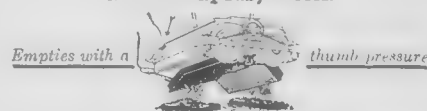
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The Amorous Adventure of Tod Hopper

Continued from page 83

lonesome? Durn it, I wa'nt lonesome. But I writ fer the widdy and I got her and her no chewin' and no spittin' and her door mats to wipe me feet on and her scoldin' and yarpin' all day long. Why be lonesome? I'm lonesomer now ner I ever was." And he dejectedly thrust his hands deep into his trousers' pockets.

Tod threw the finished whip-lash aside, rose slowly to his feet and offered Perellius the bitten end of his plug of tobacco.

Perellius looked with amazement that at once changed to gratitude.

"Thanky, Tod," he said.

Through the Heart of the Wood to the Heart of the Mountain

A Canadian's Impression of Mount Tacoma

By H. Hesson

Tacoma News Tribune, August 10, 1923

AN August morning, with the early mists filling the valleys and rolling like shadows away from the distant mountains, when our car took the road toward the mystery which rears its mighty head against the Tacoma skyline. Out along the level highway, past the little farms and tea rooms, where chickens clucked cheerfully in the very shadow of the signs that signified the number of their days and the manner of their going. The mists began to lift, and, as the wood opened its doors to us and received us into its cool, green silences, the sun arose and thrust its long fingers of light through the maze of greenery. It touched and gilded the delicate tracery of ferns, the airy lace-like fluttering underbrush. It darkened the shadow of the deeper woods, into whose depths we looked as into a green sea. And as we passed through that ever-changing woodland we came to a place where the road wound like a shelf along the face of a hill and we looked over a broad valley toward the place where we might, if we were fortunate, catch a first glimpse of the mystery.

Mountain peaks there were, but between them, where the giant should have been, were only banked white clouds. The valley crossed, we came to a wound in the wood's great heart, black as a new sorrow in the heart of man—miles of desolation, where the blackened stumps and trunks of the once proud trees bore silent testimony to the fire that had swept a devastating grief over hillside and valley—and the wound was not healed. And then, once more, the green silence, broken of a sudden by the laughter of water dripping from moss-grown rocks or bubbling up from the roots of the trees.

And then, without warning, the wood threw us forth into the awful mystery of the age-old, sand-brown glacier, stark among its towering rocks, spewing forth its glacial river over boulders with a roar that re-echoed among the mountains. And along the green and slippery pathway, crossed by unnumbered streams of ice-cold sparkling water, we passed closer to that mighty ice field, that slowly and inevitably advances, and sometimes takes into its frozen depths the lives of whose adventuring spirit has made them forget the proper fear that should be theirs.

And then the rocky road climbed higher, straight across the frowning face of the rock, up, up, until, with bated breath, we looked down into the woods that clothed the valleys so far below that the heart quickened its beat as we gazed. Off in the distance the tree-sea spread, wave after wave of green, shadowed through all the shades of the emerald or grass-clothed slopes, fit pastures for the mountain goats, high up, on peaks that pierced the sky. And up, we went, and still up, and round curve after curve, until again the wood showed us in its heart another wound. Gray with age, this wound; silvered by time, miles of valley and mountainside where once fire had been and had left sapless gray ghosts in their thousands, rearing their silvered height towards the clouds or piled in giant confusion on the ground.

The rush and spray of many waters heralded our approach to Narada Falls, where tumbling from heights to meet its mountain mate in the depths of the canyon this beautiful water caught and flashed back the sunlight in millions of diamond drops. Above us, four tiers high, the ribbon-like road clung to the gray rock, ever mounting higher and higher, and ever overhanging green depths for which there is no description. It was along this road where we caught our first glimpse of The Mountain That Was God, as he in all his majesty emerged from the veiling cloud banks and appeared to our astounded gaze. Now losing him, now seeing him again we reached at last the road that overhangs Paradise Valley. Here is beauty beyond the telling. Velvet depths of greenness that beggar description, sparkling air that clears the eyes and the brain of the dust of the low roads and fills the lungs with a tonic wine. Low and deep and wide stretches the valley, crossed and re-crossed by countless tiny streams splashed among its velvet grasses with whiteness of snow, and carpeted with flowers innumerable. The crimson of Indian Paint Brush against a background of Heather, shading from white to deepest lavender. Beds of mountain lilies raising their star-like heads on hair-fine stems beside the snowy banks; Tiger Lilies and Columbine like brilliant dancers swayed in the snow-cooled breezes. Beauty everywhere, so rich, so deep, so soul-satisfying, that there was no room left in the mind for any other thought. And on the farther side of the valley clustered the buildings of the Inn, their high-pitched roofs cutting sharply against the eternal snows of Mount Tacoma. There at last he reared his majesty to our full gaze. No cloud touched even his high peaks. As we moved towards him, climbing the flower-carpeted foothills, mists passed and fell away, clouds caught and rent themselves on his ragged summit, and we could not keep our fascinated eyes from the ever-changing panorama. Slowly we climbed, pausing at each flower-filled nook, gathering handfuls of snow, tramping through its whiteness, and emerging again on the grass, to cross yet another mountain brooklet on its long journey to the sea. And slowly the fir trees and the pines fell away, but ever the little creeping feet of the flowers and grass followed, followed through snow, and up and up, until they rested on the edge of the precipice, and we looked blindly into the great white icy heart of the mountain. White, did I say? But only for a second. For now it is blue, of an ultra-marine blueness, and now lavender, and now flushed pink. And then again, shadowed gray and cold by a passing cloud. Great icy heart! Changing, yet ever changeless! Glacier of a might so awful that who could look on your wonders and deny God? Mountain peaks that companion with the clouds, and look down from their gray fastnesses on this little world, what do you find of significance here but changing hours of light and darkness that bring the world nearer to some great end, we know not what! And the clouds came and hid the upper peaks as if to tell us that we had gazed enough, and mist fell on the great glacier and our little minds could bear no more, and we passed back along the paths to turn our eyes again upon the green valley and the carpeting flowers. And when the sunset had flung its last crimson banner across the sky, we dared to watch again, and the mountain heart glowed with reflected crimson warmth and tiny clouds catching the last golden glory floated like scarves across the peaks, and passed away into the blue. And night came and innumerable stars filled the velvety blackness of the sky, and The Mountain That Was God became a silver shadow against the darkness.

And so, through the heart of the Wood we came to the heart of the Mountain, and saw the mystery that was Mount Tacoma.



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BOVRIL

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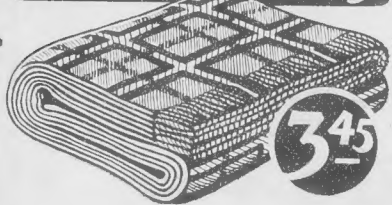
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Something to Learn

Is the moon tired? She looks so pale
Within her misty veil;
She scales the sky from east to west,
And takes no rest.

Before the coming of the night
The moon shows papery white;
Before the dawning of the day
She fades away.

—C. G. Rossetti.

Song

A lake and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here!

Thy gown should be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipped in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls!

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower—
But fairies have broke their wands
And wishing has lost its power.

—Thomas Hood.

OUR COMPETITIONS

THE prize winner, as far as his puzzle was concerned, this month should have been Omer Schmirler of Bruno, Sask., but, because of one little thing, he is only going to get the gold button and some one else whose puzzle is not quite so clever will get the book. Omer listed his words so irregularly that they had to be listed again before they went to the printer and this in the editor's eyes is a serious offence. The prize therefore goes to Myrtle Leland of Arrow River, Man., and another gold button to Earl Howard, Stettler, Alta. and Grace Swayer of Kipling, Sask. Honorable mention for work well-tried goes to Helen and Evelyn Sorrell of Clair, Sask., to Frances Hamlin of R. R. 4 Calgary (whose work was particularly neat but not as difficult as the others), Gerald Tanner of Didsbury, Alta. (whose puzzle was in the form of a very square pig), John Sumner of Burnaby, N. Westminster, Philip Caywood, Birch Island, B. C.

Something To Do For Next Month

TO the person who sends in the correct solution of all three puzzles there will be a prize of a cross word puzzle book, so now you have a chance to win one. To the persons sending correct solutions to two puzzles there will be a gold button. Send in your answers as soon as possible and the correct solutions will appear in the June number if possible, if not, look for them in July.

Don't forget the summer competition described in the April Cosy Corner. Letters on "The Contrary Garden" to be in before May 8th

Key to Puzzle No. 1

Horizontal

- 1 An addition to a letter.
- 5 Around.
- 10 A mineral substance from which metal is extracted.
- 12 What an Englishman says for "help."
- 14 A preposition.
- 16 To have borne.
- 19 Father.
- 20 The male sex.
- 22 What we call any number under ten.
- 23 A vehicle.
- 24 Feminine sheep (pl.).
- 26 An outline or representation.
- 27 Not light.
- 28 A card.
- 30 A boy's name.
- 31 Pulled.
- 32 Opposite to straight when speaking of hair.
- 34 Before.
- 36 A useful insect.
- 38 Comfort.
- 40 Part of verb "to be."
- 42 To pull with force.
- 44 Practical skill.
- 45 Perspiration.
- 47 Wickedness.
- 48 Initials of Christopher Columbus.
- 49 The roof of the mouth (pl.).
- 51 Abbreviation for Lower England.

- 52 Girl's name (abbreviated).
- 53 A mat.
- 55 Stories.
- 56 Containing nothing.

Vertical

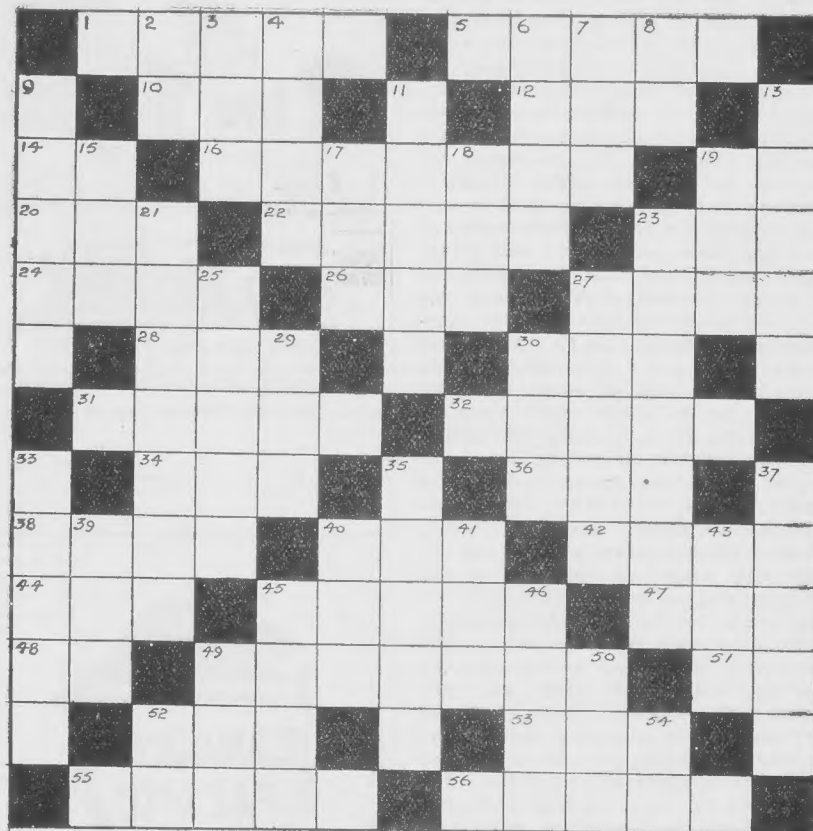
- 2 A preposition.
- 3 Same as 40, horizontal.
- 4 To repair.
- 6 A vegetable.
- 7 Aged.
- 8 Opposite to down.
- 9 A Greek poet.
- 11 To sweeten.
- 13 Pieces of public ground in a large town, kept for pleasure.
- 15 Not old.
- 17 Not very light.
- 18 To tear.
- 19 State of equality.
- 21 Closest.
- 23 Visitors.
- 25 To frighten.
- 27 To have ventured.
- 29 A female sheep.
- 30 Part of a wheel.
- 33 A fruit.
- 35 Thoughts in sleep.
- 37 A girl's name.
- 39 A half circle.

- 40 Shoemaker's instrument.
- 41 Devour.
- 43 To affect with uneasiness.
- 45 A spice.
- 46 A period of time.
- 49 A chum.
- 50 To drink in small quantities.
- 52 Mother.
- 54 Abbreviation of Grand Trunk.

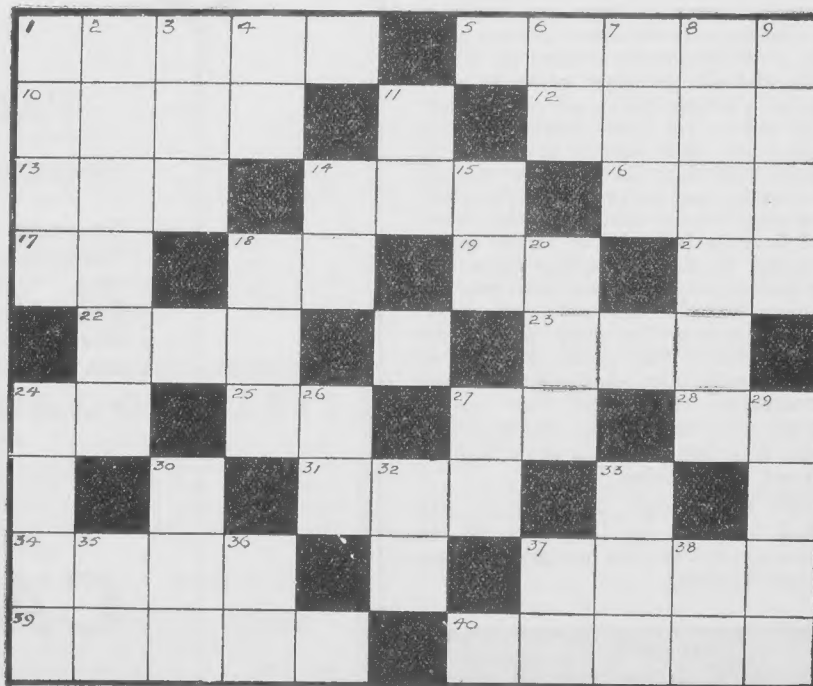
Key to Puzzle No. 2

Horizontal

- 1 Area.
- 5 Elegance.
- 10 A vein (mining term).
- 12 A vehicle.
- 13 A small hotel.
- 14 Anger.
- 16 Prefix meaning three.
- 17 A preposition.
- 18 Not out.
- 19 Self.
- 21 Doctor (abbr.).
- 22 A rodent.
- 23 Part of verb "to be."
- 24 Masculine pronoun of third person.
- 25 Therefore.
- 27 A preposition.
- 28 Right (abb.).



PUZZLE No. 1. This puzzle, from Myrtle Leland, of Arrow River, Manitoba, won first prize in our recent competition.



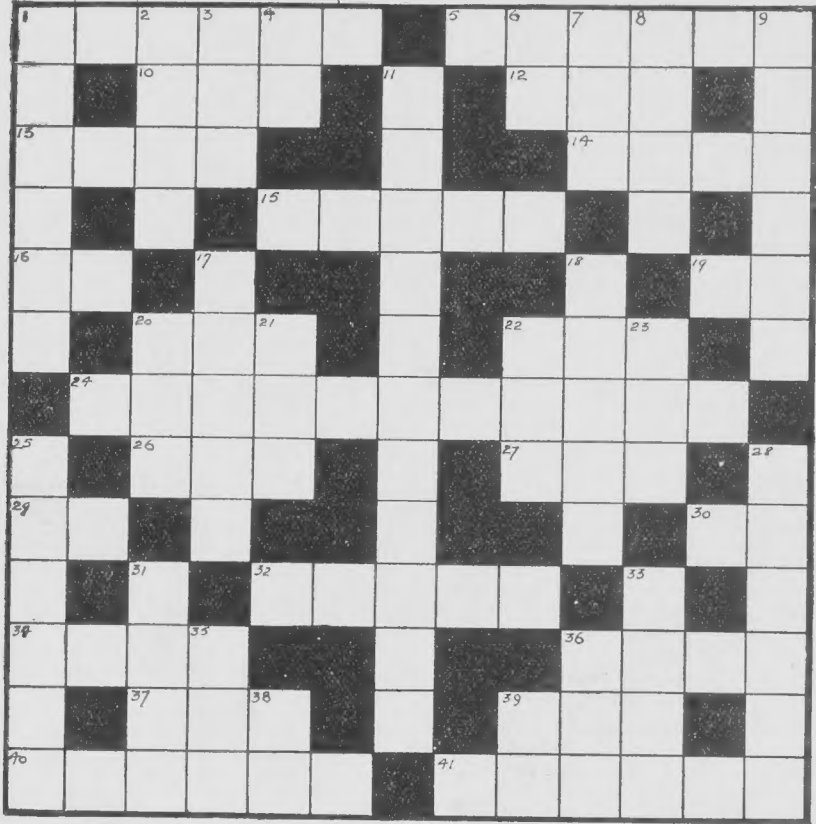
PUZZLE No. 2. This second-best puzzle, from Earl Howard of Stettler, Alberta, wins a gold button.

- 31 A farm yard bird.
34 A circle.
37 A plane surface having bounds.
39 Pokes with stick.
40 To stroll.

Vertical

- 1 A continent.
2 An axis.
3 Went rapidly.
4 A printer's measure.
6 Right (abbr.).
7 Skill.
8 That used for combing wool.
9 An eastern prince.
11 Otherwise.

- 9 Of the present time.
11 Knowledge.
17 Pattern.
18 Existing in idea.
20 Concealed.
21 A number.
22 Between nations (abbrev.).
23 Beast of burden.
25 A "pass."
28 Used for climbing.
31 Strong.
33 A pace.
35 A vessel.
36 Dine.
38 Myself.
39 Man's name (abbrev.).



PUZZLE No. 3. From Omer Schmirler, of Bruno, Saskatchewan

- 14 Not out.
15 A printer's measure.
18 Belonging to it.
20 Consume.
24 Assistance.
26 An exclamation.
27 An article (grammar).
29 A tight place.
30 An animal show.
32 Word sometimes uttered by deaf people.
33 Period.
35 Otherwise.
36 Paid (abbr.).
37 Jumbled type.
38 A printer's measure.

Key to Puzzle No. 3

Horizontal

- 1 City road.
5 Symbol.
10 Ancient.
12 Yes.
13 Man's name.
14 Bound.
15 A species of bed.
16 River in Italy.
19 Conjunction.
20 Very warm.
22 Girl's name.
24 Ugliness.
26 Lair.
27 An island off the coast of Australia (abbrev.).
29 Preposition.
30 An exclamation.
32 Small Dutch coins.
34 To unite, as with a needle and thread.
36 Piece of jewellery.
37 A drink.
39 To prosecute.
40 Product from the woods.
41 Dried fish.

Vertical

- 1 Marsh lands.
2 To rove.
3 Species of tree.
4 Man's name (shortened).
6 Belonging to me.
7 Wager.
8 Had been lying.

SOMETHING TO PLAY

NOW that spring is here and summer on the way we are thinking about games to play out doors. The boys have had their marbles out since the first thaw, and have been down on their knees on muddy side walks and wet play grounds. Now here are a few ball games to play, for either boys or girls, they are good fun.

Days of the Week

Each child takes the name of some day. One throws the ball against the wall and calls out "Tuesday" or some other day. The one representing the day catches the ball. If he misses it the others must scamper away before he has time to throw the ball and hit one of them. Whoever misses or is hit, loses a point.

One Old Cat

This is a game of ball with one base, one batsman, a pitcher, a catcher, and the rest fielders. To start a game one cries "One old cat, my first bat." The others cry "pitcher," "catcher," "first fielder," "second fielder," and so on until all have a place. The batsman is out if a fly is caught, if a foul is caught on the fly, or on the first bounce, or if a third strike is caught. A muffed third strike gives the batsman three strikes more. When the batsman is out each player moves up, that is, catcher becomes batsman, pitcher becomes catcher, first fielder becomes pitcher and so on. The batsman takes the last place in the field.

Call Ball

Players stand in a circle or, if there are a large number, scattered round a field. One chosen to be thrower has ball which he throws into the air, at the same time calling out a player's name or number, where numbers have been previously given to each player. The one called must run forward and try to catch the ball before it has bounced more than once. If he succeeds, he becomes the thrower, but if he fails, he goes back to the group. The same player continues to be thrower until another catches the ball.

Plantol Soap

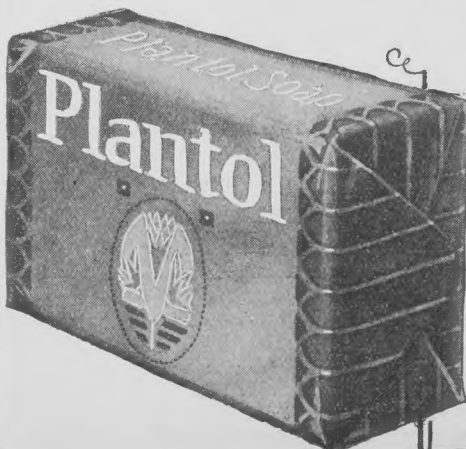


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And don't forget to mention your favorite color—if you have any particular preference—for we think we can let you have the desired shade.

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Financial Fiction

Our favorite in fiction is the report of the president of the Home Bank for the year 1922.—Bassano Mail.

Wisdom for Wirelessers

Never try to show off your radio before company. Always remember that pride goeth before static.—Pilot Mound Journal.

There is Some Truth in This

One thing may be said for illiteracy—it protects some folks from some sorts of "literature."—Border Cities Star.

But What Would be the Use?

If money really talked, an old ten-cent piece could tell some wild tales about what it used to buy.—Brockville Recorder.

'Tis Often Thus

Numerous good opinions are now being uttered about Woodrow Wilson. Woodrow Wilson, of course, is dead.—Kansas City Star.

He Will Certainly Hold Down His Seat

A Virginia legislator weighs 425 pounds, perhaps in answer to the call for bigger men in politics.—Duluth Herald.

A Blubber a Day Keeps Them Gay

An explorer says that Eskimos rarely weep. Still it is a fact that they do have their daily blubber.—Brandon Sun.

Like the ex-Kaiser's Exercise

In the boyhood days of many of us the gymnasium was in the woodshed where they kept the bucksaw.—Calgary Herald.

It Ought Not to be Allowed

There is such a thing as letting inventors go too far. One is reported to have invented a self-playing saxophone.—Edmonton Journal.

Great Britain Imports From Many Lands

The roast beef of old England is shipped from Chicago, and now it's Irish potatoes are to be exported from Maine.—Boston Transcript.

Barkis is Always Willin'

The world never gets in such bad shape that there isn't coming along a steady crop of citizens willing to be elected to something.—Vancouver Province.

A Stewed Pearl in Moose Jaw

A Moose Jaw cafe patron found a pearl valued at \$100 in his oyster stew. Most of us would be content to find an oyster.—Hamilton Spectator.

Is the Senate, Then, Some Kind of Fowl?

They're talking of clipping the wings of the Senate. This, doubtless, is to keep the Senate from flying in the face of public opinion.—Toronto Star.

At Any Rate, It Was Fatal

There were twenty-six deaths in New York last month from drinking poisoned liquor. Or was it liquored poison?—Moose Jaw Times.

The Favorite Pipe of ye Editor

Science has discovered all sorts of new ways to use corncocks, but we would like to see science beat a corncock pipe if it can.—Vegreville Observer.

They Could Pass Resolutions, Anyway

Our idea of a futility is a convention of Grand Dukes called to debate ways and means for getting royalty back on the Russian throne.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

There is Too Much Talk

A naturalist says the bee has one of the longest tongues among insects. But no one is going to worry so long as he doesn't start talking with it.—Niagara Falls Review.

A Potent Agent of Enforcement

Wood alcohol, with its grim trail of blindness and death, is doing more to enforce the Volstead law than all the prohibition agents in the United States service.—Victoria Colonist.

A Noise to Get Away From

Another time the great outdoors appeals to a man is when the members of his family are trying to learn to play the saxophone by mail lessons.—Lethbridge Herald.

Something to Imagine

Mr. Gandhi, of India, in a statement to his followers, admits that he was wrong in some of his ideas. The world should erect a statute to Mr. Gandhi. Just imagine a politician in Canada doing that!—Ottawa Citizen.

A Practice Not Confined to Women

A woman in Kentucky has been fined for gossiping. If this became common practice just consider the revenues that would flood the court treasuries.—Crystal City Courier.

Where Originality was a Disadvantage

The individual brand of profanity used by a bank robber at Nanaimo led to his identification and arrest. Here is one case where originality of style was a disadvantage.—New Westminster British Canadian.

Communism

Major-General Griesbach fears that communism is becoming dangerous in Canada. It is a nuisance everywhere, but there is no likelihood of its becoming more than a noise in any English-speaking country.—Toronto Globe.

Fashion News Gets North Late

An Arctic explorer has discovered Eskimo women with their hair hanging to their waists. The explanation may be that they have not yet heard that bobbing fashionable.—Nanaimo Herald.

Over-sanguine Individuals

Too many fellows go round trying to borrow money on their chickens even before they have bought the old hen that's going to lay the eggs.—Medicine Hat News.

They Are of Many Stripes

The Vienna police have arrested fifty-seven communist leaders believed to be implicated in an anti-government plot. That's one of each variety, evidently.—Minneapolis Journal.

Following Canada's Lead

South Africa is following Canada's example in banning titles of honor. She will also find that she will get along very well without a periodical crop of "knights" of greater or lesser degree.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

What Intellectuals—Eastern Ones?

Scientists are at work trying to banish rust from the western wheat fields. When they get that done, they might tackle the job of banishing it from intellectuals.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Slander on the Gobbler

A gobbler is a bird with a lot of neck and a pair of good legs, which makes one think that gobblers would be the real thing for selling some of those shifty stocks.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Health Should Not be One-sided

We are not surprised to see the ruddy glow of health on a maid's cheek, but are a bit surprised sometimes when we see one cheek glowing more than the other one.—Buffalo Express.

A Remarkable Contrast

An auto made the run from Egypt to Palestine in four hours, beating the record held by Moses by over 39 years. This calculation is made by the Biblical editor of the Brandon Sun.—Killarney Guide.

A Joke From the Soo

The King's barber is 84 years of age and sticks to his job. It is a kindly thought of His Majesty to grow a beard so that the labors of this faithful old retainer will be made less difficult.—Sault St. Marie Star.

More of What?

A new form of copper which conducts thirteen per cent. more electricity than ordinary copper has been invented. What we want to see is a copper cent that will buy thirteen per cent. more.—Halifax Chronicle.

Wouldn't Be a Bad Idea

Another good way to conserve the forest wealth of Canada would be to stop cutting trees a couple of days in the year and devote the time to planting a few.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Question

It is reported from Peterboro, Ont., that a lynx attacked a motor-car and tried to bite a hole in the hood of the machine. Let us see, now; what make of car would make a wildcat that wild?—Kingston Whig.

Germany

The German elections are a pretty sure indication that Germany will remain a republic. Well it was a good deal of a nuisance as a monarchy.—New York World.